
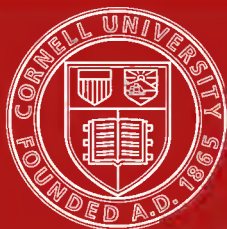


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No. 168

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD

of

Owego, Tioga County, New York

Prepared by his grandson
WILLIAM ANDREW LEONARD.

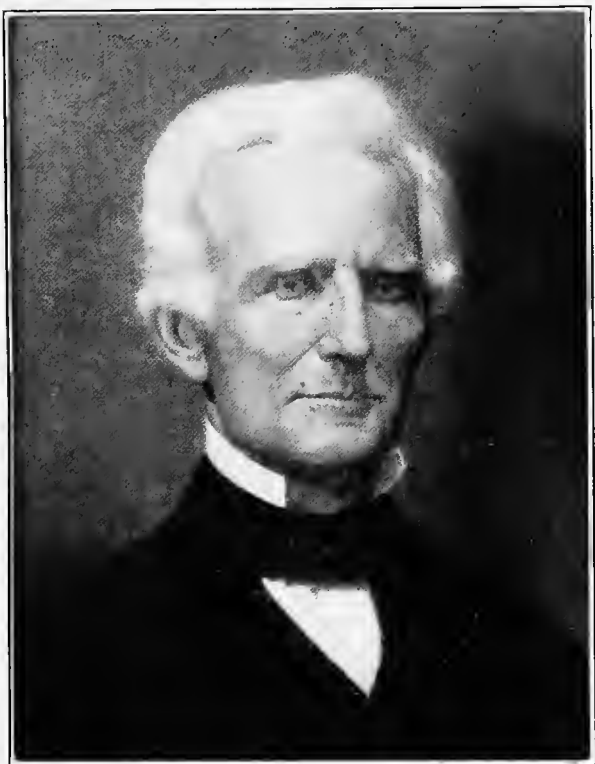
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1909



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STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD,
Owego, N. Y.

FOREWORD.

FOREWORD.

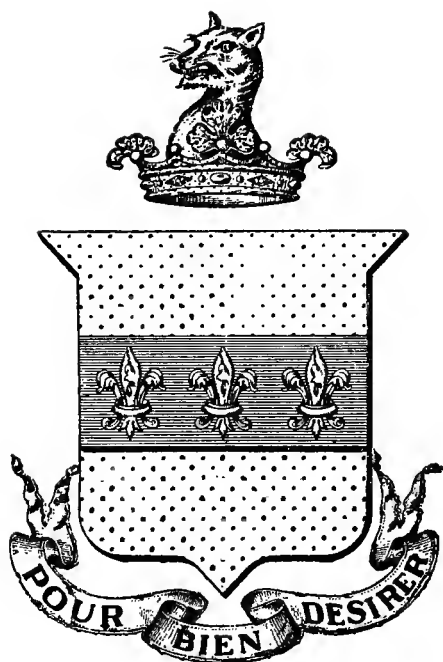
THE material gathered together in this volume is the result of gleanings in many fields, separated by time and distance. It is entirely conglomerate, and cannot be presented in any very finished state. An expert genealogist will probably smile at the irregularity of the method employed, and it is evidently open to criticism. But it is not a genealogy. What has been accumulated will, however, prove of immediate interest to those personally concerned, and they are generous and will be considerate.

The arrangement following is after this plan—first, an outlined history of the family of Lennards from early days and some descriptions of the English homes of the clan; then the history of the Colonial Leonards; then the more personal reminiscences of Stephen Banks Leonard, around whose life these papers will group themselves. Following this, is a sheaf of letters which will tell their own simple story; and then in conclusion the genealogical references and data which will be useful for any person who may desire to go more thoroughly into the genealogy of the family in its various departments. Some of the references and data made are valuable, and this contribution will be of service to those who are more skillful in such undertakings.

With this explanation, this volume, which is not published, but privately printed, is sent forth to those who will sympathize with the endeavor.

WILLIAM ANDREW LEONARD.

Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, Ohio, 1909.



Arms—Or, on a fesse azure three fleurs-de-lis argent.
Crest—Out of a ducal crown a wolf's head. *Motto*—Pour
bien desirer.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

LEONARD LINE.

(English)

John Lennard of Knole, Kent, and son of John,
Born, 1479; died, 1556. Born, 1508; died, 1590.

| | |
|--|---|
| Samson Lennard , son of John; 11th Baron Dacre. Born, 1545; died, 1615. | Lady Margaret Fienes , Baroness Dacre. Sister of Gregory, 10th Baron Dacre. Died, 1611. |
|--|---|

| | |
|---|--|
| Sir Henry Lennard , son of Samson; 12th Baron Dacre. Born 1569, died | Lady Chrisogona , daugh- ter of Sir Richard Baker, of Sissinghurst, Kent. |
|---|--|

| | |
|---|--|
| Richard Lennard , son of Henry; 13th Baron Dacre, seated at Chev- ening. Died 1630. | Lady Anne , daughter of Sir Arthur Throckmor- ton, of Paulers Perry, Northampton. 2d, Dor- othy, daughter of Dud- ley, Lord North. |
|---|--|

Henry, son of Richard and Lady Anne Throck-
morton, emigrated to America, 1626.

Thomas Leonard, of Pon-
tipool, Wales, younger
son of above and brother
of Francis, 14th Baron
Dacre.

James and Henry Leonard (and possibly another
brother, John), sons of the above, came to America
and settled in Massachusetts, first in Lynn, and later
in Taunton. They established the first iron works in
America, at Saugus, near Lynn.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

LEONARD LINE.

(American)

- James Leonard**, son of Thomas Leonard of Pontipool, Wales. Born in Great Britain. Came to America about 1645. Was not living in 1691.
- Margaret**, was step-mother to all his children.
- Captain James Leonard**, Taunton, second son of the above. Born about 1643. Died Nov. 1, 1726.
- Hannah**, died Feb. 1674. 2nd wife, Lydia Gulliver, dau. of Anthony Gulliver of Milton, died July 24, 1705. He married 3d wife, Rebecca, died April 3, 1738.
- Stephen Leonard**, Taunton, son of Captain James Leonard. Was a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. Born Dec. Died 1743.
- Joshua Leonard** of New Jersey, son of Stephen. Born Died in 1760.
- Silas Leonard**, son of Joshua. Born at Parsippany, N. J. in 1756. Died at Owego in 1832.
- Johanna Gregory**, of Bridgeport, Conn.
- Stephen Banks Leonard**, son of Silas. Born in Wall Street, New York
- Esther Henrietta Sperry**, of New Preston, Litchfield Co., Connecticut.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

City, April 15, 1793.
Died in Owego, May 8,
1876.

Born Sept. 6, 1798. Died,
Owego, April 19, 1879.

William Boardman Leonard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., son of Stephen B. Born June 17, 1820 at Owego, N. Y. Died July 1, 1893, at Owego. Married July 6, 1847.

Louisa Dimon, Bulkley.
Born September 7, 1823.
Died March 11, 1900.

William Andrew Leonard, Right Rev., D. D., Bishop of Ohio, son of William B. Born at Southport, Conn., July 15, 1848. Married April 17, 1873.

Sarah Louisa Sullivan.
Born, Brooklyn, N. Y.,
November 19, 1850.

Lewis Hermon Leonard, 2nd son of Wm. B. Leonard. Born, Southport, Conn., August 13, 1850. Married in 1871.

Elizabeth DeWitt Robinson.

William Boardman Leonard 2d; son of Lewis H. Leonard. Born Brooklyn, N. Y., August 14, 1873. Married November 16, 1898.

Alice Holden Howell, of
New York.

William Boardman Leonard 3rd; son of Wm. B. Leonard 2d. Born New Rochelle, N. Y., January 13, 1908.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

THE LENNARDS OF ENGLAND.
ENGLISH ANCESTRY OF THE LEONARD
FAMILY.

BY O. B. LEONARD, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

"THIS family was primarily of Saxon origin. The name is found some twelve hundred years ago among the "forest smiths" of Germany, and spelled Leonard, which is old German of the sixth century. After the Saxon invasion of England some of the Leonards, workmen in metals, left the Continent and settled in Kent County and Sussex, among the iron hills. In the course of time, as these mines proved unproductive, great inducements were offered to laborers skilled in the business to remove to the western parts of England on the borders of Wales. The "Doomesday-Book" of 1086 mentions the existence of iron works at this time in the counties of Somerset, Gloucester, Hereford, and other counties adjacent to the Welsh country. It was from the iron-mining districts of Monmouthshire, in Wales, that the branch of the Leonard family came who settled in the New England colonies, between 1625-50, and continued in the vicinity of Boston the hereditary business of their ancestors.

During the fourteenth century King Edward III. greatly encouraged the iron industry, and old Sussex and Kent became again the principal seat of the iron



JOHN LENNARD,
Knole, Kent.
1479—1556.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

manufacture in Great Britain. It is to these counties that the Leonards trace back their pedigree to landed property holders and titled nobility. In fact, the family are said to have descended in two lines from Edward III. through his two sons, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and his youngest son, Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester.

The name is found spelled two ways—Leonard and Lennard—but the coats of arms borne by all of them were the same, and early members of the family used both forms of orthography. The title of rank was not brought into the family till the latter part of the sixteenth century, and then by Margaret Fynes, sister and heir of Gregory Fynes, Lord Dacre.

Among the first found on record of the Leonard name, who attained to noted distinction, and transmitted a valuable estate, was George Leonard, Esq., who lived in the time of Henry VI., A. D. 1422-62. He married Anna Bird, of the County of Middlesex, and was a man of property and influence in England. His son John had a vast heritage, owning the Manor of Chevening in Kent County during the reign of King Edward VI., in 1551. Samson Lennard, Esq., son and heir of John Lennard by Elizabeth Harman, his wife, was member of Parliament from Sussex in 1614, and married Margaret, Baroness Dacre, daughter of Thomas, sister and heir of Gregory Fynes, Lord Dacre. She died A. D. 1611, and her son, Sir Henry Lennard, Knt., was Lord Dacre in right of his mother. By Sir Henry's marriage to Chrysogona (daughter of Sir Richard Baker, of the County of Kent, and granddaughter of Elizabeth, widow of George Barret, of Belhus, in Essex) was born a son, Richard, thirteenth Lord Dacre; who married, for his first wife, Anne,

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

daughter of Sir Arthur Throckmorton, of Northampton, and for his second wife, Dorothy, daughter of Dudley, Lord North. By his first wife were four children, among whom was Henry, the eldest son, who emigrated to America, and, not returning before his father's death, the title descended to his brother Francis, who became fourteenth Lord Dacre, made Earl of Surrey, and was father of Thomas Lennard, who succeeded to the title, and was created Earl of Sussex. Thomas married Lady Anne Palmer, alias Fitzroy, whose parents separated. She was adopted by King Charles II. as his natural daughter, and given the name of Fitzroy. Their second daughter, Lady Anne Lennard (by the death of eldest sister, Barbara, in 1741), became sole heir to her father, and, as such, Baroness Dacre in her own right. She had three husbands: first, Richard Lennard Barret; second, Henry Roper, Lord Feynham; third, Hon. Robert Moore. This Richard Lennard Barret was the son of Dacre Lennard and Lady Jane Chichester, which Dacre was the son of Richard Lennard, who took the surname of Barret in consideration of the Manor of Belhus, in the County of Essex, and was the grandson of Richard Lennard, Lord Dacre, by his second wife, Dorothy, daughter of Dudley, Lord North, above referred to.

Lady Anne Lennard had a son by her first husband, Richard, known as Hon. Thomas Barrett Lennard, of Belhus, who died 1786, and was the last member of the family name who retained the title. No legal issue of his name survived him, though his nephew, Charles Trevor Roper, Esq., became his successor to the peerage, who also died in 1794, without issue. But his only sister, Gertrude Roper, by grant of parliament, succeeded to the title as Baroness Dacre.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

She had previously married Mr. Thomas Brand, whose son, Thomas, on the death of his mother, in 1819, obtained the title and estate as Lord Dacre.

Direct descendants of the Lennard family in this country (through Henry, who emigrated in 1626, or his relatives, who came in 1645-50), at the beginning of the nineteenth century, considered the expediency of claiming the royal title in question, but the special individual of the Massachusetts family who was regarded the rightful heir, preferred the independence of democratic liberty to bearing the honors of aristocratic nobility.

The Leonard family of the United States, and Canada and other British Provinces in North America, are all descended from the English ancestry who made their first settlement in what is now Massachusetts, during the forepart of the seventeenth century, and just after the landing of the Pilgrims of the Mayflower.

Within one hundred years thereafter the name of Leonard was found among the early settlers of all the New England Colonies; in the Counties of Monmouth, Morris, Hunterdon, and other sections of New Jersey; and, about the time of the American Revolution many families of the Leonards emigrated to the British possessions, and to different States of the Union both South and West."

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

THE FOLLOWING NOTES WERE MADE
BY THE LATE EDWIN SALTER
OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE Chart of the Lennard Family given in Banks' "Extinct and Dormant Baronages," is probably more reliable than the George Leonard chart, and it is much plainer. It names children of Samson and Margaret:

Henry, eldest and heir; also Gregory, Thomas, John, Anna, Mary, Margaret and Elizabeth and who they married.

Henry's son Richard, married Elizabeth Throckmorton (first wife) and Dorothy North (second wife).

NOTE.—Morant's "Hist. Essex," gives name of Richard's first wife as Anne instead of Elizabeth; she was sister and co-heir of Sir Arthur Throckmorton.

Richard had sons:

Francis (heir) and Richard, Thomas, Henry by first wife. Of these last three this chart simply says "ob S. P." By second wife he had Richard of 1696 and Anne and Catherine.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

THE FIRST LEONARDS IN AMERICA.

One or two writers have asserted that the Lennard (Lord Dacre) and Leonard families were distinct and base the assertion on the simple fact of difference in spelling. The foregoing extracts show they are the same family; additional proof could be added if necessary. A reference to the first appearance of the names of James and Henry Leonard in Plymouth Colony records show that the names were there given as Leonard, Lenard, Lenner, Lennard, etc. (See Vol. 8, page 237, 273 and other pages and volumes.)

The name shows Saxon origin and was spelled in the sixth century as now, Leonard. Contrary to what some have supposed, Leonhardt and Lenhardt are modern German. (See Ferguson on Surnames.)

The Saxons came over into Kent in the fifth century and in the sixth century established their king in Essex.

Among the oldest families of Saxon origin in Kent were the Leonards; with the principal line the easier method of spelling the name, Lennard, was adopted, it is known as far back as the reign of Henry VI. (1422-61); but members of the same family preserved the ancient form "Leonard." (See Fairbanks' "Arms," Hasted's "Kent," Morant's "Essex," etc. etc., and also the spelling of the name in Plymouth Colony quoted hereafter).

George Lennard lived in reign of Henry VI; he married Anna Bird, daughter and heir of John Bird of County Middlesex. Their son

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

John Lennard bought Chevening in the fourth year of the reign of Edward VI., 1551). He died March 12th, 1591, leaving son and heir

Samson Lennard, born about 1544 who married Margaret Fiennes, Baroness Dacre in her own right; she conveyed the baroncy to her husband. Sampson Lennard died, 1615, aged 71 years. His wife died, 1611, aged 70 years.

NOTE,—Hasted's "History of Kent," Vol. 1, pages 108-111, notices estates of John Lennard of Chevening, "Custos Brevium" of Court of Common Pleas and says he purchased the manor of West Wickham for his second son Samuel, who was knighted, 1553. West Wickham is in Kent near Sussex line. There is some seeming error in date here if this Samuel was brother of Samson. Probably this John was not the John who was father of Samson.

Fine engravings of the costly tombs of John Lennard, his son Samson and the residences of members of the family are given in Hasted's History of Kent.

Thomas Lennard, fifteenth Lord Dacre, was created Duke of Sussex, 1674; the earldom became extinct, 1715.

Morant's "History of Essex County, England" (published 1768) in speaking of the Lennard family gives their descent from "John Leonard or Lennard who died March 12, 1591, whose son and heir Samson Leonard executed writing March, 1599, about manor of Romford, formerly owned by Lord Dacre."

Mrs. Margaret Leonard was granted permission to use the arms of the Lennard family with a slight change in it. She lived about time of Samson Leonard and his son Henry.

Extensive iron works existed in western part of



SAMSON LENNARD,
11th Baron Dacre.
1545—1615.

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Kent on Sussex line (in vicinities of Chevening and West Wickham seats of Lennards) briefly noticed in Hasted's "Hist. Kent." These works gradually died out, for reasons given in British Encyclopædia and other works. Queen Elizabeth was one who urged persons acquainted with the iron business to go to Monmouthshire. This may account for Leonards of Kent and Sussex going to Monmouthshire to manage iron works.

Notices of the Saxon Leonards may be found (perhaps) in "Liebmaches Grosses and Allgemeines Wapenbrick" which the late edition of American Encyclopædia (article, Heraldry) pronounces the most important work of modern times; begun by Hefner and continued by others, in 160 parts, etc.

From the admirable memorial of Solomon Leonard of Duxbury and Bridgewater, Mass., by Manning Leonard of Southbridge, Mass., the following statements are culled:

"As to the name of Leonard it is very ancient, and has been known for several centuries both as a Christian and surname." An interesting article on individual and family names was published in the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register" in 1848, Vol. 2, page 162, written by the Rev. Mr. Coggs-well, D. D. He states that Leonard is one of the class of surnames that originated from the Christian name. The significance is "lion hearted" from Leo or Leon, and ard. The coat of arms is that of the family of Lennard, Lord Dacre, and the description is "Arms Or, on a fesse gules (red, three fleur-de-lis of the first or field), crest, or, a wolf dog's head argent. Motto, "Pour Bein Desirer."

As Mr. Salter has explained, the name was spelled

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both ways. Several towns and parishes bore this name. St. Leonard is a parish or watering place of England, in Sussex, 73 miles east of London. St. Leonard is an English parish in Devon; there is also a parish in Scotland, County of Fife, same name; a village in France, and a town near Limoges. St. Leonhard is the name of several towns in Germany. In this country there is St. Leonard, a village in Calvert county; Leonard Town, St. Mary's County, both in Maryland; Leonardville, Madison County, New York; Leonardburg, Delaware County, Ohio; Leonardville, Monmouth County, New Jersey.

The earliest genealogical account of the Leonard family of this country was published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, 1794, Vol. 3, page 173, by Rev. Perez Fobes. At that time it was said to be the most complete family genealogy ever printed in New England. Later, William R. Deane prepared a history of the Leonards published in the "Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. 5, page 403, in 1851 and an Appendix, Vol. 7, page 71, 1853, in which is a full account of the first three generations of the family of James Leonard of Taunton, Mass. Branches of this family were found in Springfield, Mass., in 1639; in Bridgewater, Mass, in 1637. From the latter branch, the Hon. John Hay, late Secretary of State, was a direct descendant through his mother, who was a Leonard; he had a brother whose Christian name was Leonard, a captain in the regular army of the United States. The professional genealogist of the family was the late Elijah Clarke Leonard of New Bedford. He acquired more knowledge of the Taunton branch of the family than any other person living, or dead. He died in 1894, leaving, in manuscript form, a large



LADY MARGARET FIENES,
Baroness Dacre.
Died 1611.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

amount of historical material of great value, and it is profoundly to be hoped that these papers may be put in permanent printed form.

Mr. Manning Leonard says "When in England in 1864, I visited Monmouthshire in the hope of finding some records of the family before their emigration to this country. I found the old records of Pontypool had been very badly kept, and got no satisfactory information from them. Several persons bearing the name were living in the vicinity, and one good man by the name of John Leonard took me to the graveyard near the ancient Church of Trevethan, not far from the town, where I found inscriptions recording the deaths, at an early date, of those bearing the name of John and James Leonard."

There are in England, a number of people bearing the name of Leonard, direct descendants from the ancient stock. Some of them dwelling on their ancestral acres and manifesting a spirit of hospitality that is most engaging and pleasing, and a brief statement concerning these people with descriptions of their homes may not be amiss. Belhus, Hurstmonceaux, Dacre Castle, and Chelsea Church are therefore rapidly sketched.

Samson Lennard was the oldest son of John Lennard of Chevening, Kent, and Knolle; Custos Brevium of the Common Pleas, was born 1554, died 1615. He was a somewhat prominent man in his day, being a member of several Parliaments, a sheriff for Kent, and he commanded a body of Light Horse when England was overthrown by the Spanish invasion in 1564-1565. He married Margaret Fynes, who was heir presumptive to the title and estates of her brother Gregory Fynes, Lord Dacre. Litiga-

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

tion ensued concerning these estates, and finally Margaret's rights to her brother's considerable property were secured to her. In 1604 by direction of King James I. the Barony of Dacres descended to the said Margaret, and on her death the King made Samson Lennard, Lord Dacre.

His son Sir Henry Lennard, was born March, 1569. He was a distinguished person in society, was knighted in 1596 for services in the expedition against Cadiz. He was a member of Parliament, an intimate friend of William, Earl of Pembroke and Sir Philip Sydney. He married Chrysogona, daughter of Sir Richard Baker of Kent.

Thomas Lennard, Lord Dacre, oldest son of Francis, was lord of the bed-chamber of Charles II. whose illegitimate daughter by the Duchess of Cleveland, he married. It was he who sold the mansion at Hurstmonceaux, long the residence of the Dacres of the South. He was created Earl of Sussex by the King.

The portraits of these people hang in the halls of Belhus at Aveley in Essex with a number of others. The Leonard papers, a collection of over four hundred letters and documents extending from the sixteenth to nearly the close of the eighteenth century, chronologically arranged, and illustrated by historical references, were prepared by the antiquarian of the family, the late Henry Barrett Lennard of Hampstead.

It is a pleasure to be able to reproduce some of these portraits—photographs of which were made by Mr. Lennard and presented to me a few years since.

Among the agreeable English experiences that I have enjoyed, were the friendly and cordial contact with Henry Barrett-Lennard and his son while in London in the summer of 1886 and in later years. One

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

bright afternoon I found myself by invitation at his villa—No. 3 Well Walk—in the quiet suburban Hampstead. Not far away was the home of Keats; and beyond stretched the green rolling heath, to whose freshness the Londoners come on Sundays and holidays for recreation and fun. Mr. Barrett-Lennard was the antiquarian member of his family. With a degree of patience and zeal, not often seen in men of leisure, he had gathered together an extraordinary amount of material relating to his family. A cousin of Sir Thomas Barrett-Lennard of "Belhus" he enjoyed the privilege of uninterrupted examination of all the collections at the ancient home, so that with greatest pleasure I examined his valuable papers, photographs, original manuscript, maps, genealogical tables, water-color illustrations, etc. He has spent much time and money in making this collection and few families possess a more elaborate and fuller set of archives. Neatly and handsomely bound and easily handled, the exhibition in his library room at Hampstead was a rare treat.

In the hall is erected a dark rich staircase of black oak—taken from the only remaining house after the great London fire of 1666. On the old newel post stood erect, a carved wolf-dog head—the Leonard crest with its French motto "Pour bien desirer."

Through Mr. Lennard's courtesy an invitation was also secured for a visit to "Belhus," the residence of Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard and the opportunity was appreciated and utilized.

The day chosen for this pilgrimage stands out clear and delightful. Taking the morning train from London in a short run across a low, moorland country, I alighted at Raynham station. What thoughts

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

that name aroused as I wandered through the ancient graveyard and carefully studied the old stone church. "Raynham Forge" was the name given by our American progenitors to their iron works. Had they ever lived here? What associations could they have borne with them of this spot, across the great Atlantic wastes. They came from Wales in the north. Had they in boyhood days lived in this neighborhood, or at "Belhus?" The earlier Leonards of Belhus, were landed proprietors through the entire country hereabouts and even now Sir Thomas holds title to at least 10000 acres of land.

The simple lodge gate was opened by a little girl, and through the falling rain we drove. For at least a mile, with long views of meadows and forest trees, glimpses of cattle browsing and herds of deer feeding, till at length the broad, low, dark-brick walls of "Belhus" appeared across the intervening acres. The mansion is not impressive, but mellow with age it affects one kindly. Unpainted, two full stories in height, with turretted treatment of the roof, gables and oriels and square windows and doors. It covers much ground, encloses squares and courts and in ancient days, with the many retainers and the larger household, must have been a bright and hospitable home. Of these latter qualities it certainly has lost no measure, and cordial welcome was forthcoming.

The spacious, though not lofty hallway—with its broad staircase—was adorned with impressive old portraits and ornamented with armor and bronzes. Into the library on the second floor I was ushered; a spacious room richly and fully furnished, bright with scenes, paintings, portraits, books; a choice collection of miniatures, and facing the broad meadow



BELHUS, AVELEY, ESSEX.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

that stretched off into a blue vista of distant trees and foliage. Here Sir Thomas and Lady Barrett-Lennard greeted me. I told them of my American home and life, of our history of our distant kinship and connection with the same noble root, out of which they had originally sprung. Nothing could have exceeded their gentle interest in all that pertained to me and mine, and many were the questions we mutually asked and answered. Sir Thomas had been in the United States, when a younger man and he could more readily understand my localizations and descriptions. Sir Thomas has a fine breeding farm here and some of the best English horses are sold from his estate; he has a kennel of fine dogs and hunting is pleasantly indulged in during the shooting season; he has a house at Brighton where the winters are passed, and an estate in Ireland from whence he derives income. Lady Lennard is a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Wood, and her brother is the distinguished and honorable General Sir Evelyn Wood, K. C. B. The Revs. Dacre and St. Aubyn Lennard are younger brothers of Sir. Thomas.

Just beyond the limits, lies the village of Aveley, in the county of Essex, and in the vault of the parish church lie the dead of many generations. The coffins are exposed to view and covered in blue, violet and purple velvets; and here within these same walls, have the Lennards and their descendants worshipped God from cycle to cycle and here they rest in peace. "Belhus" seems to have escaped the ravages of war and plunder. So many noble houses were despoiled in the days of trouble. But here remain the collections of each generation intact,—remarkable wealth of portraits by famous masters; apartments rich in ancient woodwork, tapestries and hangings; a choice group

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

of landscapes and marines, historic pictures and rare accumulations of bric-a-brac. Some very fine specimens of stained glass of the Dacre, Barrett and Lennard arms and quarterings, and the rich family silver, chased and engraved with the familiar arms and crest. All these things gave me enthusiastic pleasure. Lady Lennard led me to one of Vandyke's portraits of King Charles I. and with much interest showed to me a golden locket containing a lock of the martyred monarch's hair, that had been found, tucked behind the carved frame, only a few years ago. A splendid portrait of King Charles II. and one of the Duchess of Cleveland by Sir Peter Lely were among the most valued of the set. By the Duchess of Cleveland, King Charles II. had one child, a daughter, and she married a Lennard, who was created Earl of Sussex. From these came the Lennards of this generation, Sir Thomas being the great great grandson of the Duchess of Cleveland and the King.

The collection is so rich in old masters that a few years ago it was exhibited in London for the pleasure of the art loving public.

CHELSEA

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

CHELSEA.

Every Leonard who goes to London should make a visit to old Chelsea and its quaint venerable church. On the banks of the River Thames in a small park, stands a statue of Thomas Carlyle, who lived here. Just near, are the buildings once occupied by that noble, self-sacrificing man, Count Zinzendorf, founder of the Moravian Community; while still beyond, is the plain, unpretentious house where the eccentric, but remarkable genius and artist James Turner lived and died. Old Chelsea Church is worn and black with time; some ivy climbs about its lower walls, but it is dingy and crowded by shops and poor dwellings.

A few venerable tombstones are in the yard about the church, a quaint sundial sticks out its monitory finger from the wall of the church tower, and the river glistens along its broad way towards London. The verger was trimming the vines as we entered the enclosure and readily opened a small side door, and we stood within the ancient chancel. Few, if any of the London churches present a more antiquated appearance than old Chelsea's small, but curious and attractive parish edifice. It is treated with low, and very heavy masoned arches, and these intersect each other at certain points, giving the impression of a series of chapels opening into the central part. The woodwork of the pews, and chancel is dark and plain. The pulpit, looks out on a level with a low gallery

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at the west end, and the walls all about are adorned with quaint tombs and entablatures, memorializing the dead of far back generations. Two of these received from us careful examination. One, within the sanctuary space, bears testimony to the life and service of that great martyr statesman, Sir Thomas More. Here in this church he was wont to worship and here also to "put on a choirman's surplice and thus attired, to go about the aisles in religious procession, singing the psalms and hymns" * * * *

But over in the south aisle, is the most imposing monument in the building. It is a structure of marble and alabaster, now yellow and dingy with age. Separated from the stone aisle (under whose pavements the dead are sleeping) by a finely worked iron railing, the noble effigies of Sir Gregory Dacre Leonard, his wife and child are seen; he clad in armor, and she in a braided gown and Elizabethan ruff, with hands folded as in prayer. Lord and Lady are peacefully resting beneath the monumental canopy. Their armorial bearings in colors are pictured above the shrine and the inscription in Latin tells of their virtues and qualities.*

It was with greatest interest that we studied this beautiful tomb and with profoundest reverence that we gazed upon the marble faces of this distinguished forbear of our race. How different the days of his life, and the memories of his times—how marvellous the changes wrought in men, institutions, nations, customs, religion and manners since these silent personages walked the streets of ancient London town. But unchanged are the principles, the truths, the code,

* Read Henry Kingsley's charming story "The Hillyars and the Burtons."

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that regulates everything that is noble, good, and true in humanity; and the rewards of piety, honor and uprightness are still the same with us, as with those who dwelt in that elder day.

Gregory's house in old Chelsea was once the house of Sir Thomas More. There Queen Elizabeth dined with her royal subject on a Michaelmas day. (See "Families of Barrett and Lennard," page 210.)

The Lennards of Dacre dwelt at times in the past in the old Hurstmonceaux Castle and the following description of that ancient keep will be of interest. There were Dacres of the North and of the South, kinsmen having common interests in State and Church.

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Hurstmonceaux Castle.

"Six miles from Pevensey and twelve from Eastbourne are the ruins of Hurstmonceaux Castle, formerly a fortress of great magnificence and strength. Till 1777 it was the most perfect and regular castellated mansion in the kingdom; but about that period the roof was taken down and the interior completely stripped by the proprietor, the Rev. Mr. Hare, who employed the materials thus obtained in the erection of some additional rooms in the modern mansion-house. The church contains some curious monuments of the family of Fiennes. Hurstmonceaux is now the property of H. M. Curteis, who manifests a praiseworthy zeal in the preservation of its ruins." (See Black's "Picturesque Tourist of England," page 19, edition of 1867.)

Hurstmonceaux "was originally called Hurst, for its situation in the midst of the weald or forest. Soon after the Norman conquest it was the seat of a family who took for this place the name of DeHurst, which they retained for several generations, till one of them assumed the addition of Monceaux, probably after his mother, who was heiress of a family settled at Compton-Monceaux in Hampshire. On the failure of male issue in his grandson, Maud, daughter and heir of the latter, carried this estate in marriage to Sir John

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de Fiennes, about the middle of the reign of Edward II. Their posterity made this place their principal residence. Sir Roger de Fiennes, who attended Henry V. in his expeditions to France, with a retinue of between thirty and forty men at arms and archers and who was treasurer to the household of his successor, rebuilt the manor-house at Hurstmonceaux and obtained a license to embattle and fortify it, and to enlarge his park with 100 acres. His son having married Joan, daughter and sole heir of Lord Dacre was 37, Henry VI. invested with that title. In this family (Dacre), Hurstmonceaux continued till the death of the last heir male, 37, Elizabeth, when his sister, Margaret, the wife of Samson Lennard Esq. succeeded to this honor, and among other estates to this castle and manor. Their descendant Thomas, Lord Dacre, married a natural daughter of Charles II. by the Duchess of Cleveland and was in the 26th year of that monarch's reign created Earl of Sussex. Having launched into the expensive gaities of the court, and indulged too freely in deep play, his affairs became so embarrassed that shortly before his death he was obliged to sell his estate in Sussex, and among the rest Hurstmonceaux, which was purchased in 1701 for £38,215 by George Naylor Esq. After an occupation of about a century by this family, the estate was sold by the late proprietor, Francis Hare Naylor, to Thomas Reed Kemp, Sr. M. P. for Lewes for £60,000.

Hurstmonceaux Castle stands in a low situation near the southern edge of the park and is one of the oldest brick buildings in the kingdom. The engravings and descriptions of Grose, who beheld this structure while entire, are calculated to excite a high idea of its mag-

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nificence; and the number of fine drawings of every part of it in the collection of the late Sir Wm. Burrell are sufficient, as Tennant remarks, to draw tears from every person of taste who considers the sad change in the noble pile. In form it is very nearly square, the north and south fronts being 206 feet and the east and west 214 feet long. The whole was surrounded by a deep moat, which has long been dry. The castle consisted of three courts, a larger and two smaller. The great gate house, in the south front, between two towers 84 feet high, leads into the most spacious of the courts, which is cloistered round. On the north side was the hall, which must have been extremely beautiful; it is described as having most resembled those of the colleges of our universities which have not been modernized; the fire-place being in the middle, and the butteries at the lower end. At the upper or east end of this hall, were three handsome rooms, one within another, constituting the best apartment in the castle. Beyond them lay the chapel, some parlors for common use and rooms for the upper servants, forming the east front. On the west side of the hall was the grand staircase which occupied an area 40 feet square. The spacious kitchen beyond it, as well as the hall and chapel, reached in height to the upper story. The offices were ample and the oven in the bake house was 14 feet in diameter. The left side of the south front beyond the great gate house, consisted of a long waste room like a gallery, apparently intended for a stable in case of siege. Under the eastern corner tower in the same front was an octagonal room forming the prison, having in the middle a stone post with a strong iron chain.

Above the best apartments was a suite of rooms

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in the same style and in every window of the different galleries leading to the chambers on this floor was painted on glass the alnat or wolf-dog, the ancient supporter of the arms of the families of Fiennes and Lennard. Many private winding staircases, curiously constructed in brick without any woodwork communicated with these galleries. The walls are of great thickness, the whole having been entirely of brick excepting the windows and door cases, the water tables and copings which were of stone. Such is the substance of Grose's description of this venerable edifice. The timber being then upon inspection decayed so as to render the repairs very expensive, the roof was taken down by the proprietor, Rev. Mr. Hare, and the interior so completely stripped, that nothing but the bare walls were left standing. The materials thus obtained were employed in the erection of some additional rooms in the mansion house. From a survey taken 12 Elizabeth, it appears that the moat which encompassed the castle on the south, west and north sides as well as the pool on the east, which washed the wall on the east side had been drained for health's sake not long before. The same record informs us that the park was then three miles in circumference. (The third part lying in lawns and the residence being well set with great timber trees, most of beech and part of oak). The fallow deer were estimated at 200. There were four fish ponds abundantly stocked with carp, tench and other fish. This park is generally agreeably diversified, it is still found wooded with old trees, particularly beech, which are estimated some of the largest in the kingdom and well watered with clear streams. Most parts of it command a shady view over the adjacent rich level of Pevensey. The

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sea appears to the south, the hills toward Hastings on the east, while the majestic South Downs rise at some distance towards the west. The church situated near the park contains some curious monuments of the family of Fiennes." "Beauties of England and Wales," by Frederick Shoberg (Sussex County, page 204-205).

DACRE CASTLE.

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DACRE CASTLE.

Dacre Castle was occupied by the northern section of the Lennards. The road thither through Dacre to Pooley Bridge at the foot of Ulliswater brings one in four miles to Dacre Castle, formerly the residence of the famous border family of Dacre and is now converted into a farm house.

The name is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors, at the siege of Acre—the St. Jean d'Acre of modern times—in the Holy Land under Richard Coeur de Leon. Another branch of this clan was settled at Gilsland in Cumberland. There are many ballads and traditions which still "proclaim, Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name." Bede says that a monastery once stood at Dacre and about 930 a congress was held here, at which King Athelstane, accompanied by the King of Cumberland received homage from Constantine, King of Scotland." See Black's "Picturesque Tourist of England," page 332, edition 1867.

MONMOUTH CASTLE.

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MONMOUTH CASTLE.

"Monmouth Castle, formerly the baronial mansion of the Dacres of the North. It is now the property of the Earl of Carlisle," page 265, *ibid.* "Gilsland Spa, a much frequented watering place, in the romantic vale of Irthing. Here Sir Walter Scott first met Miss Charpentier, afterwards Lady Scott." See Lockhardt's "Life of Scott," *Ibid*—page 265.

Accounts of Leonard Dacre in Froude's "History of England," Vols. 3, 4, 9. 10.

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This portrait of the lads Henry and James Leonard, hangs on the walls of Belhus. Mr. Henry Barrett Leonard informed me that the portrait came from Pontipool and was doubtless a picture of the younger sons who later emigrated to Massachusetts and therefore the progenitors of the American Leonards.



FRANCIS AND HENRY LENNARD,
Younger Sons of Francis Lennard, Lord Dacre.
Painted by Sir Peter Leby (Pontypool).

COLONIAL LEONARDS.

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COLONIAL LEONARDS.

So many pedigrees are prepared for the genealogical magazines or for private publication, bristling with figures and bewildering with multitudinous names, that they are unattractive to those who might be the most naturally interested in them, and undecipherable to those not skilled in such literature. It is my endeavor not so much to prepare an exact table of family names and degrees as to put in readable shape many family facts, personal incidents and anecdotes, descriptions of places and people connected with the subject, and such other material as may prove not uninteresting to some of the younger members of the Leonard household. Therefore, there is much within the covers that must be necessarily scrappy and sketchy; but as everything is related to the subject, this method of preparation will at least preserve for the future, many facts that otherwise would have been lost. Upon the death of my grandparents, Stephen Banks Leonard and Esther Henrietta Leonard, I determined to undertake this compilation. It is intended to be a memorial of their virtues and qualities. But I could not make such a tribute complete or fully intelligent, without supplementing and adding thereto, the materials gathered with some effort, relating to the family to which we belong; and so this work has quietly and pleasantly grown into its present shape, without any philosophy of arrange-

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ment and without the least pretension to scientific planning.

But while chronicling no extraordinary characters or historical prowess and fame for its heroes and heroines, it assuredly gives to us who are thankful for so decent and clean a descent, reason for a family pride and for a family love, based on the good foundation of an ancestry whose record is honorable, pure and righteous.

By a careful examination of the valuable family tree printed in this volume it will be seen that the brothers Henry and James, who came from Pontypool in 1643 were distinctly identified with not only a respectable, but a titled and even distinguished pedigree. As the American branches that have descended from these two generations are already extended and diverse; some springing up in Massachusetts at Taunton, New Bedford, Bridgewater and Springfield; some in New Jersey; some in New York; some in Illinois and a large following in Canada; so the lateral extensions in England have been various and numerous. Primogeniture in England, however, has reserved and retained to the descending oldest son, both landed estates and titles. In that way a family becomes anchored and permanently settled. Younger sons in the church, in the army, in professional or private life, being obliged for the most part to maintain their status by industry and effort, the disintegration is less likely to occur, as it does so easily with us. The necessity for making inroads into new fields, of meeting with competitors in the daily race, of building for oneself both fortune, fame and place, has been a primal cause for the lack and loss of local identity in American families and for the growth of

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separated developments in distant centers of our common country. Those who in colonial days, received by letters patent from the crown, grants of land in this western world, have in several instances, well known to us, been able to retain their integrity and autonomy, after the manner of ancestral English estates. But the great majority of Americans tracing unmistakably their pedigree back to the 16th and 17th centuries' emigrations, have with some labor, studied the imperfect history of their ancestors, and regarded with regret the breaking up into several strands and threads, the genealogical rope. Without doubt, these separated lines of Leonards, are sections and parts of a common household and fraternity. And this remark applies to all of our American families of reputation and good standing. Joel Munsell and Sons of Albany, who by their indefatigable industry and efforts, have done much to preserve the records of genealogy, maintain that those only have a claim to the name of American whose ancestors arrived in this land prior to the Revolutionary War. Papers of naturalization, or the civil rights of citizenship cannot make an American. The atmosphere, breeding, education and the assimilation of traits and transmitted culture, are essential to this inheritance. On this principle, the honorable Societies of the Cincinnati, Sons of Colonial Wars, the New England, and St. Nicholas are founded, and it gives a local aristocracy of fact and feeling, that one may properly desire and cherish. A Knickerbocker, and a Virginian are such not by adoption; but by the transmission of a local heritage and tradition, that have added pride, and stimulated virtue in the lives of those who rejoice in their natal progenitors. But the strange unrest,

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the feverishness for reaping richer harvests of money in newer regions, the lack of contentedness, the want of local pride, are elements in our American life, that must always be considered, when such a theme as this is discussed or investigated. The changes of residence that one notes in our cities, is in marked contrast with the rooted foundations of mansions and homes in England. Business crowds out the family life. Men make money and want larger and costlier houses and it would be amusing, perhaps melancholy, to chronicle the number of moves, made in a single generation. It is reassuring however to find many who have been prospered, and have in middle life attained to comfortable competence and ease, returning to the old farm, buying it back, and restoring and preserving with affectionate interest, the ancient landmarks and habitat of the fathers. This spirit is growing here, and in the warmth of its glow, we may hope for the regeneration of our earlier American life and love of place.

The New Bedford and Taunton Leonards have been able to retain their relations with these cities and have always been, and are, valuable members of their boroughs. So in Springfield, so too in several of the New Jersey towns, descendants of the early settlers are now to be found, bearing the good name, and doing it credit, by steady and intelligent living among their townfolk and acquaintance. One of the pleasantest facts of genealogical research is to be noted in the mutual recognition and acknowledgement of this family fealtyship, and the ready contribution of data, or information, towards any effort made for the perpetuation and preservation of family annals and history. And we may be much comforted, by

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the knowledge that there is sufficient interest and pride, in more than one instance, to gather, collect and collate, names, ages, incidents and pedigrees of these separated branches. If by such endeavor, a pride of virtue and of reputable kinship, and of upright living, and continued maintenance of a noble and helpful generation, be sustained in those coming after us, the effort and labor will be more than rewarded and the end will certainly justify the means.

**LEONARDS AND IRON WORKS IN
ENGLAND**

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LEONARDS AND IRON WORKS IN ENGLAND.

The earliest account we have of the identification of the later English Leonards with iron work is found in the State calendars. Richard Leonard, Lord Dacre, was son of Henry—he lived at Hurstmonceux in 1617. His first wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Arthur Throckmorton and grandson of Queen Elizabeth's famous minister. "On Dec. 1620, upon inquiry as to who had paid the contribution to the Palatinate, Lord Dacre said that he had done so; and on March 26, 1626, there is execution of a grant to Richard Lord Dacre, Thomas Letsome and Nicholas Page of a privilege for making steele for 14 years invented and perfected by Letsome, by the charge of Lord Dacre and assistance of Page being the first inventor thereof." In the Hurstmonceux household account book there is an incidental reference to a "steele forge" which was probably near that castle and possibly the scene of these attempts to become successful ironmasters. We know that there was an iron working on the estate nearly a hundred years earlier, in 1574, as a return was made of the owners of iron works in the Counties of Surrey, Sussex and Kent; and amongst these there is this entry: "The Lord Dacres, 1 forge, 1 furnace in Buckholt in the hands of Jeffreys." See "The Families of Barrett and Leonard," page 256.

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With an inherited inclination and taste for the iron industry it was natural that the first Leonard immigrants to the American Colony should undertake this useful vocation, and we may look with some interest at the record of their endeavors in Massachusetts.

**LEONARDS AND IRON WORKS IN
MASSACHUSETTS COLONY**



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LEONARDS AND IRON WORKS IN MASSACHUSETTS COLONY.

In 1651 there are entries in the Lynn account book of monies paid to James Leonard for work rendered. A brass furnace or foundry, and a refinery forge were established there as early as May 1645, and it was the first successful attempt, we are informed, to make "Barr Iron" in this country. The ore, however, was taken from the bog, and was not of a very valuable character. These works were established by Adam Hawkes in 1630. Henry Leonard came to this country with his brother James, and they were skilled workmen in iron, and this name is the most noted in the annals of the New England iron industry. In 1793 the Rev. Dr. Forbes prepared and published a book entitled "Topographical Description of Raynham, with its History," in which he says, "The circumstances of a family attachment to the iron manufacture is so well known as to render it a common observation in this part of the country "Where you can find iron works there you will find a Leonard." Henry and James Leonard are said to have learned their trade at Pontipool, Monmouthshire. They were forgemen.

The next iron enterprise in New England was located in the town or township of Taunton, in Bristol county, two miles from the city of Taunton. This enterprise was undertaken in 1652 by a company composed of

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citizens of Taunton, who employed Henry and James Leonard, and Ralph Russell as practical ironworkers. At a town meeting at Taunton, held October 21, 1652, "it was agreed and granted by the town to the said Henry and James Leonard, and Ralph Russell, free consent to come hither and join with certain of our inhabitants to set up a bloomery on Two-mile River." The works thus projected were put in operation in 1653. The Leonards contributed by their skill as iron masters towards making this enterprise a success, and it long continued in a prosperous condition.

Thomas Leonard and his brother James Leonard succeeded their father in the works, and the family name was connected with the Taunton forge for many generations. Thomas Leonard became manager and so continued until his death in 1713. Bar iron was made directly from the ore. The hammers and other heavy machinery for the Taunton bloomery came from abroad. The works made from twenty to thirty tons annually, averaging about \$100 a ton of our currency. A few years ago the old buildings were demolished, and the foundation walls alone remain of the ancient Taunton iron works of 224 years—the oldest successful iron manufactory in New England.

The Taunton forge, says Perez Fobes in 1793, was situated on "the great road, and having been repaired from generation to generation, it is to this day still in employ," In William Reed Deane's "Genealogical Record of the Leonard Family," published in 1851, it is stated that "the old forge, though it has been remodelled several times, has been in constant use for nearly two hundred years, and is now in the full tide of successful operation. It is owned by Theodore

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Dean, Esq. who is descended from the Leonards. The forge was at that time employed in the manufacture of anchors. In 1865 it was still so employed, with four forge fires, two hammers, and two water wheels, but about that time it ceased to be active and has since been dismantled and abandoned.

About 1668, Henry Leonard went to Rowley village, twenty-five miles northeast of Lynn, as stated by Newall, "and there established iron works." Lewis says that in 1674, Henry Leonard's sons, Nathaniel, Samuel and Thomas, contracted to carry on these works for the owners, whose names are given by Bishop as "John Ruck and others of Salem." The works did not prove to be profitable. After establishing the Rowley works, Henry Leonard went to New Jersey, "and there again engaged in the iron manufacture." At some time previous to his removal to New Jersey, he appears to have been connected with the establishment of iron works at Canton, about fourteen miles south of Boston.

The Whittington iron works on Mill River, were built by James Leonard, senior "forgeman" in 1670. These works embraced "a bloomerie with one hearth." Mr. Leonard's three sons, Joseph, Benjamin and Uriah, having served in the Taunton iron works at the "refining and bloomerie" trade, worked the forge. They also had a grist mill at the same place. This was the location of James Leonard's iron works. James Leonard died in 1691. The Whittington bloomery was continued by his sons and their successors for more than a hundred years. During the first fifty years it was supplied with bog ore mined in the vicinity of "Scadding's moire" and pond, and "along up Mill River to Winneconnet pond."

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In the years 1696 and 1697 the Chartley iron works were built on Stony brook, within the limits of Taunton North Purchase. "The iron work and tools required were made at the Taunton iron works. These works were built by Thomas and James Leonard, and embraced only a bloomery for the manufacture of bar-iron. They went into operation in 1698. In 1713 George Leonard became the sole owner of these works and greatly enlarged them." The above enterprise was the origin of the noted Leonard iron works of Norton, and one of the chief causes of the organization and incorporation of that town in 1711. Native bog was always used.

The Hopewell iron works embracing a bloomery only, were built on Mill River in Taunton, in 1739 and 1740, by Captain Zephaniah Leonard, to make bar iron from bog ore. The bloomery was succeeded by a rolling and slitting mill, erected by John Adam in 1776 and 1777. In 1782 the property passed into the hands of Samuel Leonard and others, of Taunton. Russia and Swede iron, imported in bars, were rolled and converted into rods for the best of hammered nails, furnishing partial employment for many farmer nailers within an area of a dozen miles. Finally the business proving unprofitable, the works were abandoned.

TAUNTON AND LEONARDS



FIRST IRON FORGE,
Taunton.

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TAUNTON AND LEONARDS.

In the completion of the lines of the town of Taunton, it became necessary to secure and buy certain land in the northeastern section of the place. This was historically known as the "North East Purchase." A full account of this colonial transaction was read before the Old Colony Historical Society, in 1855 by Mortimer Blake, and published in 1885. The following extracts are of interest:

The disposition of the North Purchase Lands. The records of the proprietors still extant give us all needful information, as all the extracts will show.

Soon after the reception of their deed from Plymouth, "Sept. 16, 1668, the Proprietors of the North Purchase being met together, made choice of Thomas Leonard to be their clarke; and the same day the said Purchasers or proprietors made choice of James Walker, George Macy, William Harvey and Richard Williams to have inspection into affairs relating to said North Purchase, and together with the clarke to call the company together when they shall have occasion."

These proprietors finally arranged for "highways, expenses and special grants." These were many. A gratuity of land was voted to each clerk for his services. To the first clerk, Thomas Leonard, was granted fifty acres. To his successor, Samuel Leonard, was given forty acres. To the next clerk, George Leonard, fifty-three acres. A "Lott for the ministry" was early set apart. As the proprietors were not

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land speculators, they held a minister to be a needful member of their prospective settlements, and in all divisions of land, he or his lot was accounted as a shareholder. In the first division of land, 1684, a lot equal to the rest was ordered to be laid out "never to be alienated from the use of the ministry."

As the Leonards were prominent in Taunton as iron-workers, we find early encouragements to their enterprises. As a help to Thomas and James Leonard "to set up an Iron Work or Forge at Stoney Brook," several proprietors offered, 6 December, 1695, and the whole company voted, 12 May, 1696, a gift of "such lands as their pond doth overflow." Their forge was, in 1698, called "Chartley Iron Works" and was then in some effective operation. Many curious exchanges in Taunton are recorded, and a number of unsolvable problems are noted. Among them is the following which baffles the antiquarian:

May 27, 1729, "voted that the Handkerchief which was the return of the money which was sent to England should be sold, and that Mr. Ephraim Leonard should be paid £2 8s. and Left. Leonard be paid 16s and Mr. Edward Shove to be paid 16s. out of the money that said Handkerchief shall be sold for; and that the rest of the money should be left out to interest for the use of the Proprietors. Voted that Lieut. James Leonard and Maj. George Leonard shall have all the same Handkerchief, they giving good security for £23 16s. 4d to the clerk to be paid within one years' time, and they paying also the aforesaid sums of money which amounts to £4, to be paid within one years' time for their aforesaid trouble."

Who has the Handkerchief?

Having established their forge on the banks of

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the Two-mile River, the wisdom and kindness of the Leonards was made evident by the relationship which soon ripened into a close friendship with the Indian King Philip, head of the Pequot tribes; the result being that later on a contract was made between the King and the Leonards, in which it was agreed that the Indians would guard and protect the rights and interests of this family in the future. This condition of things continued for many years. King Philip prevented the property and lives of the Leonards from being destroyed during the Indian uprisings, and these kind services were reciprocated, and there are several interesting anecdotes relating to this situation. One is, that the niece of King Philip, a squaw named Betty, when both families of the Leonards were stricken with typhoid fever, gathered the herbs, prepared and administered the medicine, and nursed the sick ones back to health. She refused the wampum, and other recompense, but she did accept as a present, a pretty red cloak, and in it, she said, she wished to be buried.

When the great Indian chief ordered Taunton and the vicinity to be burned, he stipulated that the Leonard farms must not be disturbed. At their forge, he had his tomahawks and arrowheads made. Later on, when King Philip was killed, his head was cut off and buried in the cellar of the Leonard house.

In 1901 a re-union of the descendants of the Taunton Leonards was called in the city of Taunton. A large number met and formed an association, adopted a Constitution and By-laws, and prepared for the development of archives and publications which should bear upon the history of the family. Already they have accumulated an unusual amount of material; and

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having under their control the manuscript form, compiled by the late Elisha C. Leonard of New Bedford, when that is published we shall feel that the records of the clan have been scientifically and thoroughly arranged and perpetuated. The descendants of James and Henry Leonard, for a long period of years, dwelt in Taunton, they held positions of trust and local power, and were respected and regarded highly by those who knew them. In the Neck of Land burying-ground may be found to-day the graves and headstones of many of these people. The Taunton Evening News of July 20th, 1899 gives the following statement: "The grave of Thomas Leonard reminds of his service in the colonial days. He was the successor of Captain William Pole, as captain of the first local military company in Taunton, and was commissioned in 1685; having performed the duties of ensign from June 7th, 1667; he was commissioned major of the first Bristol regiment in 1709, but still retained command of the first foot company in the Bristol regiment, it being called the Majors' Company. He died November 24, 1713, when he was succeeded by his brother, James Leonard the second, who commanded the first foot company until his death, November 1, 1726. James Leonard and his son were both captains, and both lived to be more than eighty years old. The latter had three sons and five daughters, two of the former were military officers, and all of them lived to the age of seventy. Stephen Leonard, son of James, was a Justice of the Peace, and a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. His oldest son, Major Zephaniah, married April 24, 1724, Hannah, daughter of John and Alice King of Raynham.

Major Thomas Leonard was connected with the

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military history of Taunton for forty-eight years. He was appointed Judge of the Quarter Session in 1685, and continued upon the bench until his death. He was representative, selectman, member of the town council, clerk of the proprietary records, treasurer of the first iron works, merchant and physician.

Lientenant and Captain, James Leonard the second, was an iron master. He was a representative and selectman. All of these early settlers, members of the first military company, were buried according to the law of Plymouth Colony enacted in 1643, "that when any the the military company should dye, or depart this life, the company upon warning, shall come together with their arms, and inter the corpse as a soldier, and according to his place and qualitey."

In this ancient burying-ground, there is a very remarkable epitaph carved upon a horizontal slab, seven by four, supported by six pillars; there is a picture of a coffin on the slab, and under the lines of this grotesque drawing are these words, "Parentibus octimus bene murentibus;" surmounting the whole is "Zephaniah Leonard, Esq. who died April 25th, 1766, in the 63rd year of his age, and Hannah his wife, who died ye same day, in the 62nd year of her age." This is the epitaph:

"To dust and silence is much worth consigned,
Sheds a sad gloom over vanities behind.
Such are pursuits! proud impulse vainly soar,
See here! the wise, the virtuous are no more!

How mean ambition! how contemptuous state!
How dim the tinsel glories of the great!
Even Leonards undistinguished fall,
And death and hovering darkness hide us all."

The old Leonard house which stood but a few

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rods from the village, was pulled down a few years since. A part of this house was probably built as early as 1670, although the vane upon it had inscribed, or cut in it, the year 1700. It had been occupied by the family down to the seventh generation, and the spot with modern buildings, is now owned and occupied by the eighth. At the time the old house was demolished, it was probably the oldest mansion in that section, if not in the country. The oldest building in New Bedford is supposed to be the house lately occupied by the Leonard family in Norton, in which Mrs. Bowen dwelt. Through the courtesy of Captain Hall, Secretary of the Old Colony Historical Society, a piece of oak timber from this old house was sent to me, and I had it made into a number of canes, or walking sticks, for various members of the family, each stick bearing a sliver plate, giving the history of the wood. This house, in its first rude form was, with another, kept constantly guarded during King Philip's war. The old house at Norton, which was then a part of Taunton, was first occupied by Major George Leonard, third son of Thomas, about 1690. He was the owner of large tracts of land, and a progenitor of the Norton family.

William R. Deane in his pamphlet on the Leonards, says that "this family as possessors of great wealth, and of the largest landed estate probably of any in New England, have lived here for 160 years." This property was inherited in 1850 by George Leonard Barnes, Esq. on the death of Mrs. Bowen. Of this branch of the family, one of the most distinguished was the Hon. Daniel Leonard, only son of Colonel Ephraim Leonard, born in Norton, now Mansfield, a graduate of Harvard College in 1760, and died in



FIRST HOME OF JAMES LEONARD,
Taunton.

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London in June, 1829, aged 89 years. His second wife was Sarah Hammock, whose grave and headstone stands near the entrance door of Old Trinity Church, Newport, R. I. Mr. Deane speaks of him as follows: "He was bred to the law, and was before the Revolution a member of the General Court, an able political orator, and according to President Adams supported the Whig cause with great eloquence and energy." He was possessed of brilliant talents, and acquired great popularity, from which Governor Hutchinson was led to "exercise his blandishments upon him, and as he seldom failed when he applied them in all their force, the tempter prevailed" and Mr. Leonard became a Loyalist. In 1774 he was an addressor of Hutchinson, and was appointed a mandamus counsellor the same year. The Hon. Samuel Crocker of Taunton states that the tree is still standing in his garden where Governor Hutchinson, with his plausibility of manner, and fascinating demeanor, had a long conversation with Daniel Leonard the result of which was a firm adherence by him to the side of the British. The house that he occupied is now standing near Taunton Green. Soon after his course had become known, several mobs collected on the Green uttering ferocious threats, and some were for submitting him to personal indignities, but as he had been much beloved by the people of Taunton, some of the leading Whigs interfered, and persuaded the people to abstain from any acts of violence. He sought an asylum in Bristol, then occupied by the British, believing confidently that his family would be safe, but his house was assailed in the night, and in it, the marks of bullets can still be detected. His family soon after joined him in Bristol. In 1776

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he accompanied the British to Halifax, and afterwards went to England to reside, where he received the appointment of Chief Justice of Bermuda. After filling this office for many years, he again, in his last days, took up his residence in London. He left four grandchildren, the children of his daughter Sarah, who married John Stewart, Esq. a captain in the British army, and afterwards collector at the port of Bermuda. These grandchildren are now believed to be all living. The eldest, Duncan Stewart, on the death of an uncle who died childless, succeeded to an ancient lairdship in Scotland. The generous temper and affable manners of Mr. Leonard, seemed to have fascinated those who were in his household, and most about him. A very worthy woman belonging to the family in Taunton, who was intrusted with the care of an infant daughter of his first wife, would never leave him. She went with his family in all their wanderings; first to Boston, then to Halifax, then to London, then Bermuda; she came with them to the United States, and went back to the West Indies, and then to London, and died in their service. His deputy sheriff, followed his fortunes, and was killed in the battle of Germantown, then a major in the British service. A young gentleman educated at Harvard College and in his office, went with him to London, where he died.

The letters signed "Massachusettensis" which were published in a paper in Boston, between December 12, 1774, and April 3, 1775, were written by Daniel Leonard. They were answered under the signature of "Novanglus," by John Adams. Mr. Adams says "week after week passed away, and these papers made a very visible impression on many minds; no



CAPTAIN GEORGE LEONARD,
Taunton, Mass.



LEONARD HOUSE,
Taunton, Mass.

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answer appeared, and indeed some who were capable, were too busy, and some too timorous." Mr. Adams himself, therefore, began to write, and continued every week in the Boston Gazette, till the 19th of April, 1775.

In the preface to the edition of "Massachusettensis and Novanglus," published in 1819, Mr. Adams attributes these letters to Jonathan Sewall although at the time they were written he had supposed them to be the joint production of Sewall and Leonard. This volume, so prefaced by Mr. Adams, fixed upon the public mind generally, the impression that Sewall was the author; although in Taunton, Mr. Leonard's former home, they were still considered as his production. Mr. Adams finally became satisfied that Leonard was the author, and the only one. The question, within a few months, having again been brought before the public, a well-known writer, L. M. Sargent, has in the Boston Transcript, under the signature of "Sigma" demonstrated beyond a doubt, that Daniel Leonard was the author of said letters. The principal evidence is the testimony of the Hon. Ward Chipman, whose father had "personal knowledge" of the authorship at the time. Mr. Chipman also states that Judge Leonard himself, in a letter written to him in answer to his inquiries on the subject, acknowledged that he was the author. The opinion that Mr. Sewall was the author, has been traced to no contemporary authority, but Mr. Adams; and he had nothing but conjecture to support his assertion. "The question now is of no great importance, except in an historical point of view. Its value is derived from the fact of its having been the best defense of the measures of the King, the Ministry and the Parliament, which appeared this

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side the water, and superior perhaps to any that appeared on the other side, with the exception of Doctor Johnson's 'Taxation no Tyranny.'" Yet the arguments, however plausible, subtle and refined, rested upon a frail foundation.

Colonel Ephraim Leonard, the father of the Hon. Daniel Leonard, was a strong Whig, and opposed the course of his son. He lived till after the close of the Revolution, and at his death devised his large estate to such of his descendants as should take the oaths of naturalization and allegiance. This was done by Charles Leonard, only son of the Hon. Daniel. It was understood, however, that the brothers and sisters of Charles were to participate in the enjoyment of the property. (See John Fiske's posthumous essay, on Governor Hutchinson.)

Stephen Leonard, son of Captain James Leonard, who had served many years as a forgerman in the old iron works, was a prominent man in Taunton affairs. He was town treasurer some years prior to his leaving in 1722 for New Jersey. He then sold his interests and land to Captain Zephania, his son and removed to that State where he became interested in iron works, and occupied leading official positions. See "History of Taunton," page 629.



DANIEL LEONARD,
Taunton, Mass.,
Chief Justice of Bermuda.

NEW JERSEY LEONARDS.

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NEW JERSEY LEONARDS.

Let us now turn from New England to New Jersey and trace the development of the family in that section. Iron ore was found in quantities in the northern and central sections of the state and therefore it lured and led the Leonards to take up their life and craft in a congenial neighborhood. The following data indicate the members of the clan who served civilly and in the army and is of utility in tracing pedigrees.

LEONARD FAMILY IN MORRIS CO., N. J.

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LEONARD FAMILY OF MORRIS CO, N. J.

Stephen and Joshua Leonard.

"The founder of this family was Stephen Leonard, son of James Leonard, born 1643 by his second wife, Lydia Gulliver of Taunton, Mass.

Stephen Leonard was born in Massachusetts, 1680. Before he left Bristol County, Mass, he sold considerable estate and some of it he sold after settling in Morris. He was, while in Bristol County, a man of prominence. He settled about 1722-3 in what then was Hanmer, Hunterden County, but Hanmer is now Morris. After his decease, among other deeds recorded in Bristol County, was one from Henry Lott of Taunton to Judge Zephaniah Leonard (son of Stephen) who remained in Bristol County, who for £20 sold "1-11 share in estate of his honored father Stephen Leonard which he left in Taunton, Raynham or Bristol, etc, which fell to Mary Leonard, daughter of said Stephen as her portion which I purchased of her the said Mary and Samuel her husband as per deed March 4th 1741; dated May 24, 1744."

From this deed of Henry Lott it seems that Mary Leonard had married a Samuel ———, name not ascertained. And the inference is that there were eleven children or ten children and the wife. (So says E. C. Leonard of New Bedford.) W. O. B. Leonard thinks Stephen died 1743, but he probably died before that—before March 4, 1741.

Stephen Leonard, founder of the family of Mor-

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ris (born 1680, died 1741 about), had wife, Mary, and children as ascertained:

Zephaniah, born 1704, who remained at Taunton, was major in militia, judge, etc.

Mary, who married Samuel——.

Joshua, a bloomer or master ironworker who lived in New Jersey and probably succeeded his father in business.

Huldah, who married Philip Hall of Taunton, Mass., April 3, 1740.

Rev. Silas, graduated Yale, 1736, ordained in Gorham, Conn.

Paul, a resident of New Jersey. In 1724 Stephen Leonard was made judge of the Commission in Morris.

O. B. Leonard of Plainfield says:

“Silas was one of the younger members of the family and lived with his parents in the Colony of New Jersey. When he grew to manhood he became a clergyman and settled over a church in New York City. Joshua Leonard died without will and Paul Leonard administered to his estate.

Major Zephaniah married, 1724, Hannah King and had fourteen children, of whom Joshua, born 1725, was known as captain and had a son Joshua, born 1760, who became a minister of the gospel, graduated at Brown University and settled at Ellington, Conn. In 1797 Rev. Joshua moved to Cazenovia, N. Y. and, 1799, organized a Presbyterian church there.

O. B. Leonard of Plainfield says: “Silas Leonard had a brother Paul, a minister, of New York; also a brother Stephen and a Zephaniah of New Jersey, who was administrator, 1761, of Joshua Leonard, who died 1764. They lived in Morris County. Paul had wife, Abigail, who died 1787, and David Leonard was

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administrator of his estate. Silas P. Leonard, son of Samuel, lived in Morris County, N. J., also Sarah Leonard, a great granddaughter of Thomas Leonard of Taunton, who married Rev. Eliah Byram, a preacher at Mendham, N. J., about 1760. There was an Enoch Leonard of same place who made a will 1757 and had wife, Elizabeth.

NOTE.—It is said that Rev. Mr. Byram was from Bridgewater, Mass.

LEONARDS OF NEW JERSEY IN THE
REVOLUTION

LEONARDS OF NEW JERSEY IN THE
REVOLUTION

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LEONARD FAMILY OF NEW JERSEY.

Revolutionary Period.

The Monmouth Inquirer published (June 21st, 1883) had a notice of the Leonard Family and made mention of the first members named in Monmouth Records. The following names *may aid in completing genealogy of descendants.*

Nathaniel Leonard was in the Continental army (Third N. J. Reg.) first, lieutenant, then captain-lieutenant, then captain. He was also captain in the New Jersey militia and wagon-master. Captain Leonard with his company were at Siege of Yorktown, Va. 1781. Record: Ensign in Captain Sharp's company, Third Battalion. February 9th, 1776; second lieutenant, Captain Gordon's company, same battalion, November 29, 1776; first lieutenant ditto October 1st, 1777; lieutenant Third Regiment; captain-lieutenant First Regiment, March 30th, 1780; captain Third Regiment, September 6th, 1781; discharged at the close of the war, captain also in the state militia.

Privates in the Continental Army:

Azariah Leonard, Captain Holmes' company, Fourth Battalion; killed in action, March 21st, 1777. Also in state militia.

Elijah Leonard, Captain Cox's company, Third Battalion. Also militia.

James Leonard, John Leonard, Joshua Leonard (also in militia), Nathan Leonard, First N. J. Regi-

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ment. Samuel Leonard in Captain Mead's company, First Battalion; also in Third Regiment; also in militia. Stephen Leonard in Captain Morrison's company, First Battalion; also militia.

William Leonard, Captain Van Anglein's company, First Battalion.

Zephaniah Leonard, Third Battalion; Captain Flanagan's company in Third Battalion; Captain Cox's company, Third Regiment; First Regiment, and drafted into Regiment of Sappers and Miners of Continental army.

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Soldiers (State Militia).

Nathaniel Leonard, Captain, State militia and Continental Army.

Samuel Leonard, sergeant, Captain Waddell's company of First Regiment, Monmouth.

Thomas Leonard, sergeant, First Regiment, Hunterdon, Captain Tucker's company.

NOTE.—Hunterdon then included the present county of Mercer, in which is Trenton, and adjoined Monmouth.

| | | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|----------|----------|
| Azariah Leonard, | in Gloucester | militia, | private. |
| David Leonard, | in Morris | militia, | private. |
| Elijah Leonard, | in Morris | militia, | private. |
| James Leonard, | in Morris | militia, | private. |
| James Leonard, | in Sussex | militia, | private. |
| John Leonard, | in Sussex | militia, | private. |
| John Leonard, | in Sussex | militia, | private. |
| John Leonard, | in Morris | militia, | private. |
| Joshua Leonard, | in Morris | militia, | private. |
| Nathaniel Leonard, | in Hunterdon | militia, | private. |
| Samuel Leonard, | in Morris | militia, | private. |
| Samuel Leonard, | in Morris | militia, | private. |
| Stephen Leonard, | in Morris | militia, | private. |
| William Leonard, | in Middlesex (2d Reg.) | private. | |
| William Leonard, | in Middlesex (3d Reg.) | private. | |

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The following in militia but no county given, viz:
Elias Leonard, Henry Leonard, Silas Leonard.

The following members of the family it is supposed removed to New York. They were persons of good standing, property holders and probably connected with or inclined to the Church of England. They probably left Monmouth about 1777:

Thomas Leonard, a prominent citizen of Freehold, Monmouth County.

John Leonard and John Leonard Jr. of Upper Freehold, Monmouth County.

Joseph Leonard, John Leonard of Shrewsbury, Monmouth County.

Samuel Leonard of Dover Township, Monmouth County.

The first named, Thomas Leonard, after the war, it is said went to St. Johns, New Brunswick.

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CONTINENTAL ARMY.

The following Leonards are named—no county given: Azariah, Elijah, James, John, Joshua, Nathan, Samuel, Stephen, William, Zephaniah.

NOTE.—The last named, Zephaniah, was probably from the upper part of New Jersey as most of the officers were from there; Nathaniel Leonard was ensign in his company.

A writer in the "Jerseyman" some years ago says:

"In the Revolutionary war the Leonards of Morris and Hunterdon were eminently patriotic, and filled various positions in the Continental army and State militia from Colonel down to private. Among those enlisted in the war were Nathaniel, David, Elias, Elijah, Henry, James, John, Joshua, Nathaniel, Samuel, Silas and Stephen. While the Leonards of Morris were arrayed on the patriotic side, the principal members of the family in Monmouth joined the tories, and one, Thomas, was a major in the Royalist cause, and at close of the war in 1783, he and two others of the family settled on adjoining lots at St. John, N. B.

"Of the Leonard family of Morris, members went into other States and some who are supposed to have been descendants became distinguished in various positions.

"This family has been noted from time immemorial for its connection with the iron business. It is possible

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that some of the capitalists who started iron works in Morris and Hunterdon a century to a century-and-a-half ago may have engaged Leonards to aid in superintending their works. The first of the family who came to New Jersey, came about the year 1674 to aid in establishing the iron works in old Shrewsbury township, Monmouth county—the first iron works established in New Jersey.

“It is certain that members of the Leonard family were quite ancient settlers at Mendham. Benjamin Leonard of Mendham was married to Martha Haines of ye town of Morristown, March 8, 1750. Ephraim Leonard of Mendham was married to Hannah Hinds January 2nd, 1753; both by the pastor of the old First Presbyterian Church of Morristown.”

Quite a number of Leonard descendants are found in Canada, and of them Mr. Edwin Salter of Washington, D. C. thus writes:

“In the list of grantees of Parr Town, 1783, found in Mr. Lawrence’s ‘Foot Prints,’ are found the names of Thomas Leonard, George Leonard and George Leonard, jr., and notices of them are found in preceding pages of the book. On page 21, it is said that Hon. George Leonard was born at Plymouth, New England.

“The Leonards of New England and New Jersey were of common origin. Among the Loyalists of New Jersey whose property was confiscated during the Revolution, were Thomas Leonard, a leading citizen of Freehold, Monmouth County, N. J., who is supposed to be the one named as number one among the grantees at Parr Town, and his son John, Joseph and John Leonard of Dover, all of the same county. On the side of those opposed to the Loyalists, between twenty and

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thirty are named as having enlisted during the war. The exact number is difficult to ascertain, as the same names sometimes occur in different military organizations and it is uncertain whether they belong to the same or to different individuals."

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LEONARDS OF MORRIS COUNTY.

1740-1840.

The Rev. O. B. Leonard of Plainfield, N. J., and a thorough genealogist has made valuable contributions to our efforts and with the following facts that must prove very satisfactory to a large number of Leonards of New Jersey and their collateral relatives.

"Stephen Leonard, of Taunton, Mass., as the first of this name, emigrated about 1723 to the mining district of Hanover township, or commonly known by the Indian name of Whippany. He died 1743 leaving in this colony two sons, Joshua and Paul Leonard, who succeeded their father in the iron business. His oldest son, Zephania, had always remained in Massachusetts engaged in the same pursuit. His son Silas pursued a course of intellectual training at Yale College, and after his graduation studied theology. In 1738 he was ordained by the Presbytery of East Jersey as pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Goshen, Orange county, New York, where he remained until his death in 1764, leaving wife Elizabeth with five sons and six daughters.

Joshua Leonard, (son of Stephen, of Taunton), died 1760, leaving children Zephania, Paul, Silas, Stephen, Mary and Martha, of whose descendants only those of Silas and Martha can be definitely traced. His estate was administered by his brother Paul, who was appointed June 7, 1761. Silas (son of Joshua and Sarah), lived in the Whippany valley, of Hanover

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township and had sons Henry, Seth and Stephen Banks Leonard. This Stephen B. moved to New York state and became a member of Congress from the Owego district. His sons were William B. of Brooklyn, N. Y., Hermon C., W. Irving and George Leonard. This William B. was the father of two sons, Lewis H., who has William B.; and Rev. William A. Leonard, D. D., formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., and now rector of St. John's Episcopal Church at Washington, D. C. Martha Leonard (daughter of Joshua and Sarah), was born 1759 and married June 10, 1778, Abner Condict, of Morris county. Martha (or "Patsy" as she was known), died February 18, 1829, aged 70 years. Her husband died April 30, 1837 aged 87 years. Their children were Rhoda, born 1779; Rebecca, 1781. Silas Haines, 1784; Anna, 1786; Mary, 1789; Philip, 1792 and Abner, 1796.

"Paul Leonard (son of Stephen, of Taunton), soon after his father's death in 1743, settled on a farm in Alexandria township, Hunterdon county, where he died 1787, and David Leonard was appointed September 26 of same year to administer his estate. His widow, Abigail Leonard, survived him ten years, bequeathing by will to one Joshua Leonard 'the property got by dower from the estate of Paul Leonard.' He had two sons, Adam and Daniel, both of whom lived on productive lands in the same township. Adam's sons were Peter and Adam, with grandsons through Peter, named Elias, Nelson and Adam; and through Adam the grandsons were Peter, Benjamin, Curtis, Rensselaer, William, Edmund P. and Nathaniel. Daniel's sons were John and Henry, with grandsons through John, named Wilson, Charles, John, Henry, Cornelius, William and Robert.

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The long list of Leonards in Morris county settled there previous to the Revolutionary war, must have had an origin from several lines of the Massachusetts branch. It is not improbable that Ephraim Leonard of the Bridgewater, Mass., family, emigrated thither about 1740, and it may be he was one of the progenitors of the many hitherto detached and unconnected families of this name in the northern part of New Jersey. For about this date, 1735 to 1745, there were numerous others of the New England Leonards moving into the recently organized county of Morris, set off from old Hunterdon 1738-9 and embracing at that time present Sussex and Warren counties.

"Among the earliest of these untraced pioneer settlers was Enoch Leonard, of Mendham, who made a will September 16, 1757, in which he bequeaths to wife Elizabeth all his New England estate, clearly indicating the original birthplace of his ancestors.

"From reliable records the following marriages are obtained of other Leonards whose genealogical chain is unlinked. Caleb Leonard, born 1725, of Roxiticus (aboriginal name for Mendham) was married January 27, 1748, to Jemima Menthorne; March 8, 1750, Benjamin Leonard was married to Martha Haines of Morristown; Ephraim Leonard married January 2, 1753, Hannah Hinds, of Mendham, Jemima Leonard (Axtell) of Taunton, Mass., who had married in 1737 Henry Axtell, moved to the vicinity of Mendham in 1740 and her father also, with his family emigrated the same year from Massachusetts. A few years later are found the names of Sarah Leonard married 1755, January 2, to John Pitney in Morristown. February 24, 1756, Dorothea Leonard married Israel Aber. Hannah Leonard, in 1761, married Jesse Muir, and August 22,

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1764, Mary Leonard married Isaac Woodruff. A little later still, the records show that David Leonard married April 23, 1778, Phebe Lum, and Hannah Leonard, on the 24th day of May, 1778, married Matthias Lum.

"Some of the descendants of Caleb (born 1725) and Jemima Leonard, of Mendham, Morris county, N. J., mentioned in the preceding paragraph, are herewith given. There were nine children: (1) Caleb Leonard, jr., born 1750, lived to be 100 years old, had sons Daniel, Joseph and Zenas, with grandson by Daniel, named William; by Joseph there were **two** grandsons, Zenas and David, and by Zenas there were three, Joseph, Isaac and Abijah. His daughters were Rhoda (Thomas), Mary (Adbert) and Sarah (Bell). (2) Isaac Leonard born March 18, 1735, married 1773 Jemima Parkhurst and about same time emigrated to Pigeon Creek, Washington county, Penn. Their children were ten in number and by two sons, Abner and Isaac, had the following grandsons: Son Abner born 1787, married 1808 Elizabeth Betterman and had Hiram, married Elizabeth Patterson; Aaron, married Caroline R. Chamberlain; Levi, David married Mary S. Dustin and Rev. Isaac married Charlotte Chamberlain; son Isaac born 1790 had Benjamin, Abner and Isaac. The daughters of Isaac and Jemima Leonard were Eunice (Condict), Hannah (Cory), Jemima (Cary), Mary (Tuttle), Lydia (Clause), Rhoda (Conrad), and there were two boys died in childhood, David born 1776 and Silas born 1781. (3) Silas Leonard born 1755 had sons Caleb, Robert, Silas, Isaac, Abner and Stephen, and daughters Sarah (Pierce), Hannah (Carter), Jane, Mary and Jemima. (4) Abner Leonard born 1757 had sons Caleb and Abner and daughters Mary, Sarah, Euphemia, Mehitabel. (5) William

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Leonard born 1760 had sons Benjamin and Jotham, and daughters Sarah J. (Craver) Nancy J. (Adbert), Jemima (Price and Mitchell), Amy, Elizabeth. Besides these five boys of Caleb and Jemima Leonard there were four girls, Rhoda, Jemima, Sarah and Hannah. Tradition reports two brothers of Caleb, Sr., viz: Jesse born about 1728, and William born about 1730, the latter having sons Ziba, Amos and Lot, and grandsons by Lot named William, John and Lot. Most all of this above described family left Morris county before the beginning of this century and settled in Western Pennsylvania.

"The Leonard family is further represented in Morris county and adjoining territory by Samuel Leonard, born 1760, who married in 1783 Abigail Pier-son and had seven children, two boys and five girls. His two sons were Silas P. who had a son Silas H., of Rahway, and Samuel who married Sarah Hinds and had eleven children, among them six sons, Silas born 1823 married Sarah Leeson and had eight children, Jacob married Margaret Jones and had nine children, Samuel married Anna L. Burnett, William married Sophia Logan, John married Jane Baker and Joseph married Martha J. Thomas. The five daughters were Abigail, born 1812 married George Baker, Mary Ann married J. Stammers. The five girls of Samuel and White; Louisa married H. R. Wilson and Elizabeth married J. Stammers. The five girls of Samuel and Abigail were Betsey married Jesse Williams, Polly married Peter Dickerson, Joan married Ira Moore, Nancy married Philip P. Condict, and Ruth Leonard.

"Another family on record is that of Elijah Leonard who it is said 'was a worker in iron at a forge in Morris county.' He was born about 1750 and mar-

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ried 1776 Joanna Tuttle, daughter of Col. Joseph Tuttle. They had six children, three daughters and three sons. (1) Jemima born 1777 married October 10, 1793, David Tuttle and had ten children. (2) Sarah born 1779 married John Munson and had seven children. (3) Mary born 1783 married Elijah Hopping and had six children. (4) Joseph T. born 1786 married 1808 Catherine C. Bergen and had Matilda, Elizabeth, James C. Ebenezer B. and George B. Leonard. (5) Samuel born 1788 married 1820 Sarah Roff and had William, Lydia, Levi, Isaac and Sarah Jane. (6) Stephen born 1790 married Sarah Cornell and had William born 1820, married first Phebe Sexton and had Sarah F. (Sperry) and second marriage Delia F. Day and had William D., Charles F., Harriet S., (Thomas) and Warren; Charles born 1823, Elijah and George.

"The few following detached links, complete the genealogical notes collected by the writer on this family in Morris county: John Leonard, married Mrs. Betsey (Hedges) Martin and lived on the southeastern border of the county. Their children were seven. Stephen married Sarah Hole; Lockey or Rachel married Noah Wilcox; Chloe married Jacob Bosworth; Charles died young; Benjamin went to the lakes; Phebe married William Brower, of Monmouth county; Betsey married Benjamin Sanford of Monmouth county. Then a record is found of Phebe Leonard daughter of David and Phebe, who married Jacob Hole. James Leonard married Mary Lacy. Sylvester Leonard, of Sussex county, formerly of Morris, died 1795 intestate.

The vicinity of Mendham in Morris county, N. J., where many of the Leonards settled, was one of the

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most inviting places for the pioneers pushing to the fertile fields of the interior of the colony and settlements were made in that township as early as 1715-20. The country around furnished an industrious and growing population, with rich products of the soil, and abundance of magnetic iron ore, so that mining, manufacturing and farming interests greatly prospered and attracted new comers every year. One of the first original families was Ebenezer Byram born 1692, died 1753, the ancestor of Rev. Elijah Byram, of Bridgewater, Mass., who himself became the first pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Mendham in 1743. His wife was Sarah Leonard born 1729 in Taunton, Mass., daughter of Thomas and great granddaughter of Thomas, the oldest son of James Leonard, of Taunton.

"Of the hundred and fifty representatives of the Leonard family herein referred to, as once settled in Morris county, but few descendants are now found living there. They are scattered through New York State, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri and the far West."

SILAS LEONARD.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

SILAS LEONARD.

These investigations, covering a wide space of time and territory, bring us at last to our direct and nearer ancestor, Silas Leonard of New Jersey. Let us at the risk of repetition connect him with his forefathers so that the line may be clearly indicated. Silas was the son of Joshua (died 1760); he was the son of Stephen of Taunton (died 1743); he was the son of Captain James, of Taunton (died 1726); he was second son of James Leonard (died 1691); he was son of Thomas Leonard of Pontypool, Wales and he was younger son of Henry and grandson of Richard Leonard of Chevening the thirteenth Lord Dacre.

Silas Leonard was born in New Jersey and his father's name was Joshua. His birthplace was either Parcippany or Whippany plains, both of which he frequently referred to in later life. His brothers and sisters were Stephen, Zephania and Paul, Mary and Martha. Paul was a clergyman and at one time settled in New York. I find that among the clergy of Trinity Parish, New York, such a name is recorded as associated with its great work. He also had two sisters; one, Martha, married Abner Condict in 1778, and from them, the New Jersey family of that name are descended. The other sister, Mary, I am informed married a gentleman of the name of Hurd.

Silas Leonard lived with his widowed mother for nearly twenty years. When about eighteen years of age, he had a white swelling which was not only very

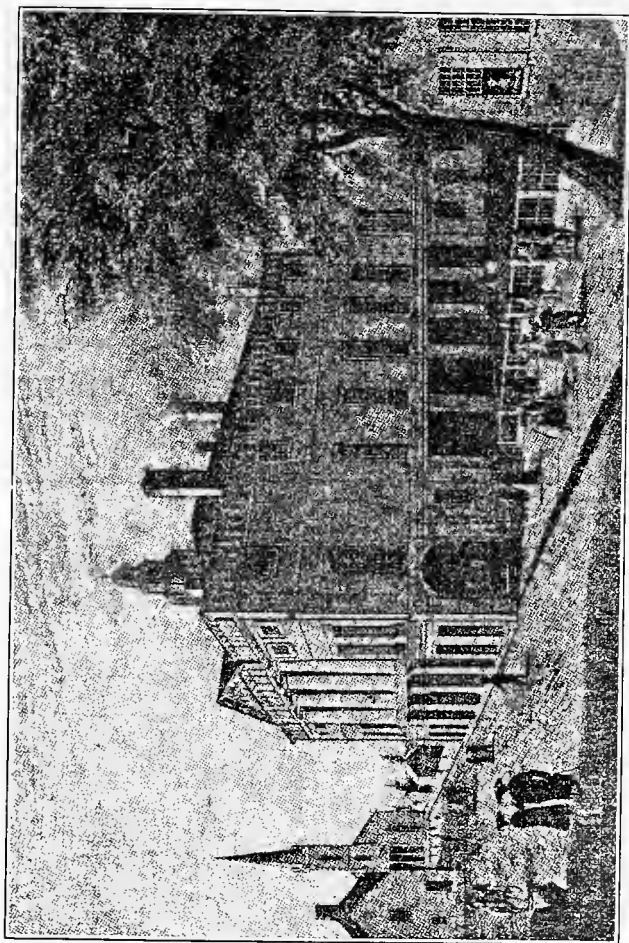
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painful, but so serious that the surgeon decided to amputate the limb. A Rev. Dr. Green, who was pastor and friend, and somewhat of a medical student, happened in just before the hour appointed for the operation, and after examining the limb, confidently affirmed that he could save the foot and leg. This providential advice was at once accepted and thus a serious disaster was averted. The leg was always weak however, and through his long life gave evidence of the early trouble.

His wife was Joanna Gregory and he married her in Bridgeport, Conn., at the home of her father, who was a shipping merchant of reputation. She was of a restless, nervous disposition and temperament and enjoyed constant travel and change of scene and occupation. She died at Owego, September 27, 1816, aged 55 years.

When a young man he was engaged in an extensive manufacture of leathern knee breeches in New York. He moved afterwards to Massachusetts and from thence to Towanda, Pa., and thence to Owego, Tioga County, N. Y. He had but one daughter and she died and was buried in Towanda.

The New York residence of Silas Leonard was situated on Wall Street, midway between the East River and the Broadway of the town. Here upon this spot on a later day, (1813) arose a row of dwellings and stores, which, a few years after, were replaced by the present United States Custom House. Within a stone's throw of Silas Leonard's dwelling, and almost opposite, stood the then pretentious structure known as the City Hall. This served as the Municipal and Colonial Court House, the County Jail, and the Capitol of the Province. Many an interesting scene was enacted in that historical building, and many a notable personage



OLD CITY HALL AND WALL STREET, 1789.

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of British, Colonial and Republican rank, paced its corridors and halls. There the first Federal Congress under the new Constitution, was received; the building having been remodelled under the auspices of Major L'Enfant, (See "New York City, During the American Revolution," printed by the Mercantile Library, Association, privately.)

Let us try to reproduce and fancy the local outlook of those days.

Looking down Wall Street the eye would rest upon a motley mixture of edifices—stores, residences and public offices, till the sparkling river cut off the vista at Murray's wharf edged on the farther shore by the green heights of Brooklyn. Passing up Wall Street, on the right near Broadway and a little back from the street, stood the stone steepled meeting house of the Presbyterian society. In 1844 this church was completely taken down and removed, being re-erected where it now stands in Washington Street, Jersey City. My father, William Boardman Leonard, occupied a banking office on this spot for a full decade at No. 10 Wall Street as the senior partner of the house of Leonard, Sheldon and Company. At the head of Wall Street stood old Trinity Church in the midst of its graveyard.

"Separated from the sidewalk by a painted picket fence, the structure, one hundred and forty-eight feet long, by seventy-two in breadth, presented its semi-circular chancel to the street; while at its western extremity, its simple pinnaced tower and steeple rose one hundred and seventy-five feet into the air. Within, this ancient edifice was ornamented beyond any other place of public worship in the city. The head of the chancel was adorned with an altar-piece and opposite

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to it, at the other end of the building was the organ. The tops of the pillars which supported the galleries were decked with the gilt busts of angels, winged. From the ceiling were suspended two glass branches and on the walls hung the arms of Governor Fletcher and some others of its principal benefactors." (Introduction to "New York in the Revolution.")

Within this old church doubtless our ancestor went, from time to time, for public worship, and here he would enjoy the beautiful liturgic service of the Anglican Communion, while he listened to the discourses of the Rev. Charles Inglis, rector, and afterwards Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia.

In glancing over a list of the New York Loyalists—or those who refused to rebel against the crown—I find, among others, the names of James Leonard and Robert Leonard. (Page 129, "New York in the American Revolution.") Whether these were connections of our family I cannot positively state, though it is more than probable. In wandering through old Trinity graveyard some years since I came across an ancient headstone inscribed thus: "In memory of Jacob Leonard who departed this life July 20, 1813, aged 35 yrs., 5 mos. and 7 days." This is a low scrolled sand stone and is near the Broadway line of the Trinity yard. This man, born in 1778, may have been a cousin of Silas Leonard.

Walking quietly down Broadway, well lined and shaded with trees and ending in the attractive Bowling Green, the old-time citizen would pass on the right the Lutheran Church with a queer tower and steeple; while just beyond it, on the North River side, ran the long building occupied by the vestry of Trinity

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parish as a school for boys. On the opposite side of Broadway stood another famous school kept by W. Elphinstone, one of the most accomplished pedagogues of the city. Educational and religious advantages were not wanting in that day and in these schools with the old "Kings" now "Columbia" college, the youth of that generation were trained in letters. "Between Beaver lane (which was opposite the Bowling Green), and the Lutheran Church, Broadway was generally occupied with private dwellings; and the promenader, so far as we have been informed, met nothing of particular moment. 'The alley which led to the oyster-pasty' (Exchange alley) on his left, and Verlattenberg or, as it was generally called Flatten Bawalk street (Exchange Place) on his right, as they still do, broke the monotony of the scene." ("New York in Revolution," page 17.) At the lower end of this main street opposite the green stood the residence of Sir Edward Pickering, while just beyond hung out the sign of the "York Tavern" faced by its vis-a-vis the "King's Arms" kept by Mrs. Steele. On the corner of the street and looking off to the western waters, and out upon the verdant park, arose a pretentious building, rivaling the famous "Walton Mansion" in Queen street, now Franklin Square (See "Magazine of American History," Vol. 2, page 3909). An elegant residence was the home of Captain Kennedy of the Royal Navy, whose hospitable doors received many a noble son of Britain and the colony. "Next above Mr. Watts residence was that of Robert R. Livingstone, a justice of the Supreme Court of the Colony, the father of Chancellor Livingstone." "The fourth house in the row, on the western side of the way, was that of the Van Cortlandt family," and these with the exception

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of the last mentioned are standing to-day and occupied by offices (See "New York in Revolution," page 14-15). From the loveliness and quiet beauty of the twilight hour in that olden day when the setting sun had lightened up the bay, the green trees and the mansions of that attractive, fashionable center, imagine the quaint and picturesque vista of Dutch and English fronts, the odd church spires and the open gardens and grounds, that met the eye of him who stood at Bowling Green and looked up Broadway. Picture our gradnsire, tall, erect, clad in the colonial garb, the silver buckled shoes and silken hose, the buff-tanned leathern breeches and vesting and the well-known open coat and ruffles and three-cornered hat!

A little beyond this row of historic buildings stood the "City Arms Tavern" literally "the cradle of American liberty, in which even the patriotism of Fanueil Hall was rocked. In the large rooms on the second floor of that building, the belles and beaux of that day frequently met and amused themselves in 'assemblies;' while occasional concerts, lectures and exhibitions of different kinds found quarters in the same establishment" (*ibid*, page 16). Here on October 31, 1765 "upwards of two hundred principal merchants of those who traded in Great Britain" held a council in the hall and decided not to import any more goods from England while the Stamp Act remained in operation. A "Committee of Correspondence" was nominated to bring about a union of the several colonies. So here we have overt acts looking towards rebellion; while the foundation was laid for the confederation and union of thirteen states, by the New York merchants at the "City Arms Tavern."

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And there smiled the Bowling Green, "skirted by a double row of trees which extended up the slope of the street nearly as far as Beaver lane" (Morris St.). The fence surrounding the grass plot was still broken in places, evidence of the violence of the mob in their opposition to the Stamp Act in 1765. But the object of greatest interest to the strolling citizen would be the fortifications at the water front, over whose guns floated proudly the colors of the royal monarch of England. "Fort George, with its three connecting bastion curtains, extended from the Whitehall slip on the southeast, where the ferry-boat made its departure for Staten Island, over to the line of the present Battery on the northwest. Here at this southern extremity was a large pool or lake of water into which the tide rolled through the Whitehall slip. The fort, a rectangular stone work strengthened with bastions at its angles, was elevated on an artificial mound, about fourteen feet in height, which had been thrown up 'at an enormous expense;' and its gateway which fronted the Bowling Green, was defended by a raveling or covert-port which had been thrown out in front of the fort, toward the city. Within the enclosure of the fort were the provincial governor's residence, a barrack which would accommodate two hundred men and two powder magazines, the latter of which from their dampness were entirely useless; and the glacés or counterscarp on its eastern southern fronts. As far eastward as Whitehall street and southward as far as Pearl street "stretched the beautiful and attractive gardens of the Governor, laid out in patterns of flowers and rich in vegetable production. The guns of the fort were one hundred and twenty in number, but the disposition of the defence

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was poor and almost useless. Within the enclosure was a military hospital, thus completing a somewhat extensive establishment in size and impressiveness. (Read the "Begum's Daughter.") And all this was pleasing in the eye of our ancestors who dwelt in New York at this time. They were staunch Tories or Royalists and loved the King's service rather than possible success in a new and rebelling government. With satisfaction the red coats of England were viewed by the Leonards of that period, and with no pleasant vision did they glance upon the excited Republicans, as they hooted the soldiery or united in dragging from its pedestal the leaden figure of the King. And their names are found in the list of those who petitioned Governor Tryon in favor of the existing rule. Sabine's record of the "Loyalists of the Revolution" gives biographical sketches of at least a half dozen of the Leonard name who plied either pen or sword in the cause of their King and gave their name to the well-known commercial street which intersects Broadway to the west. Amid such surroundings then as these just described in the old Dutch and English city, lived our great-grandsire Silas Leonard and here was born him whose name we love, whose memory we revere and whose example and character we thankfully cherish, our grandfather Stephen Banks Leonard.

After his removal to Owego, Silas Leonard's health declined and his impaired sight left him almost helpless. The death of his wife somewhat broke his spirit, and when his son Stephen married, he made his home with the young couple who were always solicitous for his comfort and ease. The following facts as to his appearance and character were given

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by my Grandmother Leonard, who was his devoted daughter-in-law.

Silas Leonard was tall and of a commanding appearance. His face was homely and plain and being blind he always wore a green silk shade over the eyes. His feeble health prevented attendance at the church services, and so his brother-in-law, General Anson Camp came to visit him every Sunday, and the evening would be spent in repeating the morning's sermon; this was the custom for many years till he died.

Silas Leonard was a peculiar man, fond of storing all the scripture possible in his very retentive brain; an intensely pious soul and as the Hon. George Camp said: "He was a saintly man, and bore about him the very atmosphere of Heaven." Silas Leonard lived to a green old age, and dying in Owego, September 29th, 1832, aged 76 years, was buried by the side of his wife in the family lot of the Presbyterian churchyard. Beside Stephen Banks, the following are the immediate relatives of our great-grandsire.

Seth G., brother of Silas, lived at Havana, Seneca Lake, for several years and died at Beaver Dam, N. Y. Had two wives. By the first he had issue:

Milton, Harry, Albert Stephen, Ann, Henrietta, Lucinda, Jeannette, Catherine.

Milton lived in New Haven, Conn., married twice and died about 1875. His daughter Antoinette, married a Mr. Hotchkiss and they have one son and live in Oakland, California. His second daughter, Louise, married Hugh Nevin of Rochester, N. Y. and they live in East Liverpool, O.

Ann married a Mr. Hazen, lawyer, and had one son, with whom she lives in New Haven.

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Henrietta married a Dr. Tompkins of Grass Valley, California.

Lucinda married a Mr. Lewis of Rochester.

Jeanette married a Mr. Fleming of Mariposa, California.

Catherine married a Mr. Mosher of Horseheads of New York.

Seth G. married for his second wife a widow Jones, and had three daughters. Miranda who married Mr. Gano, editor at Watkins, N. Y. They had a daughter Antoinette who married.

Estelle, who married a Mr. Ellis of Watkins, and Helen, who married in Watkins, N. Y.

Milton, son of Silas, went to Marlborough for his health, and died there, unmarried.

Harry C. son of Silas. He was in the hat manufacturing business at Reading, N. Y. and acquired a good competence. Harry was a very active man, and with good business talents. Interested in military matters, he rose to the rank of brigadier-general of militia. Married his first wife young, and had three daughters.

Celinda, married a Bogart and lives at Beaver Dam, Wis.

Sarah Ann, married George Fox of Owego, and lives at Towanda.

Matilda, married and lived in Pennsylvania.

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Harry C. married a Miss Meisner of Watkins for his second wife, and had issue :

Caroline, who married a Mr. Winters.

Juliet.

Mary, who married a Mr. Young.

Silas, went into the Union Army of the last war, was wounded and died in the ambulance.

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OF

OWEGO, N. Y.

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We are now ready to make record of the life and service of Stephen Banks Leonard, and it will be of interest to sketch with rapid hand, the home place where for years he lived.

There are annals and accounts of that section of the Empire State to which access has been gained and from these we prepare this outline of the town of Owego in the county of Tioga.

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SKETCHES—OWEGO IN 1887.

This town has retained much of its earlier and best vigor; though it has not increased as rapidly as its neighbors Elmira and Binghamton. It registers about 6000 inhabitants and is governed by a local President or Mayor. It is well furnished with schools and churches, has a fine court house and the river Susquehanna is at this point spanned by two substantial bridges. It has three railways contributing to its commercial facilities and is active in its manufacturing and produce. Owego is well laid out, and its streets intersect at right angles, and are abundantly and beautifully shaded with luxuriant tree growths. Its homes are not grand or pretentious; not much wealth is lavished upon them, but an unusual neatness and a good taste is displayed in their construction, coloring and surroundings of grass and shrubbery. The hills stand round about the village in close proximity, indeed, when one is high up upon their sides, it is quite possible to look directly down upon the brown roofs and into the red chimneys. Views from these overhanging hills are attractive and inspiring. The town is like a rich green nest of leaves, with the white eggs of houses, showing clear and markedly by contrast; the river winds its graceful way and seems like a long serpentine lake. The Pennsylvania hills are variegated in color; dark pines in patches; yellow squares of grain fields; bright verdure strips of oats, rich brown of buckwheat and meadows

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of succulent grass, make up a combination that is arresting and agreeable. It is indeed a pastoral land, and its sons and daughters love its quiet beauty, and rejoice when they return hither from their wanderings. Owego has always had a good society for its boast, a number of educated and refined households retain their allegiance still, through more than one generation, and a pleasant stimulation of the love for art, music, literature and social diversions has ever been maintained by winter and summer. It is not a place of resort though it offers attractions. But it seems more like a sweet home center where one finds rest and contentment.

Indians of the Iroquois tribe dwelt by the river when the town of Owego was organized February, 1791. Its geography covers all the territory between Cayuta and Owego creeks. The early settlers upon this "Boston purchase" were chiefly emigrants from New England and mostly from Berkshire county—in 1788 there were three families resident, and in 1791 these had increased to six. The names of Camp, Ely, Gaskill, Duel, Draper, Knox, McMaster, Wood, Webster and McQuigg are among the first recorded settlers. The last named had been captured by the Indians and was adopted by one of the Oneida chiefs. Gaskill was also one of these adopted captives; he lived with them in their bark lodge, which was situated almost on the spot now occupied by the residence of my father W. B. Leonard. Just near this spot also an Indian burial mound stood and beneath it, the remains of many dusky warriors were placed in sepulture. On the knoll beyond the Owego creek was an extensive Indian burial ground and curious and interesting relics have been turned up by the plough-

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share. The original Indian name was Ah-wah-ga. Later in 1771 the map gives the name O-we-gy. "By our early settlers it was pronounced Owago, sound of a as in fate. Its meaning 'where the valley widens.' The narrows, above and below the river, and also upon the creek, render the name peculiarly significant as applied to this extended valley or basin; the outlet to which, on all sides, is through narrow gorges or passes." (See "St. Nicholas" for March, 1854.)

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He was born in the city of New York, on April 15th, 1793. His father's house stood on ground now occupied by the Custom House. It is impossible to ascertain how long our great-grandfather, Silas Leonard occupied this residence. But at the opening of the century it was burned and all the papers, records and books, with other contents were destroyed. This was Stephen's home through his early boyhood. Later, his father removed temporarily to Massachusetts, then to Towanda, Pa. and then to Owego.

Stephen B. Leonard was ten years old when the family removed from New York city to Owego. Three years later, in 1806, he entered Judge Stephen Mack's printing office as an apprentice to learn the printer's trade. Judge Mack was publishing "The American Farmer." His office was in the second story of his house in Front street. When the term of his apprenticeship expired Mr. Leonard purchased an interest in the office and soon after went, in 1811, to Albany, to perfect himself as a job printer in the office of Solomon Southwick.

Journalism then was to be his profession, and in this practical manner he prepared himself for the interesting vocation. In Albany he was associated in the office of the "Daily Journal" with Thurlow Weed and the friendship there begun continued through many years. In 1813 Stephen returned to Owego and began his career.

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The time had now arrived for him to cut loose from subordinate places and to begin the battle of life for himself. I am inclined to believe that his attention had been directed to the village of Owego as a desirable location, first, from his belief that its future was assured and that his fortunes should be identified with its earlier growth; and second, because not only his parents but also several of his own people had already settled there and in adjacent parts. At any rate, we find him investing his earnings and savings in a good printing press, with paraphernalia, and also in a horse and wagon. He started from Albany in the early summer of 1813 and with the press packed in his vehicle, drove through the woods and along the valleys across the state, till he reached Owego, his future home. It was not long before his plans were put into execution, his desires fulfilled and his hopes realized, for he was established in business with Judge Mack. From "Gleanings from the Indian and Pioneers History of the Susquehanna Valley," by C. P. Avery, published in 1851, I take the following—though some of the dates are incorrect, the paper is of exceptional value: "Judge Stephen Mack was one of the proprietors and editors of the 'American Farmer' in 1802-03 in Owego. Before this it had been published by Daniel Cruger, Esq., the pioneer printer of the place.

"Mr. Cruger was afterward a distinguished politician of the state and subsequently removed to Wheeling, W. Va. An early copy of the 'American Farmer' issued by Judge Mack, is a good specimen of the typography of that period in its warm political disquisitions and racy paragraphs, it is but little behind those of modern date. One column of the first side is de-

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voted to poetry, and at the top are quaintly inscribed within a neat and tasteful vignette, the words 'Muses' Asylum.' Two other columns are devoted to anecdotes and to these also, an ornamental device is prefixed, in which is inscribed the word with its old-fashioned spelling 'Humour.' Altogether it is a carefully printed, and for the period in which it was published, a handsomely executed weekly and in the character of its politics, thoroughly Jeffersonian. Judge Mack was Justice of the Peace and wore the title of Esquire. Later he was First Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, of Broome County, by commission from Governor Tompkins. In all his official positions, Judge Mack brought to the discharge of his duties, unimpeached integrity of character and strong native powers of discrimination improved by a good education. Nor should his good traits of character socially be lost among the forgotten things of the past. Some yet live (1851), now aged gentlemen, who bear uniform witness to the generosity of his disposition; his liberality to everyone in adversity, whom it was in his power to help; and his marked amiability of character."

It is certainly an evidence of the superior ability and talents of young Stephen B. Leonard, that he was able with as yet undeveloped powers, to impress himself so favorably on this conspicuous citizen of Owego for whom he had once worked as apprentice, as to lead to a business association with him. He became his partner in the editorship and ownership of the "American Farmer" and subsequently bought him out, by a purchase not only of the establishment, but of the judge's "good will" which Mr. Avery says "was in this case more than a good name, for there

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were but few men in this vicinity, who equalled Mr. Mack in genuine popularity and esteem." He then goes on to say "Mr. Leonard added to the establishment a new press, types, etc., and gave it a new name, June 15th, 1814, by which it has been since, and is now designated "The Owego Gazette" and continued to publish it for about twenty-two years successively until its sale to J. B. Shutliffe. Mr. Leonard gained local reputation, of course, through his ability as an editor and it led to promotion and preferment at the hands of his neighbors.

From his contact with Judge Mack and his labor as setting up the columns of the newspaper, and from steady proofreading he stored up large funds of useful and general knowledge and learning, and without doubt Stephen acquired in this school that easy fluency and attractive style of expression that afterwards characterized his writings and his public speeches as well as his extensive correspondence.

From a clever historical article on old New York newspapers I have taken the following statements that have a value:

"The Gazette was published on Tuesday, and as first established, had four pages of four columns each. The sheet was twenty-two inches long and nineteen inches wide.

"On the 15th of June 1815, the date of the completion of the first volume, Ebenezer Mack, a son of Judge Mack, entered into partnership with Mr. Leonard in the publication of the paper. Mr. Mack had been foreman of the Columbian office in New York city. The partnership lasted one year, when Mr. Leonard purchased his partner's interest. Mr. Mack subsequently went to Ithaca and in 1817, in company with

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one Sheperd, he became proprietor of the Ithaca Journal.

"When Mr. Leonard established the Gazette he removed the presses and material to the second story of a building owned by James Pumpelly and occupied as a store by John Hollenback. This store was afterward converted into a dwelling house, which is now owned and occupied by James N. Eldridge, and is located on the north side of Front street, west of Paige street. This house stands on the same wall as originally built for the store. The postoffice was also located in the printing office, Mr. Leonard being at that time Postmaster, which office he held from March 11, 1816, to May 15, 1820. He again held the office at a later period—from November 20, 1844, to April 18, 1849.

"In 1821, Charles Pumpelly built a small building on the bank of the river, one story high with a basement. It stood about twenty feet east of the present residence of William A. King. The basement was occupied by Mr. Leonard and the entrance was on the west side of the building, which opened upon the road leading from Front street down to the river. The upper floor was for a time occupied as the County Clerk's office, Horatio Ross, Deputy County Clerk under Thomas Maxwell, being in charge of the office. The building was torn down by Mr. King in March, 1877.

"The paper was issued regularly every week, although they had sometimes to work nights, and occasionally on Sunday, to get it out on time. Mr. Leonard sometimes assisted in setting type.

"At that time printer's rollers had not been invented. The ink was mixed upon a board and applied

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to the type by means of balls made of buckskin, stuffed with wool.

"When Mr. Leonard first commenced the publication of the Gazette he delivered the papers himself, establishing post routes and procuring subscribers. He afterward secured contracts for delivering the mail at various points in this section of the country by post-riders, as Judge Mack had also done while publishing the American Farmer. Mr. Leonard's routes extended from Owego to Binghamton, Norwich, Penn Yan, Bath and other points. The government paid for delivering the mails and the newspapers were delivered by the post-riders at the same time.

"The Gazette was Democratic in politics and was published without opposition until 1828, the year that John Quincy Adams was the Republican (or Whig) candidate for re-election to the Presidency, and Andrew Jackson the Democratic candidate.

"One of the apprentices of Mr. Leonard was Daniel C. Gaskill, son of of Daniel Gaskill, of Gaskill's Corners, was, in 1851, Mayor of Kenosha, Wis. He died in that city, March 14th, 1866. An apprentice in the Gazette office at a later period, under J. J. C. Cantaine, was William C. Tobey, who, during the Mexican War, gained considerable distinction as a writer to the New York Herald and other papers from Mexico, over the signature of "John of York." He died in Harrisburg, Pa., August 2, 1854. Tobey was a son of Capt. John J. Tobey, of New York, who had charge of the construction of the Susquehanna, the first steamboat built in Owego, in 1835.

In this connection the following article cut from a late issue of the Gazette is of interest:

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An Old Relic.

“Through the politeness of General Isaac S. Catlin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., we received, week before last, a copy of the Owego Gazette, dated June, 1815, sixty years ago, then published by our now venerable and highly esteemed friend, Hon. S. B. Leonard, which paper had casually fallen into his possession. Accompanying the paper was a note from the General, complimentary to the Gazette as it was at that early date, and the character it has subsequently sustained. As a relic of the olden time, we herewith give at length the editorial article alluded to by General Catlin.

[From the Owego Gazette of June, 1815.]

To the Public.

“We this week present our readers with the last number of the first volume of the ‘Owego Gazette.’ In thus closing the record of the year, it is with sincere pleasure that we render our acknowledgements for the encouragement we have received since the establishment of our paper. Considering the many disadvantages under which the publication of the Gazette was commenced, its circulation has far exceeded our expectations—and the patronage we have received in every branch of our business, has at least equalled what we had reason to hope for.

“As the Gazette will no longer be under the sole management of its present conductor, he wishes to be as particular as sincere, in tendering thanks to his friends and the public, for the support they have given his individual efforts. He has formed a connection in business with Mr. Ebenezer Mack, whose talents

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and experience will be united with his own continued exertions, to render this establishment meritorious of that respectable and extended patronage they hope to receive.

“In pursuing his course thus far, the present editor flatters himself that he has not fallen much short in the accomplishment of that object which has constantly been his aim—to give general satisfaction to the honest, reasonable men of all parties. The sentiments expressed in his motto, are those he still cherishes. If he has in any instance deviated therefrom, it has been the result of fortuitous circumstances—never of deliberate intention. To give an impartial detail of passing events—to support the principles of republican government—the rights and interests of his country, unconnected with party views—to inform, amuse, and instruct his readers—these are the duties he has endeavored to perform. How he has succeeded let the candid determine.

“The great important events that have transpired within the past few years, are as astonishing as unexpected. The recent revolutions on the European continent, surpass anything that ever preceded them. History when traced even to the most ancient periods, does not furnish a precedent. Future generations will pause with wonder over the page on which the transactions of the present year are recorded, and they will be handed down from posterity to posterity, as prodigies to which the human mind cannot anticipate a parallel.

“In our first numbers, we presented our readers with an account of Bonaparte’s abdication of the throne of France, and of his banishment to the Island of Elba. In our last we are giving accounts of his exploits and

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transactions on the very throne from which he was driven—Yes! in the short space of one year, we have beheld the monarch of a mighty empire hurled from his pinnacle of power, and consigned to a small island in a contracted sea, now again wielding the sceptre, voluntarily restored to his hands by the people who seemed, at least, to wink at his recent degradation; and his late successor (too weak, indeed, for the ruler of such a people) compelled once more to seek safety in a land of strangers.

“The final result of these events it is impossible to foresee. Perhaps another scene of bloodshed will ensue, and the nations of Europe groan beneath a protracted contest to decide whether unhappy France shall be governed by a fool or a madman. How grateful, then, ought we as Americans, to feel for our superior blessings bestowed upon our country. While clouds of impending ruin hang over the inhabitants of the old World, America stands firm as a rock—which, though washed by the waves and pelted by the storm, cannot be shaken or removed. Blest with the return of an honorable peace, our land now smiles in the sun-beams of prosperity.—Its independence is more firmly established, and it now only remains for the united efforts of its citizens, to preserve and extend the many advantages it now enjoys.

“Such are among the important changes we have had to record since the establishment of the Gazette.—The editor has endeavored to do this without speculation or partiality, except when he thought the honor and interest of his country were involved—and this species of partiality, and this only, he hopes to evince so long as he is concerned in the management of a public journal.

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“The Gazette, and all matters connected with the printing establishment, will hereafter be conducted under the firm of Leonard & Mack.—This arrangement, therefore renders it necessary that those who are indebted to the present proprietor, for papers, advertisements, etc. should make immediate settlement of their accounts.

“The public’s humble servant,
STEPHEN B. LEONARD.”

The editor writes the following leader to the above :

The Gazette in 1815.

“General Isaac S. Catlin, of Brooklyn, has sent us a copy of the Owego Gazette, dated June 6. 1815, which was discovered in the Kings county jail by the keeper, Walter Thorn, while looking over a pile of musty papers. Gen Catlin, in his letter accompanying the paper, says; ‘I have just been comparing the old with the young Gazette, and while I congratulate you as editor of the old, I cannot forbear an expression of admiration for the ability and enterprise displayed by the editor of the young, three score years ago.’

“The number before us has an editorial signed by its editor, Hon. Stephen B. Leonard, in which he reviews the events of the year. Of this editorial General Catlin continues: ‘The article written by Mr. Leonard, then the accomplished young editor, reviewing the work of the Gazette during the first year of its life, gave promise of a career which has been realized in an honorable old age.’

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"News traveled slowly in those days. An account of the burning of the village of Cote Sans Dessein, on the Missouri, and the massacre of its inhabitants, which occurred about the 3d of the previous April, is given, and latest news from London (April 10th) announces the arrival of the Duke of Wellington at Brussels. From Georgia comes accounts of troubles with United States troops and Creek Indians in that State and Alabama, and from Paris, under date of April 7th, details of a battle near Marseilles are given, in which Generals Chabort and Grouchy figured. There is also a copy of a letter from a New Orleans lady describing the ceremonies which took place in honor of General Jackson, after his gallant and successful defense of that city. Among the advertisements is a notice calling a meeting of Friendship Lodge, F. and A. M., to celebrate the anniversary of St. John on the 24th of June, signed by Joseph L. Lynde, Sec'y.

"The paper is but little more than one-quarter its present size, and considering its age, is in better condition than any other of the early newspapers we have ever seen."

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FROM "OWEGO GAZETTE."

"The Owego Gazette in those days was the only paper published in Southern New York, and its subscribers were scattered about the unsettled country, long distances apart.

"When Stephen B. Leonard purchased the Gazette office, in 1813, he secured several mail routes. By this means he secured a free delivery of his papers with the mails. As a curiosity a copy of a post-rider's advertisement of a later period, which was printed in the Gazette of December 6, 1824, is here given:

POST-RIDER'S NOTICE.

"ORRIN VERY, Post-Rider, informs his patrons in Newark, Berkshire, Caroline, and Candor, that his term for carrying the mail expires on the 1st of January next—All persons indebted to him for papers are therefore hereby notified, that their respective accounts must be settled by that time—Grain will be received if delivered according to contract, otherwise the money will be expected.—Nov. 30.

As soon as possible wagon roads were broken through the forests, generally along the Indian trails, and soon the primitive stage made its appearance.

"Stephen B. Leonard established the first stage route from Owego to Bath, in 1816. It required two days to make the trip, the passengers staying over night at Elmira. This was considered a great undertaking in those days, and Mr. Leonard was highly complimented by the newspapers for his enterprise. The following is a copy of Mr. Leonard's advertise-

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ment, which was published in the Gazette, and which may be read with some interest at the present day:

OWEGO & BATH

MAIL

Cut of Stage
and Horses.

STAGE.

Twice a Week.

“ This line runs regularly twice a week, between the villages of Owego and Bath.—Days of starting and arrival as follow:—Leave Owego on Mondays and Fridays, at 6 a. m., and breakfasting at Athens, arrive at Elmira at 6 p. m. Leave Elmira on Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 4 a. m., and breakfasting at Painted Post, arrive at Bath at 6 p. m.

“ Returning.—Leave Bath on Mondays and Fridays, at 4 a. m., and breakfasting at Painted Post, arrive at Elmira at 6 p. m.—Leave Elmira on Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 4 a. m., and breakfasting at Athens, arrive at Owego at 6 p. m.

“ This line of stages intersects the Newburg and Buffalo line at Owego—as also the Philadelphia—the Wilkes-Barre line, at Tioga Point—and the Geneva line at Bath,—at which latter place it also intersects a line leading directly to Angelica situate about 30 miles from Olean, one of the places of embarkation on the Allegheny river, and about 18 miles from Oil Creek, the nearest place of embarkation, and which empties into the Allegheny at Olean; at which place boats of any size are always kept ready for travelers, for the purpose of descending the Ohio river.

“ Persons travelling from New York, or from any


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of the Eastern States, to the S. W. States, will find this the shortest, cheapest, and most expeditious route. The distance from New York, via Owego, Painted Post and Bath, to Angelica, is 316 miles, which is performed in about 5 days.

"Good teams and careful drivers will be kept on the route, and no pains spared to accomodate passengers. The Stage houses are good.

"S. B. LEONARD.

"March 30, 1819."

" For seats in the above line, apply at E. S. Marsh's or Amos Martin's in Owego—at Saltmarsh's, Athens—at Davis's, Elmira—and at Barnard's, Bath."

"At a later period, Mr. Leonard had two coaches running between Owego and Montrose. In December, 1823, he sold his lines to a stage company, which was then organized, and of which he became one of the proprietors. The route was extended to New York city, and became a strong opposition to the Newburg and Geneva line. This company was composed of Joseph I. Roy, John Burnett, Zephania Luce, Abraham Bray, Gould Phinney, Silas Heminway, Stephen B. Leonard, Jacob Willsey, Augustus Morgan, Isaac Post, Ithimer Mott, Miller Horton, A. P. Childs, and others.

"The coaches were drawn by four horses, the horses being usually changed at the end of each twelve or eighteen miles. Nine passengers were carried inside each coach, and as many outside as could ride comfortably—generally from three to six.

"It was about this time that there were two rival

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stage lines from Owego to Ithaca. One was conducted by Stephen B. Leonard, and the other by Lewis Manning, and the rivalry was so sharp that only fifty cents was charged each way for passengers. In some instances passengers were carried free of charge and a free breakfast was given to them, to prevent their going by the rival line. Mr. Leonard had a contract for carrying the mails, which gave him a great advantage over his competitor, who was finally compelled to withdraw his stages from the line."

But his own aggrandizement, and advancement was not the only object Stephen B. Leonard had in life. His was a public spirit. He was a progressive young man and his influence was felt by his townsmen and associates. He soon realized the importance of a good school for Owego and at once busied himself about its origination and incorporation. Into everything that could improve his adopted home, into schemes for its enlargement and development, he entered with zeal and enterprise. Consequently he secured postal facilities for the community to which the government readily gave its sanction, and put his capital into a through stage line between Owego and New York, purchasing an extensive plant, horses, stages, taverns, equipment, etc. To-day capitalists buy railroad stocks and bonds and project new lines of rails into new sections with stock companies and syndicates behind them. But then, when money and men were scarce, what brains and faith and enterprise it manifested, to originate and manage such a work.

Mr. Leonard married Esther Henrietta Sperry, daughter of Jared and Esther (Bostwick) Sperry; she was born September 6, 1798, at New Milford, Conn.,



ESTHER HENRIETTA SPERRY.

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and was married to Mr. Leonard, February 22, 1816.

How could he help loving her. She has been described by those who were her contemporaries as of rare beauty, gracefulness and attractiveness. A panel portrait, now in her daughters possession, made when she was about eighteen and by some unknown artist, can hardly do her justice. But even her grandchildren can recall the strength and sweetness, the dignity and gentleness of her look and countenance in old age, and it requires no stretch of imagination to rejuvenate and restore her beloved face to its original freshness and spirit when she became the wife of the young journalist.

I find the following statement published in the Gazette:

"She first came to Owego, at that time a mere hamlet in the wilderness, about the year 1806, a young girl about eight years of age, in company with her half brothers, William, Nathan, Anson and Hermon Camp, and her and their mother, Esther Sperry. Here in Owego, the first named three brothers settled, engaged in business, established their home, and commenced that career of honest industry and unimpeachable integrity which distinguished them as a family and secured to each a fortune and a good name in this community. Soon afterward, the subject of this sketch returned in company with her brother Nathan to Connecticut, to attend school, completing her education in the then widely noted seminary kept by Miss Pierce, at Litchfield, one of her schoolmates being Catherine Beecher, sister of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. After her school days were over, she came again to Owego to visit her brothers, where she formed

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the acquaintance of the young editor and printer, Stephen B. Leonard, who had already established and was publishing the Owego Gazette, and to whom she became indeed a helpmeet. The young couple made their wedding tour in a carriage, to her ancestral home in Connecticut, over the primitive roads which led across the hills through the wilderness which then intervened between the valley of the Susquehanna and the Hudson river at Newburgh."

It would be impossible to adequately or sufficiently pay tribute to the career of quiet, patient, faithful work in the household done by our grandmother through the rapidly growing years of her husband's popular and public life. He was much away from his home on business for the government and for his constituency; he was engrossed, entertained, elevated and stimulated by his experiences. But she remaining by her hearthstone, gently and obediently fulfilled her vocation, bringing up her children in God's fear, anxiously watching over and guarding them and content to do her duty in that sphere of life into which her Lord had called her and proud of her husband's successes and gladly willing to afford him the comfort, advice and affection of her companionship. Her children and grandchildren "rise up to call her blessed" because they know full well of her virtues and character, and they recognize her hand and help in the directing and service she rendered to her consort. She was a woman of positive convictions on all subjects to which she gave her attention, a careful reader and especially a student in geography. Her knowledge of other lands and peoples, through investigation of books of travel and description, was quite remarkable. She was a thoughtful examiner of

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God's word, a ready analyst of character in others; she had a warm heart and her love for her sons and daughters of two generations and of some of a third generation whom she was permitted to see was deep and earnest. But she was peculiarly a home mother, and if her children and her children's children retain her impress, they will be directed still by principle and walk in a path of unswerving rectitude. She had a stern and indignant contempt for whatever was low, mean or selfish and her brilliant eyes would flash with spirit, when such qualities were exposed to her criticism. Her friends and neighbors held her in reverent respect to the day of her death. All regarded her with admiration, no one was familiar with her except her own family, but every one acquiesced in her judgment and bowed to her decisions, with a deference born of profoundest consciousness that she was good and just.

Mrs. W. P. Bogardus of Mount Vernon, Ohio, gives the following account of the pedigree of her great-aunt, Esther Henrietta Sperry.

"Gilead Sperry of Litchfield County, Conn., married Mercy Boardman of New Milford. Their son Jared, married the Widow Camp of New Preston. Their only child was Esther Henrietta, who married Stephen B. Leonard.

"In the history of New Milford, I find that Mercy Boardman, born in February 1726, was married to Gilead Sperry. I do not find the date of marriage but in the church records I find the baptism of their children. Church records read thus: After June, 1748, Gilead Sperry and wife owned *the covenant* for the purpose of having their children baptized.

"Mercy Boardman was third daughter by a second

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wife of Rev. Daniel Boardman, who was a graduate of Yale in 1709, and was ordained first pastor of the Church of Christ in New Milford in 1716. There is a record of his death which occurred in August 1744.

"The markings on many tombstones in the cemetery at Merryall are recorded. Our ancestor's stone is marked:

"'Gilead Sperry who departed this life April 14, 1788, in ye 60th year of his age. Mrs. Mercy Sperry relict to Mr. Gilead Sperry departed this life, Octo. 17th, 1795, in the seventieth year of her age.' This history of New Milford was compiled by Samuel Orcutt and published in Hartford in 1882.

After his marriage Mr. Leonard lived several years in a large house which had been occupied as a tavern by Ira Deforest and which stood at the northeast corner of Front and Paige streets. When Arba Campbell purchased the property he moved the house back on the east side of Paige street where it remained until 1900, when it was torn down and Lyman T. Stanbrough built a double house in its place.

When Paige street was first opened as a public street from Front to Main street it was called Leonard street in honor of Mr. Leonard, and it was so called as late as 1837.

Up to the year 1825 a square, commodious and comfortable frame mansion stood under the trees, fronted by a green lawn, which stretched beyond the street to the precipitous river bank. The land later owned by Dr. Phelps was comprised in this estate, and the present street running back to the hills and the railroad was not cut through. The view up and down the Susquehanna from this point is one of the rarest in

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the lovely valley, and the residents by that overlook are to be envied by the other denizens of the borough. To the north rise the high hills fringed with dark woods, and in full view, stretch down their cleared and cultivated sides a mile away, the lands that for many years belonged to our family.

To the east and south the parallel ridges that run over into and separate the State of New York from Pennsylvania, make the natural limits and guardians of the picturesque valley through whose midst flows, in tortuous course, the clear waters of the Indian river, Susquehanna. Adown the stream the view was equally entrancing, the dark cypresslike pines and cedars forming a striking background.

And here was our grandfather's home; and from this hearthstone went forth the sons and daughters of our clan. Not far away stood the Avery homestead; and the residences of the Platts, Hewitts and Pumpellys were at no great distance. This little village center was the desire and hope of its every inhabitant, and they of the olden day were proud of its culture and station, both intellectually and socially.

While resident in the town itself, Mr. Leonard took the liveliest interest in its welfare and prosperity. He was the first to propose an academy, and headed the movement that made its success for so many years, a reality and factor for the good of young and old. He drove to New York and Albany and secured a well selected library, which he paid for out of his own funds. This is still in the possession of the town, and its list of volumes tell the story of its donor's liberality, and wisdom of selection. For many, many years he was a trustee and manager of this academy, and its standard of scholarship, both classical and

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general, has been maintained even down to the present day.

My grandfather's home life was very beautiful, and exemplified his every characteristic of gentleness, suavity, and courtliness. Towards his wife and daughters he was ever considerate and thoughtful; and his habitual gallantry was a subject of remark by all who visited his family, or knew of his inner life in the home circle.

During his public career, as has been stated, it was impossible that he should spend much time at Owego; consequently the entire direction of the household devolved upon our grandmother. Much labor and no little management was necessary to the accomplishment of this end. Cultivated and finished in her own education, she aimed at a high standard for her children. They studied classics, French, and music, when such privileges in a country village were not easy to be secured. A French teacher for several winter seasons was employed and lived as a member of the family, giving constant instruction to those who were there. To-day we can hardly appreciate the difficulty of acquiring such accomplishments in the past generation. No railroad communications; no telegraph; limited postal facilities; very circumscribed school privileges, save in the great cities of New York; Philadelphia, Boston; these facts will perhaps throw light on the energy and determination which characterized Mrs. Leonard's endeavor in behalf of her children's cultivation and improvement.

In addition to the home management, the general care and oversight of a farm, which had been acquired, devolved upon her; the purchase of household and farm stuffs, and the economy of the entire place, be-

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came her duty because of her husband's long absence in public service.

In the fall of '73, we had a delightful visit in Brooklyn, N. Y. from our much loved and respected grandmother, at that time in her 77th year. I asked her many questions about her early life, and she has given me many facts and suggestions of great interest and value. She was born in the village of New Preston, Litchfield County, Conn. Her father was Jared Sperry, a well-to-do farmer, of no ordinary ability, and occupying a prominent social and influential position in the educated community where he dwelt. She was baptized in the parish church at New Milford by the Episcopal rector, and reared as a child in its ancient faith, and according to its beautiful and helpful methods and doctrines. Later in life, through circumstances, she became a Presbyterian, though always cherishing a tender reverence for the church of her childhood. Her mother was twice married; first to H. Camp, by whom she had quite a number of children, of whom the Hon. Hermon Camp of Trumansburg, N. Y. was one of the most prominent. He was a well-known advocate of the Temperance cause, having been associated with the Hon. Mr. Delavan of Albany, in the warfare against the liquor trade. He was for years identified with the African Colonization Society, and prominent in other philanthropic and public charities. General Anson Camp of Owego, was another of this first set of children, well beloved and admired by all who knew him. The Camps of Owego are his children, as also the Storrs, and Elys, and the Nobles of Madison, Wisconsin.

By her marriage to Mr. Sperry, Mrs. Camp had

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the one daughter, Esther Henrietta. She was very attractive and the idol of her father, but he was taken away when she was but a child; while her mother lived to a very advanced age. Mrs. Sperry was blind in her last years, and it is quite singular that Silas Leonard, our great-grandfather, and Mrs. Sperry, our great-grandmother, should both have been afflicted alike with blindness, and both together cared for by our loving and gentle grandmother until God removed them hence. Mrs. Sperry's maiden name was Bostwick, and her nephew was the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Wheaton, famous in the County of Litchfield, well known too, in New Orleans and Hartford, where for a number of years he was the learned, honored, and judicious President of Washington College, now Trinity College. The Rev. Dr. Beardsley in his "History of the Church in Connecticut" speaks very happily of Dr. Wheaton and makes some valuable references to his life.

In this connection let me add that I remember well the pride my grandmother manifested when as a child she handed me a dilapidated, leather-bound copy of the published letters which Dr. Wheaton, her cousin and schoolmate, issued after his prolonged and extended tour in Europe. The modern books of travel and incident have, like a tidal wave, swept away the vestiges of that modest little private publication, but the thoughts there contained, and the impressions left by this wise and good divine, would be valuable far beyond the trashy newspaper descriptions that flood our book stalls and libraries.

When a lad I took the trouble to ride over the beautiful hills near New Preston that I might visit my grandmother's early home. The farm that was

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my great-grandfather's was then in the possession of his grandson, Mr. Horatio Sperry. Back from the roadway, upon a beautiful rising slope of green lawn, are the ruins of that commodious old homestead where my grandmother was born. The hospitably wide chimney and fire-place and hearth, still remain in their places, but everything else is gone. I found in the rubbish a quaint door latch which I seized on with the avidity of one who has discovered a treasure. Behind the house and quite conspicuous because of its immense size, is a great boulder, which made an admirable place for the child of long ago, to play, and which, by the aged woman, was cherished in memory, because of the sweet recollections it brought up. The view from my grandmother's birth-place is attractive; it is picturesque by reason of the prominent hills, that run down from the Berkshire range; and it is beautiful because of the diversity of landscape which it presents.

At the time of her death, the local press recorded the fact, and a full obituary was made by some loving hand in addition to a careful statement as to the facts of her life. The following was the conclusion of its tribute: "She died at her residence 'Gray Tower' on April 10th, 1879, aged 80 years and 7 months. During most of this time her life has been spent in Owego.

"Here have been reared her household gods. Here she has lived out her earnest, industrious, faithful and useful Christian life. Here she has exemplified practically, though unostentatiously, those virtues which go to form the faithful and devoted wife and mother, the earnest and sincere Christian, the painstaking and helping neighbor and friend. Forty-nine years a member of the Presbyterian Church of Owego,

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she has always been found true and consistent to her duties therein. As a mother, she has been faithful to her trust, always instilling into the minds of her children the principles of honesty and integrity, and the habits of industry and self-reliance. In all the walks of life she has endeared herself to her friends and neighbors, and her death is greatly deplored here as a serious loss in our community. She has passed away full of honors and years, peacefully, hopefully, in the full enjoyment of the Christian faith.

"So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore."

Reference has already been made to the interest and regard our Grandmother Leonard had for the Rev. Dr. Wheaton, her distinguished cousin. The following statements were made concerning this good and holy priest at the semi-centennial of Christ Church, Hartford, Connecticut, of which he was the architect, builder, and first rector. Upon his death, his body was buried at Marbledale, near New Preston, Conn.

On December 23d, 1879, the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Christ Church, Hartford, Conn., was celebrated under the supervision of Bishop Williams and the rector. Rev. W. H. Nichols, now Bishop of California. Bishop Clark of Rhode Island was the preacher and the following extracts from his sermon are of valued interest to us. The bishop said of Dr. Wheaton:

"In the farewell sermon which I delivered here in 1855, I find these words: 'Others linger near you,



ESTHER HENRIETTA SPERRY LEONARD.

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who once stood in this pulpit and before this altar broke to you the bread of life. One of your former pastors, still in full vigor of body and mind, is often seen within this chancel, always ready to render those services which are so acceptable to you all, and retaining the same interest in this church which once made him so useful as your rector. If you would see his monument look around you, for he was the architect of the beautiful temple, in which he fashioned your souls to heaven.' It is only an act of justice to the memory of the late Dr. Wheaton, that I should copy from the records of a parish meeting, held on the 8th of March, 1830, this testimonial without abbreviation. 'Among the many whose liberality has been great, whose zeal has been excellent, and whose services have been important, the rector of the parish stands conspicuous, whether we recur to the incipient idea of building, the provision of means, or to the design and ornaments of the edifice, presenting to the scientific observer, utility, strength, and beauty in a chaste combination of Gothic walls, with more than Grecian elegance. May we not also hope by a just expression of our feelings on this occasion, a perpetual benefit will result to the parish? While the massive walls of our church shall endure and the records of our parish shall remain, though every eye that beheld the foundation of the building laid, shall be closed and every tongue that worshipped at its consecration shall be silent, one record will remind both minister and people who shall come after us, of the practical compatibility of serving at the altar without neglecting the useful and ornamental arts and sciences.'

"At the time when this church was built, ecclesiastical architecture in our country was at a very low

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ebb. There were a few seemly and some stately edifices scattered here and there over the land, copied for the most part from English models of the Sir Christopher Wren school, but there was not a pure and unadulterated specimen of Gothic to be seen anywhere. American architects, or those who called themselves by this name, were inflicting upon the church copies of the temple of Bacchus, with bacchanalian adornments; modified Puritan meeting-houses, buildings that were sometimes mistaken for banks; mixtures of pseudo-Gothic, Ionic, Egyptian and native, at the sight of which we still continue to groan. Some of these edifices have been deliberately removed or converted to other uses, and others have been destroyed by a timely conflagration. In our day churches have been erected which far surpass this building in splendid grandeur of design, but none of them are as far in advance of Christ Church, Hartford, as this was of all others that existed at the date of its consecration. The interior arrangements and decorations were not, in the beginning, altogether in harmony with the general style of the building; but to-day we have the satisfaction of feeling that this reproach is removed, and though there are many fond memories lingering around the old enclosure, which went by the name of a chancel, with its lowly altar, more ambitious reading-desk, and still more elevated pulpit, all surmounted at first by a somewhat thin transparency of the Transfiguration, and afterwards by a stained window of which we shall say but little, we cannot help acknowledging that the interior of this church is now for the first time in keeping with the rich and symmetrical exterior, and if good Dr. Wheaton were with us to-day, I can imagine the satisfaction with which

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he would regard what you have now done to carry out and complete his original design.

“The Rev. Nathaniel Sheldon Wheaton, who had acted as his assistant, became the rector of Christ Church in 1821, and continued to serve the parish in that capacity for the ensuing ten years. I have already alluded to the fact that the church, whose consecration we commemorate, was designed and erected under his supervision; a work for which he prepared himself, by a careful study of ecclesiastical architecture in foreign lands. Every detail of the work came under his personal supervision, and it must have been a joyful day to him when ‘The top-stone was laid with shoutings.’ His devotion to this good work did not, however, cause him at all to neglect the other duties of his ministry. One who knew him well has borne witness ‘to the earnestness, the uniform devotion to duty, and the singleness of purpose which distinguished Dr. Wheaton’s life. His preaching was plain, logical and practical; aiming rather to convince the heart and judgment, than to captivate the imagination. In all his intercourse with his parishioners, he showed himself a most unselfish man. The poor especially, ever found his sympathy alike to their sufferings and their relief; if the alms of the parish failed to furnish the means, his private resources were ready and prompt to supply the deficiency.’ In 1831 Dr. Wheaton resigned the rectorship, having been elected to the presidency of Trinity College, an institution for which he had done much, in helping to place it on a sure and substantial basis. The beautiful grounds around the college, which he did so much to adorn, have passed into other hands, and the trees which he planted are leveled to the earth, but, in the new and grander struc-

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ture and more magnificent surroundings, of which the college now has possession, Dr. Wheaton's name will be always remembered as one of its earliest presidents and most effective benefactors."

To return to the sketch of Stephen B. Leonard's life will be to follow him into active and energetic lines of work. On principle he was a strong advocate and supporter of Free Masonry. He was one of the founders of the lodge in Owego. During the Morgan difficulty there was a radical and intense spirit of opposition aroused in Owego and for a number of years the lodge was not permitted. Mr. Leonard has been seen in the midst of an enraged and excited crowd, maintaining his position and masonic principles even at the risk of personal violence. It was therefore meet that in a later and more quiet day he should be the master and representative of Free Masonry in Tioga. His conviction of the honorable and historic value of Free Masonry appears in a speech and it gains for itself interest and strength because of its enunciation near the close of his long and useful life. It is taken from the Owego Gazette of August 26th, 1875.

THE MASONIC REUNION AT OWEGO.

"The third annual reunion, of the Masonic fraternity was held at Hiawatha Grove on Thursday of last week. Owing to the showers in the morning, the attendance was not quite as large as it would have been otherwise, yet the reunion was a successful one in every respect, there being fully nine hundred persons present during the day.

"Soon afterward, the crowd in the dancing hall

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was called to order by Captain E. B. Gere, who nominated the venerable P. M. Hon. S. B. Leonard, of Owego, as President.

"Mr. Leonard, on taking the stand, returned his thanks for the demonstration of respect that had been shown him—said that it was altogether unexpected, and that he found himself laboring under an embarrassment which he could not if he would, and would not if he could, conceal. He then expressed his gratification at the favorable auspices under which they were assembled—a lovely atmosphere around them—a brilliant sun over them—a sweet and gentle breeze fanning them—and a landscape not easily to be met with elsewhere, in front of them—that both nature and art seemed combined to render their brief stay on the shore of the celebrated Hiawatha all that could be asked for or desired. He remarked that to be called to preside over the deliberations of so numerous, so respectable and so intellectual a body of Companions and Brethren of the mystic tie, he could not but consider as highly complimentary, and to say that he did not feel honored by it, would be as unjust to himself as it would be disrespectful to them—assuring the audience that he duly appreciated his position, and only regretted the distrust which he could not help entertaining, of his ability to discharge the duties which their kindness had imposed, in a becoming and satisfactory manner. Mr. Leonard then remarked that the Order to which they belonged was truly a noble one, worthy their best love and profoundest veneration, as well on account of its antiquity, as for the purity of its principles and moral worth. That no institution, save that of the Gospel, was ever established on a better principle or more solid foundation, nor were ever more

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excellent rules and useful maxims laid down than are inculcated in the several Masonic lectures; that it was not claimed to be a religious institution, but that it was claimed that it had religion and morality for its foundation; that without such foundation it could never have withstood the test of time, of criticism, and vindictive persecution with which it has had to contend for so many thousand years. Mr. Leonard said that he enrolled his name among its members more than 40 years ago, in his early manhood, and that although his sun was now far, very far, advanced towards the western horizon, with a view to its final setting, he was free to say that his love and sympathies for the Order were as strong at that moment as they were on the day of his initiation. And why, inquired the speaker, why should they not be? Why not hold in high veneration an institution that can boast for its patrons the great and the good of every age and of every country?—an institution upon whose altar a Washington, a Franklin, a LaFayette, an Adams, a Jefferson, a Madison, a Monroe, a Clinton, a Jackson, a Webster, a Clay, a Lincoln, and an innumerable host of other philanthropists, statesmen, philosophers and divines, throughout the civilized world, had paid their devotions. These have long since gone to their last account; their work has passed the inspection of the Grand Overseer's square—their bodies have mingled with their native element, beneath the green sods of the valley, and their spirits, we trust, are in that Grand Lodge above where all is peace and harmony and love, and where God himself is the Grand Master. Let us, my Companions and Brethren, endeavor to imitate their example—let us maintain the dignity of our profession on every occasion; let our

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intercourse with each other be marked by courtesy and kindness; let us try as far as may be, to smooth each other's rugged path of life; let there be no contention among us save that noble contention, or rather emulation, of, who can best work or best agree—in short, let us practice out of the lodge those glorious principles and duties which are taught in it, and by amiable, discreet and virtuous conduct, convince mankind of its good effects, so that, in the language of the Masonic Ritualist, when one may be said to be a member of it, the world may know that he is one to whom the troubled heart may pour out its sorrows, to whom distress may prefer its suit, whose hand is guided by justice, and whose heart is expanded by benevolence."

As an evidence of the esteem and gratitude of his brother Masons, Mr. Leonard was made the recipient of a handsome piece of silver presented to him at a public gathering on the evening of January 9th, 1860. His grateful acknowledgement is herewith inserted.

THE MASONIC SUPPER—

Mr. Leonard's Speech.

The following report of the admirable speech of the Hon. Stephen B. Leonard, at the Masonic supper, on Monday evening the 9th inst., in response to the handsome presentation of plate, made in behalf of the fraternity, by the Rev. John J. Pearce, will be read with interest by the members and friends of the Order:

"Kind Sir and Brother;—Laboring, as I am at this moment, under the pressure of emotions which I have

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not the power to control, I have no language to express as I could desire, my gratitude to the members of Friendship Lodge for this unexpected demonstration of their favor and esteem. If my heart could speak, it might relieve me from some of the palpitations which now agitate and swell my bosom. Sir, the uniform courtesy and kindness which I have received at the hands of these Brethren, during the years which have passed, have laid me under a weight of obligations which I have long since entertained but a faint hope of ever being able to cancel; and now, under the transactions of this evening, the last glimmering of even that hope has been altogether extinguished. I feel that I am bankrupt indeed,—insolvent beyond the possibility of resuscitation. But, sir, I wish to say to those kind hearted Brethren, thro' you, that although insolvent, I shall never avail myself of the statute of limitations,—I shall never repudiate the debt. I will remember it and acknowledge it, and acknowledge it and remember it, as long as this heart shall pulsate and reason holds its empire.

“ You have kindly alluded to my long identity with and devotion to the Masonic Order. In this you have done me no more than justice. It is more than forty years since I became a member of that ancient and time-honored institution. I am proud to say that I love it. I love it for its antiquity,—I love it for its universality,—I love it for the purity of its principles,—I love it because it has religion and morality for its foundation,—I love it because it is the friend of the poor and the needy,—the almoner of the widow and the orphan,—I love it because I think it makes men better,—better husbands, better fathers, better citizens, better Christians,—I love it because it has always been

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loved by the great and the good, of every age and every nation. My attachments to it commenced in the springtime of life,—they have grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength, and are not in the least abated now that I am in the sear of autumn.

“It is, however, painful, sir, when memory carries me back to the period when first initiated into this Lodge, to reflect that all, or nearly all, of those who were then its members, have been called to their last account. Their mortal remains have long since reposed quietly beneath the green sods of the valley. The gentle breezes of many summers have fanned, and the rude blasts of as many winters have swept over their last resting place; but I hope and trust that their spirits are with God in Heaven. It is painful too, in another respect,—it reminds me of the many years that have intervened, and in accents clear and unmistakable,—in language not to be misunderstood, says to me, your days too are begining to be numbered. But my Brethren, I will not dwell longer on the dark side of the picture. This world has many charms,—we are favored with many blessings. We ought to thank our Supreme Grand Master for what he has done and is doing for us,—that he has prolonged our lives, preserved our healths, and conferred upon us so many comforts;—that he has cast our lines in pleasant places,—that we live in a land of religion, liberty and law, where every man has the right of sitting under his own vine and his own fig tree, where there are none to molest or make him afraid. We ought to thank Him for the privilege of meeting here this evening, in so goodly numbers, surrounded by so many we love, and all under circumstances so favorable.

“I have alluded, Brethren, to the many of my

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early friends who have passed away, but I thank God that their places have been supplied with others equally worthy. With you I have enjoyed many years of uninterrupted social intercourse,—friendship and brotherly affection have always prevailed. Through your confidence and kindness, for more than one-quarter of the forty years alluded to, I have had the honor of presiding over your deliberations. Pending that period, many questions and matters have come up for discussion and adjudication, involving nice discriminations of constitutional and masonic law, and it would be unreasonable, perhaps, to suppose, that in all of them I have ruled rightfully,—it is rather to be inferred that in some of them at least, I have come to wrong conclusions. If this be so, my Brethren, I know you will believe me when I say, that they have been errors of the head and not of the heart,—and it is equally due to you and to truth to say, that in all these cases of trial and embarrassment, you have always held up my hands,—you have done all that a reasonable man could ask or expect of reasonable men. For this, my Brethren, I thank you. I thank you for all that you have done for me in the past,—I thank you from the bottom of a grateful heart for what you have done for me this evening,—for this substantial testimonial of your friendship and regard. With me it is now priceless. I value it for its intrinsic worth,—but I value it still more as the free-will offering of those whose good opinion I always have and always shall be proud of deserving. I will preserve it as long as I live, and when I am called away I will tell my children to preserve and regard it as a token of respect paid to their departed father by the generous hearted Brethren of Friendship Lodge.

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“Brethren, the official ties which have bound us together having been severed, as age and its accompanying infirmities shall increase upon me, it is more than probable that our meetings and greetings will be fewer and further between than they have hitherto been,—but you may rest assured that whether with you or absent from you, you will ever have my sympathies and my prayers for your prosperity and happiness. And now my Brethren, in closing, permit me to express the hope that during the residue of the days of our several allotments, we may so live that when we shall arrive at the end of the journey of life, and these bodies, one after another shall be consigned to the narrow house, earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes,—we shall all be prepared for a happy entrance into that other mansion,—the house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens. That this may be the happy lot of all of us, collectively and individually, may God grant for his Son’s sake.”

With such associations and veneration for this order, it was eminently fitting that after the words of committal from the prayer book were read over his grave at his burial; the solemn and beautiful ritual for the dead used by the Free Masons, should have been performed by his lodge—so that with prayer and benediction—the symbolic evergreen was cast into the open grave—the white lambskin was laid upon his coffin and his body and soul commended unto the God who gave them.

After continued residence in the town proper, Stephen entered upon a line of calling for which it is difficult to find good reason. He was neither fitted for nor adapted to the farmer’s life. His tastes were

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literary and his experience had trained him for less arduous physical endeavors. He had loaned money to men needing pecuniary aid; he had taken mortgages upon farm lands and I am constrained to think that these properties coming into his possession led him to enter upon the agricultural projects which for some years occupied his time and tested his endurance.

My Grandfather Leonard had owned three farms in and about Owego. One was on the Pennsylvania line and long since was sold; another was just beyond the village and a portion of it was later on owned by George Sidney Camp. This was a part of his dairy farm and commands a glorious outlook. The last farm owned by Stephen B. Leonard was large and valuable. About one mile north of Owego it lay and reached along the river bank and back to the top of the western ridge. It was almost entirely kept under cultivation and yielded a ready increase of fruits and crops. This farm was known as "The Locusts." The roadway running through its length, being edged with a sweet scented and picturesque line of sugar-locust trees was a favorite stopping place for the many friends who were accustomed in fair summer weather to drive from the town. The young people who would come out for music and fun were heartily welcomed, and served to add to the life of the place. There have been two houses on the property as our residences. The first was destroyed years ago. It was low in the roof—extended over considerable ground—had wings, and additions, porches and piazzas and looked out upon a radiant old-fashioned garden on two sides. Its rooms were comfortable and spacious, and many a happy hour was passed beneath its eaves. What a garret it possessed, or rather, the

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children owned it. Full of boxes and trunks and bags and odds and ends. We stored the butternuts and hickory nuts away in the dark corners; we tricked ourselves out in old-fashioned garments, dragged out of their ancient hiding places; theatres, circuses, house-keeping, games and all kinds of entertainment were born of that old garret. There were boxes of valuable books too—law and congressional chiefly, and files of papers and packages of letters with interesting autographs of distinguished men, franking them to my grandfather when he was absent from the Federal City at Washington. I remember too a wonderful old fire-board that imprinted its coloring indelibly on my memory. It represented the original Capitol; the low dome and the two wings of the Senate and House of Representatives as completed by Latrobe; and cavorting on the pavement before the edifice a dandified horseman lifting his hat to some gaily attired ladies in an open barouche. At the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington is a huge canvas, badly painted, but of great value, showing an interior view of the House of Representatives at a night session. The key that accompanies it, gives the names of many of our earlier eminent statesmen, their faces showing strikingly beneath the yellow blaze of hundreds of candles from the central chandelier and the side brackets. What a contrast between the buildings and the men of that time and ours! In our possession is a chart of that smaller and earlier House of Congress when Stephen B. Leonard, my grandfather, was a member of its body. What glorious names are those that appear upon its face, the elder Wise, and John Quincy Adams, and James K. Polk, and Bailey Paton, and Franklin Pierce, and C. C. Cambrelling, and Lewis Cass, and Sam Houston,

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and Alexander Stevens and a score of great and conspicuous gentlemen. It was indeed an honor to have been the friend and associate of such men, and we well know how gracefully and courtesously our grandsire moved among his colleagues, knowing them, and appreciated and regarded with approbation by all. In the orchard beyond this original cottage was an apple cellar—one of the old-fashioned kind, built against a side slope—simply a roof frame of timbers; covered with soil and greenest grass and entered from its lower gable front. Within, it was furnished with bins and ample shelves for fruit and vegetables. How cool, and dark and damp it was. How pungent and aromatic was the odor from the glorious apples and what a joy and refreshment to feel that one could go to it without let or hindrance. John Burroughs would have loved that old apple cellar, and the children's hearts always warmed towards it. The cottage was removed because of its age and inconvenience and a new residence was built farther to the east and nearer the river bank. It still remains, though occupied by strangers, as the farm was sold some years ago. The new house was attractive and furnished hospitable accommodations for children and grandchildren.

As my grandparents grew older, the toil and discomfort and cares of a large farm became altogether too burdensome, and therefore, about 1870, the place was sold and "Gray Tower," in the town proper, was purchased as a permanent residence. Here the family found a most acceptable home for winter and summer, and here the elders lived in peace and contentment, surrounded by friends and relatives and acquaintances of many years, esteemed and loved by all; and here when God called them, they passed out into the higher life

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and the land that is beautiful, to the Eternal Home of many mansions. These foregoing items are of interest only to the direct descendants and immediate kinspeople of my beloved grandparents and I am sure that they will recall many incidents and facts, and revive affectionate and tender reminiscences of the days of auld lang syne.

Mr. Leonard's vital interest and activity in the welfare of the town soon became known in the county and the state. His paper found its way into settlements and small hamlets and into larger towns, and his editorial sentiments made impress on a constituency then rapidly forming. He always used his pen in upholding what was honorable and manly; he denounced trickery and dishonesty in politics; he maintained the old-time doctrine of state rights, and was a faithful follower of the tenets of Jefferson. Party feeling was strong in those days and the Jackson campaign was one of the most notable in our political history. Mr. Leonard advocated the maintenance of those measures that ultimately carried General Andrew Jackson into the Executive Mansion at Washington. The town of Owego was ready to recognize the ability and the integrity of its earnest citizen, and this found expression in the determination of his neighbors, that such a man should represent them in the halls of Congress. Accepting the nomination of his party, he quickly persuaded the district he was willings to serve, and he was enthusiastically elected a member of the Congress of the United States. Preparing himself for his duties he took his seat, and with scrupulous care and attention, fulfilled the obligations laid upon him. His first term brought him to the Capitol, during the closing years of Andrew Jackson's

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presidency and it afforded him opportunity to know personally that rugged and unique statesman, for whom he entertained a high regard and esteem, till the end of his life. Having represented his constituents acceptably, Mr. Leonard entered the lists a second time for another term and was once more chosen to the honor. Martin Van Buren was now President, and Mr. Leonard's duties steadily increased. He was placed on important committees and was at one time on a joint committee with Daniel Webster.

A third time his friends urged upon him the congressional obligation, but for reasons best known to himself, he declined the nomination in favor of his friend and neighbor, Judge Strong of Owego, who was at once elected. During his Washington life, Mr. Leonard lived in a house near the present National Hotel, at which several of his colleagues also were sheltered. The letters which follow were written mostly during his congressional service. They are purely personal and beyond some slight references to men and measures, are domestic and of pleasant value to his descendants, but they illustrate the uniform dignity, suavity and courtesy of the writer. He was always the type of a high bred gentleman. Tall and graceful in carriage, his pleasant voice, bright countenance and benignant manners, were remarked by all who knew him. Incapable of a mean or dishonorable act, his daily conduct was moved by the doctrine of Christ. He was a Christian and a member of the Presbyterian Society in Owego.

After retiring from public life in Washington, Mr. Leonard took up the plainer duties of life at home. He held offices of a less conspicuous character and

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never again aspired to congressional advancement. For a few years he engaged in local mercantile business and then undertook farming the land he owned—but in this latter line of duty he was neither expert or successful. His affection for children and grandchildren was beautiful, and his happiness was assured when his house was filled with those he loved. Universally respected and revered by his kinsfolk and acquaintances, he died in Owego full of honors, beloved by all, and in the confidence of an assured hope of a joyous Resurrection at the last Day. He was a kind parent, a valuable citizen, a patriot, a statesman, a Christian gentleman.

From a local editorial is taken the following general estimate of Mr. Leonard's life and character:

“He retained during the latter years of his life the calm dignity and pleasant reserve of a man of conscience and of firm convictions. His ever refined character and manhood seems to us as we look back on it like polished marble, so pure and solid did it strike us as being in all the essential elements which make up the honest, high-minded citizen, the Christian husband and father, and true gentleman. The lesson of his life, the important one for us to remember, and which should be inculcated in the minds of the rising generation, is that habits of industry, perseverance, self-reliance, patience, joined with the Christian's faith and hope will meet sure reward and win the approving smile of Heaven. His pleasant, ever kindly greetings, we shall miss—his example remains for us to appreciate and follow on to the triumphs reserved for such as he. His life was lengthened out beyond the limit fixed by the Psalmist, and it affords a source of true inspiration and should teach us to cul-

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tivate with renewed ardor the manly virtues of patriotism and disinterestedness for,—

“Only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.”

From still another journal these words are culled:

OBITUARY.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

“We announce herewith the death of our esteemed and venerable citizen, the Hon. Stephen B. Leonard, which occurred at his late residence in Owego, on the morning of the 8th instant, at the ripe age of eighty-three years, preceded by what at the time was considered as only a slight indisposition. His long career was not an uneventful one considered in the light of the early settlement and growth of this section of the State and what he really was, and we therefore group the leading facts of his life, which we deem full of instruction and admonition. And in many respects we have regarded him in these latter years as a link in the chain which binds us to that which may be aptly termed our ancient regime—the early days of this Republic—since he was a representative of the people in the National Legislature, and filled other offices of honor and trust, contemporaneously with Webster, Clay and Calhoun, and at a time when men of their mould led in the councils of the nation; and it may be truthfully said that many of the austere virtues which the men of that age practiced, he practiced and exemplified in his daily walk and conversation, down even to his latest hour.

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"He represented this district in Congress for two terms, and was a leading man in the Democratic party until, by reason of his age, he gradually withdrew to the quiet of his home for that rest which his active and laborious life had richly earned."

In an obituary notice of Mr. Leonard, published at the time of his death in the Gazette, Hiram A. Beebe, the editor of the paper, wrote the following just tribute to Mr. Leonard's character and worth:

"We think we may safely say that Mr. Leonard was the oldest printer and newspaper editor in the state, and no person who knew him will dispute the assertion that a more perfect gentleman never lived. Intelligent and well informed upon all subjects of public interest, polite, and agreeable in his manners, with strong predilections for the right, yet never offensive in the utterance of his views, he was a model of courtesy and gentlemanly bearing, and was very justly held in the highest estimation by his fellow citizens down to the very time of his death. . . . Often honored with high official positions, he never betrayed a public trust, nor, in all his life, forfeited his claim to a most unqualified confidence in his integrity of character."

In the centennial history of Tioga County Mr. Warner says of Mr. Leonard:

"Mr. Leonard was held in high estimation by his associates in Congress, and even his political opponents, after the strife and turmoil of the campaign were over, bore testimony to his worth and integrity.

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The lives and labors of such men as Mr. Leonard are those elements which make the choicest treasure of our country. Their influence remains and is felt long after the lives themselves are ended. A century hence the name of Mr. Leonard will be recalled as that of a man who helped to educate and elevate the people of his day and give wise direction to the public affairs of county, state and nation."

The children of Stephen B. and Esther Henrietta (Sperry) Leonard were as follows:

1. William Boardman Leonard, born June 17, 1820, at Owego. Married Louisa Dimon Bulkley, of Southport, Conn., July 6, 1847. He died July 2, 1893, at Owego, and she March 11, 1900, in Brooklyn.

2. Hermon Camp Leonard, born January 31, 1823, at Owego.

3. George Stephen Leonard, born April 9, 1827, at Owego. Married Harriet A. Leach, daughter of Caleb Leach, Jr., April 15, 1856. She died at Owego, January 1, 1874, and he March 20, 1907.

4. Henrietta Leonard, born May 20, 1830, at Owego. Married Oliver Bulkley, June 28, 1854.

5. Emily Caroline Leonard, born at Owego.

6. Washington Irving Leonard, born March 12, 1835, at Owego. Died at Owego, May 17, 1874.

7. Laura Ann Leonard, born at Owego.

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At the time of my grandfather's death the following beautiful letter and affectionate tribute appeared in the New York Tribune, from the hand of the honorable and venerable Thurlow Weed:

LIFE-LONG FRIENDSHIPS.

A Letter From Thurlow Weed.

Death of Two Old Friends—the Rev. W. B. Sprague and the Hon. S. B. Leonard—Early Newspapers.

"To the Editor of the Tribune.

"Sir: In our youthful days, and until the maturity of years, time passes in forming and extending acquaintances and friendships more or less endearing and enduring. In this respect I have been among the most favored and fortunate. In my long experience, the poetical idea that "friendship is but a name for man's illusion given" has been most emphatically disproved. The great charm of youth and the greatest solace of old age are found in the friendships formed when life was young, its hopes buoyant, and its affections fresh—friendships which existed without a jar until the day of final separation came. But to those who are spared beyond the time ordinarily allotted to man there comes a season when what constituted their highest enjoyment proves their greatest sorrow. Time in its relentless progress severs link by link the ties which bound us in affection and sympathy to earth. One by one those whom we loved and honored drop away, until before we are 80, instead of meeting loved ones in the domestic circle or grasping friendly hands upon the sidewalk, we must follow their remains to the ceme-

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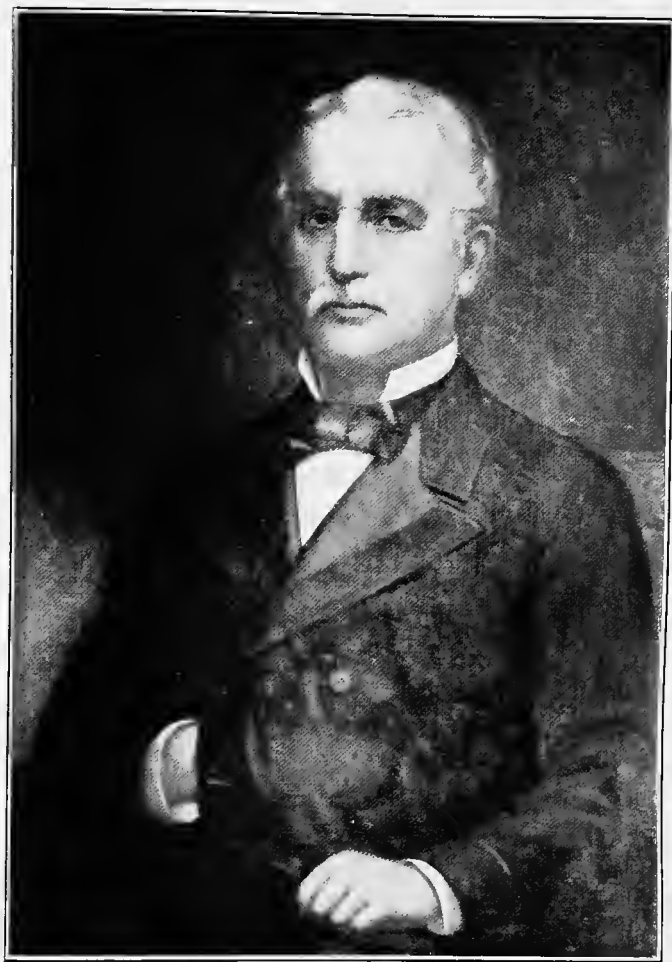
teries, cheered, however, with the bright hope that they are "waiting and watching for us at the beautiful gate" which opens into a better world.

"This train of reflection was suggested by information received this morning of the departure to their final rest and reward of two venerable and valued friends. The Rev. Dr. William B. Sprague and the Hon. Stephen B. Leonard, a venerable printer and editor, who died on Sunday, at his residence in Owego, Tioga County, in his 84th year. Mr. Leonard established The Owego Gazette in 1820, and conducted it for more than 30 years with marked ability and devoted patriotism. He was twice during that period elected to Congress, serving creditably and usefully there as he did in other positions of trust and responsibility. My acquaintance with Mr. Leonard dates back to 1814, when we were both journeymen printers. He established himself at Owego two years after I broke ground editorially at Norwich, a neighboring village. Though seeing each other less frequently than would have been pleasant, we have always been friends. The venerable Lewis H. Redfield of Syracuse is the oldest surviving editor in our State. Next in seniority comes the venerable John F. Hubbard of Norwich. Mr. Redfield established The Onondaga Valley Gazette in 1816, a year before Mr. Hubbard established The Norwich Journal, and two years before I launched the Chenango Agriculturist."

New York, May 9, 1876.

T. W.

WILLIAM BOARDMAN LEONARD



WILLIAM BOARDMAN LEONARD,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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WILLIAM BOARDMAN LEONARD.

William Boardman Leonard, eldest son of Stephen B. and E. H. Leonard, born at Owego, June 17, 1820, and died at Owego, July 1, 1893, at his summer home Riverbend. His early boyhood was spent in Owego, and he received his excellent education in the local schools. He was named for the late Judge William W. Boardman of New Haven, Conn., who was a first cousin of our grandmother, Esther Henrietta Sperry, her grandmother having been Mercy Boardman of New Milford, Conn.

When about sixteen years of age, he went to Trumansburg, N. Y., and lived in the family of his uncle, Hermon Camp, and at one time with his cousin, Albert Stone. He was employed as a clerk in Hermon Camp's business establishment. Reaching his majority, he went to New York, and there secured employment as a salesman, and later on formed a partnership with Benjamin Pomeroy, and was engaged in the wholesale dry goods trade. He married Louisa Dimon Bulkley at Southport, Conn., in 1847. She was the daughter of Andrew and Sallie D. Bulkley. Benjamin Pomeroy married her sister Josephine and lived in Southport although continuing his business operations in the city of New York. On the dissolution of the firm of Leonard and Pomeroy, William B. entered the firm of Hurlburt, Sweetser & Co., and later, after partnership connection with the Van Valkenbergs, was associated with Harvey Farrington for a few years in the wholesale grocery and coffee trade. Later, he founded the commission house of Leonard,

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Rhoades & Grosvenor and thereafter founded the banking house of Leonard, Sheldon & Foster. This firm, changed its title to Leonard, Sheldon & Co., and their office was at 10 Wall Street, where they were successful dealers in finance. He retired from business in the eighties, although he retained silent interest in the house for a few years.

After his marriage Mr. Leonard made his home in the city of Brooklyn. He soon became identified with the local and religious interests of the community, and very early was elected a vestryman in the Church of the Holy Trinity under the rectorship of Dr. William H. Lewis. He continued in the position of vestryman and warden during the rectorates of Rev. Dr. Littlejohn and the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, serving the church in its conventions, and on its boards of charity. He filled many positions of honor and trust with scrupulous fidelity. He was director in a number of institutions, President of the Homeopathic Hospital, President of the King's County Bank, President of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children and other like establishments. He was one of the first Board of Trustees which built the great Brooklyn Bridge and his name with those of his colleagues is to be seen on the bronze tablet placed high on the stone towers that support the structure. He was a member of several of the local clubs, interested in music, and the President of the Apollo Club. A man of handsome and attractive personal appearance, very courteous and graceful in manner, conspicuous for his kindly genialty, and universally beloved. Twenty years previous to his death he purchased his summer home at "Riverbend," Owego, N. Y. whither



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"Riverbend," Owego, N. Y.

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he went with great delight every season. The house was located upon lands near to his birthplace and nothing could exceed his affection for this spot. Although solicited to enter upon a public political career, he seemed to have but little taste for such vocation, having twice declined the nomination for the mayoralty of the city of Brooklyn. He was chairman of the Electoral College at the time of the Hancock campaign. He was buried in the family plot in Greenwood cemetery, Brooklyn, and a few years later the body of his wife was laid by his side. A bronze tablet commemorating his life and character, is to be found on the walls of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn.

The Owego Gazette after giving an appreciative memorial sketch of Mr. Leonard's death, closed its editorial with these words:

“The news of the death of Mr. Leonard produced a saddening effect upon our community. He was a man of many friendships and many friends in Owego. Endowed with a moral character of the highest type; possessed of and exemplifying most generous and noble impulses, with a heart one of the kindest and most generous; public spirited to the greatest degree of generosity—he merited and received the love and esteem of his old friends in this his birthplace and home of his earlier days.

“His funeral was held in St. Paul's church of Owego, on the 3d instant, and his remains interred in Greenwood cemetery, Brooklyn, on the 4th instant.

HERMON CAMP LEONARD



HERMON C. LEONARD,
Portland, Oregon.

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HERMON CAMP LEONARD.

The long and useful life of Hermon C. Leonard, second son of Stephen B., has been so replete with incident and adventure, that the autobiographical account he has written at our request, is herewith inserted. He says:

I have commenced this, recalling some of the past events in my life, and writing up the same, from memory alone.

I take for my starting point, the date when I left the home of my parents when nearly 18 years of age, to serve an apprenticeship with my Uncle Hermon Camp in his mercantile business in Trumansburg, N. Y.

I was still in the service of my uncle in Trumansburg when a circumstance occurred which changed my whole career. A gentleman, a merchant of Tallahassee, Florida, came there on his annual visit to his relatives, and in a casual conversation, he asked me if I would like to go to Florida, as he was authorized by a firm to engage a young man from the North, and I said at once I would go if I could prevail on my uncle to cancel my obligations to him for the last year, which he did. I spent about two years in the service of Betton & McGinnis, a prominent firm of merchants and exporters of cotton, and resided with the family of a member of the firm; and then I returned to the North, taking a small schooner plying between St. Marks, the port of Tallahassee, and New Orleans, thence by steamer up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers

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to Cincinnati, thence to Pittsburg, thence by stages over the Baltimore and Ohio turnpike to Cumberland, and rail to New York. This was about the time (1848-49) the excitement was arousing over the discovery of gold in California. The rush was commencing, and I caught the fever, and would have left but was dissuaded by entreaties from home and my brother William, who persuaded me to take a position in a large wholesale grocery house in Broad St.—Wood & Sheldon—with whom I remained until November 1849 when they closed their business. This “let me out” and the “California fever” came over me again in full force, and late in November of that year (1849) I left New York on board the steamer “Crescent City” for Chagres (no Panama Railroad then) from thence, up the Chagres river to the head of canoe navigation. Five passengers with myself chartered a large native canoe and with baggage were poled, paddled, and pulled by three natives to Gorgona, head of navigation. From there to Panama on mule back, our baggage on the heads and backs of natives, we sailed from Panama on board the steamer “California” for San Francisco touching at every port of importance between those points, arriving in San Francisco on the night of the 31st day of December 1849, just in time to enroll us among the Pioneers of '49. As there was only one steamer per month, our arrival was quite an event, and the next morning when we disembarked, all San Francisco seemed to be upon the beach to greet us. No docks there then. I met on the first day after landing several of my old acquaintances from the East who had preceded me, and I felt quite at home. My friend, John Green of New York, who left the employ of Pomeroy & Leonard

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as a salesman, and had embarked from New York in a sailing vessel around Cape Horn had reached there after a very long voyage (nearly six months) was engaged in business and had been for some months. Within two months after I reached San Francisco I found that Mr. Green had become imbued with the idea that Oregon would be a better field in which to cast our fortunes and I agreed with him. We bought out his partner's interest in San Francisco, packed up their stock and shipped it on board a bark bound for Oregon, on which he sailed with further additions to the stock which we purchased in San Francisco, and landed at Astoria in February '50 and started in business there under the firm name of Leonard & Green. I remained in San Francisco awaiting the arrival of a steamship the "Sarah Sands" coming around Cape Horn with goods consigned to me from New York, principally from Pomeroy & Leonard, and to fill orders Green might send me from Oregon for our Astoria trade.

I went to Oregon in June '50 and found him well established there in business, occupying a storehouse built by and formerly occupied by the old English Hudson Bay Company years before, they having abandoned that post. Our trade was principally with Indians then still very numerous. We remained in Astoria between two and three years, when we began to realize the fact that it would never prove to be a leading business place in the future of Oregon, although, situated as it is, at the mouth of the great Columbia, and with a fine harbor for shipping. The Columbia being navigable to Portland, on the Willamette, 120 miles above, and that much nearer to the great and productive region, it would be the city of

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the future. About that time Green's brother Henry D. and my brother Irving arrived. We installed them in charge of our interests at Astoria dividing our profits there with them, and then established our business as a general wholesale house in Portland. I went to New York immediately; my first trip there from this coast, to purchase goods.

At Portland we secured a position for our business on Front Street, with a landing dock for vessels, the only dock in Portland at that time. Now how changed—miles of connected docks on both sides, flanked by capacious warehouses for the accomodation of the large commercial trade that has grown up. About the time we were fully established, the Pacific Mail Company put on a weekly line of steamers between San Francisco and Portland and appointed our firm their agents. Our success in our mercantile career was very satisfactory. I soon went down to San Francisco and purchased the bark "Metropolis" which we placed on the San Francisco route for transporting lumber and produce, etc., as a freighter for ourselves and the public generally. We afterwards opened up a business with the Sandwich Islands, despatching her with cargoes of lumber to Honolulu. About the time she had accomplished her third trip, we received rather unfavorable news as to the lumber trade in the islands from our agents there. Just then I noticed an advertisement in a San Francisco paper of a bark that would sail in a few days for Australia touching at Honolulu, and so decided to take the steamer leaving for San Francisco the next day, by which I could reach there in time to take passage for Honolulu and could reach there two weeks sooner than our bark would, giving plenty of

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time to size up our Honolulu affairs. So I sailed away for that port on the "Lucky Star" and reached there before our bark came in from Portland. I found out in the meantime that the lumber dealers had combined to force the sale of our next coming cargo of lumber to a very low figure and of course divide the profit. I had an invoice of the cargo she was loading when I left, and it happened to be just such lumber as was *not* in the market and was greatly in demand. It was almost entirely composed of inch boards and other light lumber which would retail from their yards at \$35.00 to \$40.00 per thousand feet. Their best offer to me was about \$16.00 per thousand and in the meantime before my bark showed herself off the harbor I had made up my mind what to do and acted upon it. I had taken an option to lease in a central location, a lot enclosed by a high fence with a vacant warehouse upon it, just such a place as I wanted for the storage and sale of produce from Oregon, such as flour, oats, baled hay, etc., which we generally shipped as part cargoes, and to store sugar and such products of the islands as we brought back to Portland. So you see I was prepared. On the day my bark sailed into the harbor, I had my last interview with the lumber dealers. We did not come to terms and on the next day all the trucks available in Honolulu were busy hauling the cargo of the "Metropolis" to my place of business for which I had closed the lease. I secured the services of a very nice young American who was born there, and who could speak the Hawaiian language in dealing with the natives. There was a rush at once for the lumber among the Kanakas at \$35.00 per thousand feet and they carried it off on their backs and hand carts

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for a few days about as fast as the draymen could haul it from the wharf.

I was now fairly established in business in Honolulu for an indefinite time as a branch of the firm of Leonard & Green. The bark "Metropolis" was despatched back to Oregon, with what freight I had secured for her return, principally sugar. I kept steadily at it while I remained there—one year-and-a-half.

In the meantime a small brigantine sailed into Honolulu and was sold. The purchaser intending to place her in the Oregon trade had bought about one hundred tons of sugar (about one-half her capacity) for her first trip, and not being able to procure enough for a full freight, began to think poorly of his venture. He offered to sell the vessel and the sugar for a fair price and I bought him out and fitted her out with a crew and freight and sent her to Oregon, with an order for her return cargo of lumber, etc. etc. So then, I had two vessels in my service which I kept running until my Honolulu business was closed out. I sold both my vessels there. After my career there, which was spent very pleasantly and profitably I returned to Portland taking passage on the bark "Live Yankee" for San Francisco and proceeded to Portland again.

My first voyage to China was on the "Metropolis." This was in 1855 when Green and myself conceived the plan of making a venture to Hong Kong with a shipment of lumber and ship-spars (on deck), and I went with her as supercargo, arriging safely at Hong Kong and making sale of my cargo with which I had to proceed to a port about one hundred miles from Hong Kong for delivery. There I placed my bark

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in dry dock to re-copper, and returned to Hong Kong. After investing the proceeds from the sale of lumber in such Chinese merchandise as I thought best for Portland, I sailed home, making a very satisfactory venture.

In my cargo to China in the "Metropolis" I carried over three hundred barrels of Oregon flour; this was the first Oregon flour that had ever been sent to China for a market, and was the only export of flour to a foreign country made from Portland. In the year 1907, 1,434,153 barrels were exported showing quite an increase in flour exportation.

During this period we closed our old concern at Astoria, and Irving and Henry Green came to Portland to assist with their services in our business here. We had purchased a block of ground on which we had erected a nice bachelor's home where we four lived very comfortably. This block we paid \$1200 for and kept it until the date of the closing up of the firm of Leonard & Green; at that time Green and myself divided the ownership of it, each taking a one-half. I sold my one-half a few years since for \$55,000. The estate of Green (his heirs) still own theirs, and it is worth to-day at least \$100,000. (I merely mention this to give an idea of the advance of values in real estate in Portland.

Some months before closing out our business, Leonard & Green applied to the Territorial Government and to the City Council for a *Gas Franchise*. We obtained it; at that time there were but two gas works on this coast, one at San Francisco and one in Sacramento, Cal. After obtaining our franchise, we started on the erection of our gas works. Mr. Green went east to purchase the necessary machinery and

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our works were completed and gas turned on and the city lighted with gas in 1859. Before the completion of the works, we realized that we would require a small vessel to ply between Portland and the coal mines at Nanaimo on Vancouver Island to transport our coal for gas from there, and hearing that one was for sale at Victoria that would answer the purpose, I went there and purchased the brig "Orbit" taking her to Nanaimo for a cargo of coal, loaded and brought her to Portland. Early in the spring of 1860 we found she was of no further use to us as a coal carrier, as coal of better quality for gas, at a less price, was being brought to Portland; and to get rid of her, thinking she would bring a readier sale in San Francisco, we loaded her with lumber and away I sailed for San Francisco, sold my cargo, but, was not able to find so readily a purchaser for the vessel. After trying for a week or more to sell her, I learned of a party of two, who were looking for an opportunity for shipment to Nicholaski on the Amoor river with a passage for themselves and also, about fifty tons of freight for Hakodada, Japan. Both being quite out of the way places, then, Hakodada, being directly on the route, and this making nearly a full freight for my little brig I closed with them, and wrote to Portland that within five days I would be on my way. I reached Siberia after a very favorable voyage. My vessel was the first that anchored in the Amoor in the spring of 1860, as the ice had but just left the river and this was about the middle of June. There was a scarcity of many necessary articles in that Russian port after their long winter, and my little vessel's advent was hailed with delight by the Russians. Having some freight space left after having

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discharged my Japan merchandise at Hakodada, I purchased there for my own account and received on consignment from others merchandise enough to fill my vessel, all of which was in good demand and found quick sale. After my brig was discharged I sailed for home, touching at Hakodada to close up my business there. I purchased a few goods to bring over with me more as novelties than anything else) as there was not at that date even a *beginning* of Japanese trade thought of. I *did* bring over with me on my return the very *first* specimen of what is *now* going on on a large scale, a *real live* Japanese native, the first one ever seen in Portland. His name was Suzukie Kinzo, a young man about twenty years of age.

The day I sailed for home Mr. Rice, the first American Consul there, with whom I was well acquainted as he frequently invited me to his house to dine, spoke to me, about Kinzo, who was and had been I might say, a ward of the Consul and was in his household, where I saw him as he waited upon the table etc. etc., and I had taken quite an interest in him. He was fine looking, and polite; he spoke English then fluently, this I had remarked and, Mr. Rice stated that during his residence there of nearly one year he had not seen his equal amongst the natives. He said that Kinzo walked into his office a few months before, and wished to see the American Consul and Mr. Rice gave him an audience. He came with his two swords on his person, which was then a distinction of *rank* and *honor* in Japan; he seemed somewhat excited and possibly in trouble. Said he was an *entire* stranger and had not an acquaintance there; that he was a native of Tokio, the capital of Japan, the residence of the Emperor, and in fact confessed himself a political

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refugee, having been quietly smuggled on board a small Japanese junk bound for Hakodada, and he voluntarily threw himself into the arms of the American Consul for protection. About this time Japan was in the throes of a revolution. The Reform party to which Kinzo was allied was temporarily on the losing side, and he amongst many others, had to flee to save their lives. Mr. Rice kindly sympathized with him and gave him refuge. His being properly under the Consul's protection saved him from arrest and extradition back to Tokio. Mr. Rice said Kinzo came that morning to him to intercede with me to take him on my vessel; he was frightened and trembling; said he had received anonymous letters from some of the friends he had made there, giving him warning that he would very soon be arrested. Mr. Rice said he had learned that a very strict watch was being kept upon him, and gave it as his opinion that the *only* way of his escape, to save his life, would be in my taking him with me on the "Orbit." I said without hesitation, "I will do it but you know my vessel is closely watched by the harbor police and *will* be until I am outside the "harbor." His clerk, Mr. Pitts, was with us, a young American who had been there about two years and acquired quite a facility in speaking Japanese. Colonel Rice said "Mr. Pitts has a plan which would work." Mr. Pitts then said: "I will take Kinzo in my boat, with my dog and gun, to-morrow morning about nine o'clock, and will make it so the harbor police can see us; this I have been in the habit of doing once a week, going down the straits to a little bay about ten miles below to shoot ducks. The police are all acquainted with me and accustomed to see me, with Kinzo and know

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what I am about. You will leave the harbor at the first ebb tide about 2 P. M.,—you will have but little wind in the straits in the afternoon, and about ten miles below, on the starboard side I will run out from behind the headland with Kinzo, come alongside and will make my boat fast, then you can square away again on your course. I will remain until dusk sets in, then I will take my boat and will start back and will get the usual sea breeze and sail into the harbor after dark." I said, "Pitts your plan is all right" and it worked to a charm. We said good-bye to Pitts and were soon clear of the Straits of Matsnai and the little "Orbit" once more pointed her prow toward Oregon, 7,000 miles away. We took the extreme northerly passage, skirting along the southern shores of Kam-schatska and the Aleutian Islands for better easterly currents and more favorable winds, making a fine passage to Victoria without going out of our way at all, as we made the coast a little north of the Straits of Juan De Fuca. I had decided to run in to Victoria and take a cargo of coal to Portland as I had no freight to speak of. Sold what few Japanese goods I had, loaded with coal, then to Portland, after a very pleasant and profitable voyage and Kinzo was the happiest man on board. The first day out he got the mate to shear the top knot off his head as he said he was tired of that custom.

Kinzo was at once installed in our bachelor household and made "manager" of the establishment. We afterwards gave him a position in our gas works, which duty he faithfully fulfilled a portion of each year. He was an industrious and hard student, at his studies half the night and won first prizes in his class frequently in the High School here and as the old lady

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said about her daughter "she was a '*carniverous reader*' of all the books she could get ahold of."—So was Kinzo.

Coming back to myself: After reaching home I found everything going along satisfactorily. I then loaded the "Orbit" again for San Francisco and went with her determined to sell her before I returned but was disappointed in not finding a purchaser. With a full cargo on our own account, I sailed at once for Hong Kong, sold about half the cargo on arrival, and by the advice of a business firm there retained the balance on board. This firm took half an interest in filling her up with a venture for Saigon in Southern China.

A large fleet of French war vessels had just preceded my arrival; they had passed Hong Kong coming down from Peiko in North China, where with an allied force of the British navy they had been for some time fighting the Chinese. My unsold portion of the Oregon freight being suitable for ship supplies the joint venture the firm made with me was selected with the belief that the fleet would soon be short and they were in a poor port to replenish. I found it as we predicted and soon sold out my whole cargo. My intention then was to fill the vessel with Saigon rice on my own account and return to Hong Kong, as rice was scarce and high when I left, but the fighting going on then (on the river a few miles above the city) had completely stopped the coming in of rice and I could not buy a pound. But there was one China firm there, which had a cargo they wished to ship to Macao, about forty miles south of Hong Kong, which I secured at a good rate of freight and delivered safe in Macao (pronounced Makow). This was about the middle of May 1862.

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After closing up my business the next morning my captain asked me, "Well, Mr. Leonard, what will we do next?" I said we will run over to Hong Kong to-day. I was thinking last night, said he, "that if we could find a suitable cargo in Hong Kong for the Russians at Nicholaofsky and be the first to get there this spring as we were last spring, we could do well." "That's just what I was thinking of too," said I, "and if I cannot sell the 'Orbit' there, its what we will do." We then went over to Hong Kong but finding no purchaser for my brig, lost no time in filling her for another trip to the Amoor, filling her with goods for Nicholavsky. After getting some consignments from my friends in Hong Kong, on which profits were to be divided equally in consideration for my freighting and commissions, I was off as soon as possible. Made a good run to Nicholavsky, Siberia, arriving there in June 1863. The little "Orbit" being the first vessel to reach there after the river was free from ice, as she was the year before, my cargo found a ready sale at good profit. I soon left, sailing for Hakodada and secured a full cargo (on freight) for Shanghai, China. There sold my vessel to the agent of an American firm just then established in business in Yokahama, Japan. After closing up my business in Shanghai, after a week's stay, I took passage on the English steamer "Ly. E. Moon" for Hong Kong. Immediately after I sold the "Orbit" she left for her new home port and was with a number of other vessels lying at Woosung at the mouth of the river at anchor waiting for the weather to clear before starting out to run over to Japan. Our steamer on her way out to sea, sailed close by her. Her captain and crew (so long with me) were on deck to give a parting salute which passed

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between us. A few days after reaching Hong Kong, an American bark came in from Woosung partially dismasted and her captain told me the following day he and the "Orbit" went out in company, and when both were fairly out in the Yellow Sea, a typhoon struck them with which they had a hard battle; his ship was partially dismasted but he reached Hong Kong. He said that he watched the brig from time to time as they were near together, and as far as he could see she rode out all right making "better weather" than he did, but alas, this was the last *authentic* news that ever came back to me or to any one, of her fate. The captain, (Sherman) his wife, who went with him on his last voyage, the crew of six men, cook and boy, all went down. About a month after I reached Portland a bark arrived from Japan bringing me the sad news that she never reached her destination.

As soon as my business was closed in China I took passage for San Francisco in a ship belonging to the firm of A. A. Low & Co., New York, Captain Charles Low, and had a fine trip. Reached Portland once more, thus ending my cruising on the Pacific. I found all my interests going along satisfactorily under the management of John and Henry Green and my brother Irving and Kinzo.

Shortly after this we purchased the franchise of the Portland Water Company, which had been given to a party a short time previous; they had made a small start, having laid but a few blocks of three-inch wooden pipe, bored out by hand and furnishing a supply for a small portion of the town, taking their power from a steam saw mill. I soon started for New York and purchased about six hundred tons of cast-iron

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pipe suitable for both gas and water distribution, also pumping engines and more gas machinery, chartered the bark "Julia Cobb" and started her fully laden for a voyage around Cape Horn. She arrived all right in Portland. Then our work commenced in earnest, building a pumping station on the river above the city, and our first reservoir for city water and the laying of gas and water mains. Previous to this, we had entirely closed out our mercantile business and were devoting our entire energies and labor in keeping up our supply of both water and gas with the increasing demands upon them by the growth of the City of Portland. It became necessary for me to visit the East yearly for the purpose of purchasing the machinery, pipe and supplies requisite to keep pace with the demands.

I now must resume the story of Kinzo, the young Japanese I brought over in the year 1860. He had faithfully remained with us in our employ for nearly eight years. I was starting for New York in the winter of '66 via the Panama route, when he came to me and said he would like to go with me as far as San Francisco. He was then not very well and as a trip might benefit him, I told him to get ready and go, he to stay there a few days and return next steamer. A few days after I sailed for Panama, he met on the street in San Francisco four or five young Japs, old friends of his. They recognized each other and they exchanged the history of their lives since they had parted. They were the personal suite of Count Ito of Japan, on the way with him to Washington. They rushed off to their hotel and told the Count of their discovery. He sent them to Kinzo to invite him to call and see him; he went, and Count Ito asked him

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to dine. He, Kinzo, next day returned the compliment with a dinner to the Count. There was in charge of the Count a party of about thirty young Japs, whom he was taking to the East to place in suitable schools to prepare them for a collegiate education, all young men of good families and no doubt many of them to-day, if living, are among the leading statesmen of Japan.

I knew nothing of these incidents until I returned the next spring when Kinzo related the facts (as written above). Shortly after this a telegram came to our office from Mr. C. W. Brooks, Japanese Consul, at San Francisco, saying to Kinzo, "Count Ito has returned from Washington, goes to Japan next steamer, wishes you to join him, return to Japan where a government appointment awaits you." He handed it to me to read. I asked him "who is this Count Ito?" he replied "He is the greatest man in Japan next to the Mikado, in fact the Premier." I asked him "are you not afraid to return there?" He said "No not at all. I had a long talk with the Count when I met him in San Francisco and my country is all right now; the Reform Party which I joined before I left there, went under at first and I was forced to flee to Hakodada when I met you and you saved my life; had it not been for you, I would have been arrested in Hakodada and taken back and that would have been the last." I said "Kinzo you have asked my advice; we will hate to part with you, but this is another great turning point in your life. Get ready, take the next steamer and report yourself to Count Ito, and return with him." He did so. He wrote me on arriving there that the Count received him cordially, and then said "we sail in two days.

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Mr. Kinzo take this check on the bank for \$1000, my other young men have been doing the same, and each one investing the amount in the way I wish you to do; find out from them what they would have bought and shipped on board our steamer and purchase such things as they have overlooked in the way of goods, particularly mechanics' tools, farming implements and everything that we can not manufacture in our country that will be useful to us." He wrote me all this before sailing away. Again he wrote me before he left bidding me an affectionate farewell and departed for his home, after an absence of nearly eight years. He wrote me frequently, and about one year after he had reached home announced that he would pass through San Francisco on the next coming steamer from Japan, as he was on his way to England with the first Ambassador's suite to the Court of St. James in the capacity of Secretary to the Embassy, (the first minister sent from Japan) and hoped I could meet him there, but I could not meet him. The following year, however, I went to England and the day after I reached London, called at the Minister's residence in Kensington Park Gardens, and Kinzo was overjoyed to meet me. The Minister himself was absent traveling on the continent and Kinzo was in full management. He was very kind and polite to me while there, and paid me many attentions while in London. Two years after I was in London again and found him still in the same position under a new Ambassador. He told me then that he had asked his government to accept his resignation as his health was not very good. They declined that, but gave him the privilege of leaving London to visit Japan hoping that he would regain his health and resume his position,

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this he accepted and was soon to leave for home via the East India route; he remained at home about a year; about then he wrote me from Japan, saying he would again pass through San Francisco on the following steamer, this time, as Secretary to the new Ambassador to Washington. I happened to have business calling me to San Francisco at that time and on the evening the steamer was due, about nine o'clock I was sitting in the Palace Hotel with a friend of mine, Mr. Bloomfield, who had lived in Portland and was the constructing engineer in the building of our gas works and knew Kinzo. Just then a genteel young Japanese came into the hotel. I called Bloomfield's attention to him. My friend said he was attached to the Japanese consulate. I said I presumed he has met Kinzo and very likely knows him. I stepped over to speak with him (as he was in the Custom House) asked him if the expected steamer had been signaled and saying I had a Japanese friend on board; I was expecting a Mr. Kinzo. As soon as I spoke he looked at me a moment and said "Suzukie Kinzo?" "Yes," I replied "that is his name. I brought him over to Portland from Japan and he lived with me eight years before he went back to Japan and I am hoping to meet him as soon as he gets ashore." He looked me in the eye a few seconds and said "I am sorry to have to say to you sir, you will never see him again. The steamer has arrived, and is at her dock; our mail by her has been received an hour ago. Mr. Kinzo died in Tokio five days before she left that port." To say that this was a shock to me can hardly express my feelings, because I had formed a warm attachment for him. I have no doubt that had his life been spared his next promotion would

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have been as Japanese Minister to our Government. His career in life was most interesting and one with which I was very much identified.

In the year 1876 we sold our water works property to the City of Portland and in the year of 1892 closed the sale of our gas works to the present gas company of this city. This also closed up the partnership of the old firm of Leonard & Green which was first formed in 1850 and we both retired from active business, and turned our attention to our private affairs.

George Stephen, third son of Stephen B. and Esther Henrietta Leonard, lived in Owego and trained for literary pursuits. He was an exceptionally bright and intelligent gentleman, gifted with rare literary ability. One who appreciated him writes thus:

“He possessed a well-trained memory and kept well informed on the leading events of the day. He had many friends who enjoyed spending a social hour with him listening to his apt quotations in prose and poetry. For many years he was High Priest of New Jerusalem Chapter of Owego, and when he retired the chapter presented him with an elegant jewel.—From Owego Times.

He was for a time vestryman of St. Paul's Episcopal church. In private conversation the treasure of his choice store of thoughts was manifest in language so simple and words well chosen and softly modulated voice, that held, especially in recitation, his listeners strict attention. Very familiar with the Bible, he could quote readily from its pages. His ear was wonderful for languages or music and he became proficient in French with Mons. Sancit, who taught in his father's family. His voice was a sweet tenor. His

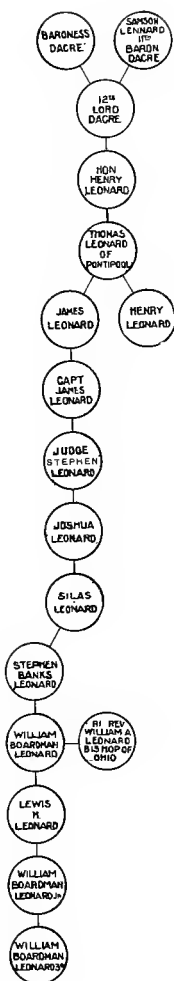
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marriage was a benediction to his life for he was most happy with his congenial, refined wife.

He passed away at the same time that the poet, T. B. Aldrich died, which one city paper commented on, as they were friends. Gentle, refined and honest, could more be asked for a simple quiet life, with hope and trust in his Savior."

William Andrew Leonard, son of William B. and Louisa D., born in Southport, Conn., July 15, 1848. Educated at the Polytechnic School, Brooklyn; James Bett's School, Stamford, Conn.; Phillip's Academy, Andover, Mass.; St. Stephen's College, Annadale, N. Y. Graduated at Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, Conn., May 1871. Ordained deacon by the Right Rev. John Williams, Bishop of Connecticut, in Middleton, Conn., May 30, 1871. Ordained priest by same bishop in St. John's Church, Stamford, Conn., July 21, 1872. Consecrated fourth bishop of Ohio in St. Thomas' Church, N. Y., October 12, 1889. Married April 17, 1873 to Sarah Louisa, daughter of Thomas and Phoebe Saxton Sullivan of Brooklyn, N. Y. He was chaplain of the Twenty-third Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.; curate of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, 1871-1872; rector of Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1872-1880; rector of St. John's Parish, Washington, D. C., 1880-1889; chaplain of the Ohio Society in New York; chaplain of Sons of Colonial Wars, Ohio. The Cathedral Church is Trinity of Cleveland, Ohio. Residence, Cleveland, Ohio.

Lewis Hermon Leonard, son of William B. and Louisa D., born at Southport, Conn., August 13, 1850. married in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 10, 1871 to



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Elizabeth De Witt Robinson, daughter of Jeremiah Potter Robinson. Issue,

Esther Henrietta, married John G. Underhill of Montclair, N. J.

Josephine Bulkley, married Charles S. Towle of Mamaroneck, N. Y.

William Boardman Jr., married Alice H. Howell of New York.

Mabel, married Henry T. Dumbell of New York.

Lewis H., was educated in the schools of Brooklyn, and at Eagleswood Military Academy, Perth Amboy, N. J. Entered his father's banking house; and later established a business of his own, the Wall Street Stores, in warehousing and docks, in Brooklyn, N. Y. Successful in this, he was admitted to interests in the warehouse and salt business of J. P. Robinson & Co. of New York and continued in that firm until its dissolution, in 1897. He made his permanent home at Owego, Tioga County, N. Y., and has developed an important and attractive stock farm. He is engaged especially, in raising the Brown Swiss cattle.

Louisa Bulkley Leonard, daughter of William B. and Louisa D. Leonard, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 2, 1853, married John Van Nostrand of Brooklyn, in 1876. Issue, John James Van Nostrand, who died in Brooklyn, February 5, 1906. Her present home is 192 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.

William Boardman Leonard second, son of Lewis

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H. and Elizabeth D., born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 14, 1873. Partly educated in the Yale Sheffield Scientific School and the Stevens School of Technology. By profession a civil engineer, engaged in subway work in New York, and in the New York & New Haven Railroad Company. Married Alice Holden Howell of New York, November 16, 1898. Issue Elizabeth DeWitt, born January 12, 1904.

William Boardman Leonard third, born in New Rochelle, N. Y., January 13, 1908.

LETTERS OF
STEPHEN B. LEONARD
AND
OTHERS.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

LETTERS OF
STEPHEN B. LEONARD
AND
OTHERS.

* S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Washington, December 5, 1835.

My dear Henrietta,

You will forgive me for so long a delay. Distance, new objects and associations, and change of society, affect others I believe, very differently from what they do me. Altho' I always make up my mind to as far as possible conform to circumstances, and when "among Romans to do as Romans do" yet I must confess I cannot enjoy myself when absent from wife, children and friends as many appear to do with whom I am now associated. When I go back to my own dear home, and in imagination listen to the prattle of those darling little ones, and participate in the kind and affectionate embrace of her and them, who are all dearer to me than life, I say when I do this, and then contemplate the distance in time and space that sepa-

* The initials S. B. L. and E. H. L. refer to Stephen B. Leonard and his wife, Esther Henrietta. W. B. L. to their son, William Boardman.

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rates me from the reality I cannot in spite of myself, but sink into a kind of gloom, from which it requires considerable of an effort to extricate myself. But, my dear wife, do not from what I am saying, imagine me depressed in spirits or unhappy. I should extremely regret to contribute to your anxiety by conveying an idea of this kind.

We had a tolerably good journey to this place, stopping over the Sabbath at Newburgh, and spending some four or five days in the City of New York. Tell Uncle Gregory that I saw his friends in Newburgh and that they made particular inquiries respecting himself and Aunt Celinda. In New York I had the pleasure of spending some time with Cousin Laura Ann and Mr. Ely. They were both in good health. Cousin Laura is pleasantly situated at Dr. Rois, by whom and his lady I was treated with much politeness and attention. Laura had made considerable calculations upon going on to Washington with us, and appeared somewhat disappointed. It would have been very gratifying to me could she have done so. William stood the journey very well. The journey from New York to Washington is quite agreeable. The whole route is performed by steam, by water, and a part on railroad. The cars that run from Baltimore to this city, will accommodate an immense number of passengers, and it is astonishing to witness the extent of patronage which the company receives. The cars are so constructed that from forty to fifty are seated in the same apartment. You would suppose, in looking around, that you were in the midst of some public convention. Several cars of this description go in the same train, and are hurried along at the rate of some fifteen or eighteen miles the

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hour. The spectacle is truly novel and interesting, and I could but anticipate the time when a similar exhibition will be presented along our sequestered valleys. The period is not far distant. The completion of the New York and Erie Railroad will be one of the proudest eras in the history of our state and country.

It seems a great while since I have seen you. Why have you not written? I have not heard a syllable from Owego since we left. Do make your arrangements so as to drop me a few lines several times a week. Hermon and George promised to let me hear from them. Tell them it would afford me very great pleasure to receive a letter from them as often as they can find leisure to write. The evening will be a good season for them to confer this favor upon their father. Have you sleighing? There is not, and has not been this season, a particle of snow here.

It is now Sunday afternoon. I have just returned from church. Dr. Comstock preached. William has also just returned. He went to another church in order to see General Jackson. He is highly pleased with his appearance. By the bye, I forgot to tell you that I had made my bow to all the great men of the city, commencing with the General of course. The President, exalted as my opinion always has been of him, exceeded my expectations altogether. He is in fine health, is a gentleman of great dignity of person and manners, and evidences strong intellectual powers. He is very sociable, unaffected and interesting in conversation, and is purely republican in all he says and does. Congress convenes to-morrow. Probably nothing more will be done than to organize the two Houses. The Message will not be delivered until Tuesday at twelve o'clock. The French question gives

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rise to great speculations among the knowing ones. Some think that war is inevitable. The Message is looked for with the deepest interest. It is impossible to tell what will be the result of our difficulties with that country. I am confident it is the wish of our government to avoid *war*, if it can be done consistently with our rights and national character. We shall be able to form an opinion as to the determination of this government when we get the Message. That document will probably go to the city of New York from here, in less time than it has ever yet been carried. Relays of horses are now on the road, and every arrangement made to give it a speedy passage.

A very sudden death occurred this morning in this city. One of the senators from Connecticut, a Mr. Smith, went to bed in his usual health at eleven last night, and at one, was in the world of spirits. His lady had come on with him. How suddenly have her joys been turned into sorrow. *Yesterday* she was at the Capitol with her husband, apparently full of enjoyment; *to-morrow*, she deposits his earthly remains in the *narrow house*! How unstable are all things here below, and how emphatically true it is that in the midst of life we are in death.

I feel great anxiety to hear from Owego. How is Mrs. Ely? The last letters received when I was in New York, represented her as being worse. Write me particularly respecting every thing that you think will be interesting. Is there anything connected with my business that wants explanation? If so, what?

I have not determined whether William will remain with me through the winter or not. If nothing should present for him to do, probably I shall have him return. A few days will determine. I do not regret his

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coming on with me, even though I do not get him into business, as what he has seen will be of great service to him. Should he return it will be best for Hermon to go to Trumansburgh this winter, and William to the Academy in Owego. Tell Hermon and George that I am calculating on their making great improvements. And now, my dear Henrietta, let me again say to you, that you must write me *immediately* and write me *often*.

Yours affectionately,

S. B. L.

P. S. Tell Mr. Shurtleff that I have not received his paper since I left. I want him to forward it.

P. S. Tell Brother Anson and Cousin Henry to write me. Give my best respects to them, as also to Mrs. Camp, Julia, Abby, George, Francis, Charlotte, etc., etc., and to Mr. and Mrs. Clisbe,

Yours,

S. B. L.

S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Washington, Dec. 10, 1835.

Dear Wife:

I am greatly disappointed this morning in not receiving a letter from you. I had somehow or other got it into my head that last evening's mail would bring me some tidings from home—but nothing has come. You don't know how anxious I am to hear from you. It is now about a month since I left, and I

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have not had a scratch of a pen from my family. I know your time is almost wholly engrossed in the cares of the family, but I want you to have your pen and paper in your room, and every day if possible, devote a moment to telling me how you are. *Don't fail.*

Nothing particular has occurred since I wrote you. I mentioned, I believe, the sudden death of Mr. Smith, the senator from Connecticut. He was buried yesterday, under all the rites and ceremonies usual on such occasions. The President and Vice-President together with all the heads of Departments, and the members of both Houses of Congress, were in attendance. The procession from the Capitol to the grave was very imposing, extending all of a mile in length. Some two hundred hacks were in requisition. I cannot say, however, that the proceedings taken all together, struck me favorably. The whole is a mere matter of form, and not calculated to inspire one with the proper sensations. I suppose the expense attending such a funeral will not fall short of \$2000. This is borne by the government. The hacks are all entitled to \$4.00 each, and there are a great many persons who officiated in the ceremony.

* I have got William into business. He is one of the messengers. His employment is rather a pleasant one, and I think his situation will be an advantage to him. He boards with me at a very good house. Our mess at present consists of about twelve persons; two senators and two representatives from Maine, three from Connecticut and the residue from our own state.

Give my respects to all inquiring friends, and love

* He means to say that he secured a position as *Page* in the Senate for his eldest son, William Boardman Leonard. In his time the *Page* was denominated a *Messenger*.

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to the family. Kiss the little ones for me. I think of them much, and hearing from you and them *often* will afford me the greatest happiness.

Yours affectionately,

S. B. LEONARD.

Mrs. H. Leonard.

S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Washington, Dec. 16, 1835.

Dear Wife:

Your kind favor of the 9th inst. has this moment been handed me, and I wish to tell you how much joy its perusal gave me. Never did I break a seal with more interest, for I had not heard a syllable from you since we left home. I am rejoiced to hear that you are all in health. I have written you twice since my arrival here, which letters it seems you had not received, at the date of yours. Ere this, they have probably come to hand. In them you will see I have put my commands upon you (gently, of course) to let me hear from you often. I hope you will gratify me in this particular.

My own health, as also that of William, is very good. You say you have had sleighing almost ever since we left. Here there is not a flake of snow. The weather, however, at this moment, is very cold. Wind as cutting as any that we have at the North. I hope you will manage to keep yourself and the little ones around you, comfortable through this inclement season. Be assured I think of you and them very often.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

I am glad to hear that Mrs. Ely is better. Laura Ann promised to write me, but has not, and I have felt very anxious about Julia.

I am glad to hear that Brother Anson calls upon you frequently, he is very kind.

Yours affectionately,

S. B. LEONARD.

Mrs. H. Leonard.

P. S. Masters Hermon and George I think it was the understanding that you were occasionally to favor me with a letter. It would gratify me much if you would do so.

Your father,

S. B. L.

The following letter of William B. Leonard to his mother, gives his impressions of President Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, and of the Washington City of that day.

W. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Washington, Dec. 19, 1835.

My dear Mother:

Your kind and affectionate favor of the 9th inst. arrived here a few days ago since, and I must confess I never received a letter from any one that gave me such a heartfelt gratification. Coming from the affectionate source that it did, and breathing such a kind and loving expression of sentiment, while reading it my feelings were truly indescribable. We have had a long and tedious journey to overcome, and that we

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have arrived safe at its termination, as you say, ought to make us thankful to *Him* under whose kind care and watchfulness we have been preserved. Mother, in my previous letter I described to you our journey down; I will now relate to you some of the things that are to be seen in Washington. The city itself is not interesting in the least; it covers a considerable extent of ground, but it is very much scattered. The Potomac runs probably a half-a-mile from the city. The public matters are all that give life and animation to the place. If it were not for these, it would not do as much business as Owego. The land roundabout is miserable, and therefore agriculture is very low. There are a number of very fine buildings here, but they all belong to the government. The Capitol, in which Congress assembles, is said to be one of the best buildings in the world. It is situated on an elevated spot at one end of the city, and the President's or, Big White House, as it is called, at the other. In one wing of the Capitol is the Senate Chamber, in the other is the House of Representatives. In the centre is a spacious rotunda, which is decorated on every side with some of the finest specimens of painting and sculpture. In this building is transacted the great and important affairs of the nation. Here are assembled the representatives of every state in the Union, who come to provide and make laws for their country. Since I wrote you last I have seen the President, the heads of the Departments, and many other distinguished individuals such as Van Buren, Clay, Webster, etc. The President looks extremely well. If you have ever seen his portrait you know exactly how he appears, as it is a fac-simile of him. His hair is perfectly white and stands upright. He is tall and

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his appearance is commanding. He walks with a firm, elastic step, and is quite polite and affable. I have no doubt, mother, but that you would be pleased with him. If you are a thorough going Administration *man*, as you say, I know you would. It was my good luck last evening to hear Henry Clay address an assembly, and I do say it exceeded anything I ever heard. He is a most perfect orator, his language is chaste. His figure tall and commanding, and his voice full and round. It was at a meeting of the American Colonization Society that I heard him, assembled at the Capitol. A number of other gentlemen addressed the Chair also, upon the same subject, and while I would not by any means detract from the merits of their efforts, I cannot but say that the broad and expansive views of the subject taken by Mr. Clay portrayed in his bold and vivid manner, put them far in the back-ground.

I have succeeded in getting into business, but it is very different from what I expected. The compensation is only twelve shillings per day, which is considerable less than I was aware of when at home. I have to pay \$5.00 a week for my board, which will make it not much of an object. Father's board is \$10.00. Washing costs seventy-five cents a dozen, and everything else is in proportion. The weather here is very near as cold as at the North, and much more unpleasant, changing every day. There has been no snow of any consequence. There have been a number of deaths within the last week, three members have gone to another world. Accept our highest affection and regard.

W. B. LEONARD.

E. H. Leonard.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Washington, Dec. 31, 1835.

Dear Henrietta:

Your affectionate favor of the 15th inst. is now before me.

I rejoice to hear that Mrs. Ely is recovering, for I have felt considerably anxious respecting her. I gave your respects to the Rev. Dr. Comstock, as you requested. He appeared much pleased to hear from you. You will be sorry to learn that he lost his election as chaplain. It was a close run, his opponent succeeding by a majority of *one vote only*, and that after five ballotings.

After William returns if you think it best for Hermon to go out to his uncle's, at Trumansburgh and go to school this winter, I should be pleased to have it so. Do as you think best. I want them both to be kept as close to their studies as possible. Has Jacob taken any wood to Uncle Gregory? If he has not I wish he would. How is Mr. Joseph Pumpelly? I heard he was dangerously sick.

Give my respects to Brother Anson, Cousin Henry, and the rest of the family, and believe me

Yours affectionately,

S. B. LEONARD.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO HIS SON HERMON.

Washington, Jan. 9, 1836.

My dear Son :

I believe I have received two letters from you since I have been in this city, but have not done myself the privilege of giving you a single line in return, until this moment. You will pardon me. As I am now at my table in the House, whilst there is an animated and somewhat confused discussion going on, and as the hour of adjournment is at hand, I must be very brief, reserving until a more favorable opportunity, the pleasure of giving you a long letter.

I am happy to learn that you constantly attend school. Do you, my son, improve your time and opportunities as you ought? To the fullest extent of your abilities? When as you retire at night, and before going to sleep, you take a retrospect of your conduct through the day (and it would be very well, my son, to make a practice of doing this every night), do you find nothing to chide yourself for? Have you discharged all your duties to your mother, and little brothers and sisters? Have you devoted all the time you ought to your books, and have you made all the progress in your studies that you should have made? Has your deportment, and *whole conduct* been such as you can fully approve? I do not put these interrogations, my dear son, with a view to embarrass you. Were I convinced that they could all be truly answered in the affirmative, I should feel that I was a happy father indeed. Let me indulge in the hope, however, that you come nearly up to this standard, and that you will exert yourself to come quite up to it.

Your last letter arrived here after William had

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left. I read it with much satisfaction. You are not quite particular enough in your orthography, and you do not take pains enough in your hand-writing. You had better practice in writing a little more; and you must be particularly careful to spell correctly. What studies are you now attending to? How do you like the teachers, and how are the prospects of the Academy? Write me often. Give my love to your mother and the children.

From your affectionate father,
S. B. LEONARD.

H. C. Leonard.

TO E. H. L.

Washington, Friday Eve., Jan. 9, '36.

Dear Wife:

I thank you for affording me the pleasure of reading three communications from your hand in such quick succession. Be assured there is nothing so gratifying to me as to get letters from home. Your description of the scene presented on Christmas Eve, was very interesting to me, and produced very agreeable sensations. I can readily imagine how everything appeared. The evening far spent, you at the table writing, and the stockings of the darling little ones suspended on forks around the fire-place, in anticipation of a Christmas present. The morning scene too—As soon as the day peeped and the little ones had awoke from their slumbers, to see them scampering for their stockings to ascertain what *Santa Claus* had

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done for them. Well these things seem childish to talk about, but after all, they oftentimes constitute some of the happiest moments of our lives.

Tell little George that I am most indebted to him for his letter, his New Year's address, and his acrostic. Tell him, that I indulge the hope that he is a very good boy, and that he is improving rapidly. I am glad to hear that Henrietta and little Emily are so well. I shall bring them a present when I come home. I flatter myself that William is now with you. He must have had a tedious journey. It is a long and tiresome road to travel, especially at this inclement time of the year. I received a letter from him when at Baltimore, Harrisburg and Bloomsburgh. It was very gratifying thus to hear of his progress.

I was called upon to-day by Mr. Baldwin, formerly of the Academy. He spends a few weeks here. You say Mr. Pumpelly is better. I rejoice to hear it. His death would have been a great loss to our village. Mr. Ely, it appears has visited Owego. How is Julia? Did Laura Ann accompany Mr. E.? Brother Anson's health you said was not very good. What is the matter with him? How is Mrs. Camp's health, and the rest of the family? I forgot in my last to inquire about uncle and aunt. How are they? Has Jacob drawn them any wood? How is mother's health? Is Patty Tyler with you yet? If she is, I meant to have told William to make her a New Year's present. *Jared Sperry* wrote me to-day. *Flora* is to be married this winter. Did not say to whom. Matters look a little squally with respect to our difficulties with France. Our minister has returned to this country, arrived here to-day. We shall have a special Message from the President very shortly. The desire

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of our government is to remain at peace, but she may be compelled in vindication of her honor and her rights to resort to arms. I am in hopes, however, that we shall be able to avoid a war.

Yours affectionately,

S. B. LEONARD.

TO E. H. L.

Washington, Jan. 19, 1836.

Dear Wife:

William's letter dated the 7th, and George's dated the 8th came to hand this morning, having been some nine or ten days on the way. This rate of travelling does not compare with that of William on his way home. I think it very probable that the recent fall of snow, of which Hermon speaks in a postscript to George's letter, has been the reason of so tardy a movement. Yesterday morning (Sunday), for the first time, the earth here was covered with snow, and in the course of the day I saw two or three *jumpers*, of the most rude construction, dashing through the streets. Before night, however, the sport was over, the snow having entirely disappeared.

To-day we had a Special Message from the President, on the subject of our French affairs. The documents which accompanied it being, in part, the correspondence between our minister and the French government, places the posture of our affairs in a worse light than I supposed, and from present appearances it would not be surprising if a war should be

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the issue. The Message is all, and nothing more, than it should be. It does not recommend war, but it plainly indicates that a compliance with the terms required by France (as an inducement for her to conform to the terms of the treaty, and to pay the money which she owes us) can never be condescended to by this government. And in this he is perfectly right, and to this, will the great body of American people respond. The conduct of France is outrageous, it is dishonorable and insulting, in the highest degree. I have never yet believed we should have a war, and am still in hopes it may be avoided, but if France persists in the course she appears to have marked out, I do not see how hostilities are to be avoided. Congress will no doubt make an appropriation to put our country in an immediate state of defense, and all importations of French goods will, probably, be immediately prohibited.

Yours affectionately,

S. B. L.

Mrs. E. H. Leonard.

TO E. H. L.

Washington, Jan. 24th, '36.

My dear Wife:

We have now very good sleighing here, and the weather is cold. It will probably continue but a short time, however, as it is no uncommon thing to have two or three changes in the course of twenty-four hours. I learn by your last letter that you have recently had an unusual fall of snow. On the whole

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I should think you have a very hard winter. Hay, I think will be a scarce article, and grain, you say, is already high.

You can say to William that things remain the same as when he was here. I occupy the same room, and our mess is the same. Mr. Doubleday has been confined to his room for several days. I am fearful he will have a regular course of fever.

Yours truly,

S. B. LEONARD.

Mrs. H. L.

TO E. H. L.

Washington, Tuesday evening, Feb. 5, 1836.

Mr. dear Wife:

I am going this evening to take supper with Governor Cass,* and expect the carriage at the door any minute. I have only time, therefore, to acknowledge the receipt of your kind favor of 29th ultimo, covering a line also from little George, which came to hand this morning. I feel grateful for the expressions of tenderness and affection which it bears to me, and trust that I duly appreciate the sincerity with which it is uttered, and the worth of her who utters it.

Accept my thanks and believe me,

Yours truly,

S. B. LEONARD.

Mrs. H. Leonard.

Love to the family.

* General Lewis Cass.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO HIS SON WILLIAM.

Washington, Feb. 5, 1836.

My dear son :

It appears you have one of the most tremendous winters that has been known for many years. Should the immense body of snow that is on the ground, go off rapidly either by rain or a hot sun, it is greatly to be apprehended that the consequences along the valley would be terribly alarming and disastrous.

There has nothing new transpired here. The same round of discussion at the House. Abolition as usual, coming in every day for a share of the people's time, and the people's money. It has become to myself, and I believe to a great majority of the members a very stale and a very disgusting subject.

You ask me if I occupy the same room that I did when you were with me ; I do, and the mess remains the same.

Yours affectionately,

S. B. LEONARD.

To W. B. L.

TO E. H. L.

Washington, Feb. 13, 1836.

My dear Wife :

I have permitted some five or six days to pass without writing you, for which omission I very much chide myself, as it has not been in accordance with a resolution I had formed. You will pardon me for the

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omission, as I know you will not ascribe my negligence to thoughtlessness, or a want of regard. No—I am satisfied you will not do this. When I shall merit *such* a rebuke, I shall cease to respect myself, and be wholly unworthy her whom I now address.

I am happy to learn that you and the family are in good health. The winter it seems, holds out with unrelenting severity. It cannot but cause great distress among the poor and destitute, and their sufferings I think must make strong appeals to the mercy and charity of those who are beyond want.

Old Mr. Billings you say, has left us. Well, his has been rather a rough voyage, and I hope his barque is finally moored in a better haven than it ever yet has found.

William writes a very good letter, and I am gratified in the belief that he is resolved to make a proper disposition of his time and opportunities. Hermon and George, I trust, are no less sensible (particularly Hermon) of the importance of turning their present advantages to the best account. Perhaps a more propitious time may never present for laying foundations for future respectability and usefulness in the world.

I have had two letters from Brother Hermon since I have been here, and yesterday I received one from Albert H. Stone of Trumansburgh. They are all well.

Believe me, yours truly,

S. B. LEONARD.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

TO E. H. L.

Washington, Feb. 18, 1836.

My dear Wife:

I just take pen to say to you that I dropped a line to William yesterday, and with it forwarded a few numbers of the Penny Magazine. I am not much acquainted with the character of the work, but am inclined to believe it valuable for juvenile readers.

You have no doubt been gratified to learn that the difficulties between this country and France, have been amicably adjusted. Such is the fact, and of course the *war* apprehensions may be now dissipated.

The boys may say to Mrs. Avery that Charles called upon me this evening. He is very well. His father is expected here in a few days.

Yours affectionately,

S. B. L.

Mrs. H. L.

S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Washington, Feb. 22, 1836.

Dear Wife:

Your favor of the 17th inst. arrived this morning. I should think you were a little depressed in spirits and gloomy when you wrote. Were you not? Well, if you were I should not be surprised. Such a winter as you have is enough to discourage any one. I was astonished to know that the snow had been on a level with our yard fence. It is a burying up, indeed.

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Should it go off with a rain, great damage to the lowlands along the creeks and river is to be apprehended. It is probable, however, it will dissolve gradually.

We have had three days rest. The House adjourned on Friday until Tuesday. To-day, Monday, the weather has been delightful, and would seem to have given life and animation to the whole population of the city. There has been more display of *fashion* and *beauty*, in the streets this afternoon, than all the rest I have seen since the commencement of the session. What has given additional interest to the scene, probably, is the fact of its being *Washington's Birthday*.

I thank the darling little children for the love remembered to me. I think of them very often.

Yours affectionately,

S. B. L.

S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Washington, Feb. 27, 1836.

Dear Wife:

We have to-day quite a heavy snow-storm, and I should think the quantity now on the ground, upon the level, exceeds twelve inches. Such a depth *here*, especially at this season, is quite a novelty. As I **have** heretofore remarked to you, however, the Washington climate is very changeable, and it would not be at all surprising if to-morrow should bring with it a warm and genial sun. Such was the state of the weather no longer ago than yesterday. It was quite

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warm, and there was every indication of a rapid advance of vegetation—to-day, the earth is clad in snow, and everything wearing the appearance of a northern winter. With all these changes, however, health generally prevails, and for myself I think the climate preferable to our own.

There has nothing of interest transpired here lately. Everything goes on as usual. It is impossible to make any calculations as to the length of the session, though it is not likely it will close before about the middle of June or first of July. I should think not before the last named period. It is a large and difficult body to transact business in, and everything goes very slow.

Yours truly,

S. B. L.

Mrs. E. H. Leonard.

S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Washington, Feb. 29, 1836.

Dear Wife:

This is Sunday evening, and I have been in my room all day. Should have attended church had I felt like going out. Some of our family, I presume, have been listening to Mr. White. Well he is in truth a very valuable man, and I hope he may long be continued with us. We hear much of the ability of this preacher, and the eloquence of that, but I confess there are few that I have been so fortunate

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as to fall in with that compare with our own good pastor.

Remember me to the family, and accept the renewed assurance of my affectionate regard.

Yours truly,

S. B. L.

Mrs. H. Leonard.

S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

On March 10th, 1836, he writes to his wife :

The House adjourned over yesterday in order to afford such of the members as had a desire to do so, an opportunity of witnessing the *launch* of a fine vessel of war, built at the navy yard, near this city. The day was clear, and the scene novel and grand, beyond description. The spectators must have amounted to some thousands.

What a winter you have! Rapid as the flight of time is—and wrong as it would seem to be, to desire its more speedy exit, yet I think you cannot but anticipate with anxiety, the period when your streams may once more be unloosened from their icy fetters—when you may see the face of the earth again, and when the rays of a genial sun may again warm and animate you.

Yours affectionately,

S. B. LEONARD.

Mrs. H. Leonard.

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S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Washington, March 26, 1836.

Dear Wife:

You will conclude, I think, that we have become very industrious, when I tell you that I am now writing by *candle-light*, at the House, which has been in session since eleven o'clock this morning. This is the first time the hall has been lit up this season, and I wish you were here to witness its splendid appearance. There must be some 150 or 200 tapers emitting their bright effulgence, giving to the interior of this magnificent edifice, an appearance which it is beyond my power to describe. The business before the House, and which excites so much interest, is the contested election of the State of North Carolina. We are desirous of settling the question to-night, if possible.

Yours affectionately,

S. B. L.

E. H. Leonard.

S. B. L. TO HIS SON WILLIAM.

Washington, March 30, 1836.

My dear Son:

Your kind favor of the 23rd, inst. arrived by yesterday's mail. The gratification which the marginal note on the newspaper afforded me was of short duration, as I now learn that your little brother Irving has had another attack, and is again prostrate. Dear

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little fellow, I fear that disease has really marked him for its own, and that' all our hopes and expectations have got to be blasted. I am sure you will do everything in your power to relieve your dear mother. The fore part of the winter I heard much of her good health, but I am fearful her labors and anxieties will be too much for her.

I was much pleased with your description of the hour of midnight in your last letter, and could but realize most sensibly the scene which you so happily portray, as presenting at, and about the same time of your writing. The doors having closed after the respective members of the family, as they had retired to their chambers, your mother just fallen into a quiet slumber—the stillness of night undisturbed save by the faint ticking of the clock, denoting the flight of time, and you, by the side of your little sick brother, engaged in dropping a line to your father. It was an interesting moment, and my mind has dwelt upon it much, as I have perused and re-perused your letter.

There is nothing very interesting doing here at present. On Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, we had a confused as well as disgraceful scene at the House. The subject was the North Carolina contested election. In the course of the discussion *Wise* and *Peyton*, who you know sit at my left, were, as usual, very vindictive, and *Bynam* of North Carolina, taking a bold stand against them, a very heated debate sprung up suddenly between *Wise* and *Bynam*, in which very improper and insulting language was exchanged. The Speaker called to order immediately, but for a moment things looked very bad. Had they not been prevented, a second more would have brought them to blows. You know they have both fought two

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or three duels already. I supposed this difficulty would certainly end in one, but am happy to learn it has been all compromised. The scene was a disgraceful one, and I should not allude to it but for the fact that you know the parties. I think I would not say much respecting it.

Your affectionate father,

S. B. L.

To, Wm. B. L.

S. B. L. TO HIS SON WILLIAM.

House of Representatives,
Washington, April 2, 1836.

My dear Son:

Your favor of the 27th inst. has just come to hand. I am happy to learn that little Irving is considered better.

It seems your winter begins to give back. It must be a matter of felicitation, I think, to everybody.

To-day, the weather here is very much changed. It seems quite like summer. The sun shines in meridian splendour, and the ear is charmed with the melody of the feathered songsters, as they carol from their little *wire-prisons*.

You ask me whether I have rented the farmhouse. I have not. I do not exactly like the idea of letting Mr. K. have it, but do not know that we can do better. I fear he will trouble us with respect to paying the rent. If Mr. K. will satisfy you that he will pay the rent punctually, I shall not object. He had better pay it quarterly. We shall perhaps want some work. The

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manure had better, principally, be put upon the lot above the barn, and that lot sowed with oats and seeded. It has been ploughed long enough. I suppose the winter closed in before the meadow above the house was all ploughed up; that, of course, will have to be finished. On that lot you will put corn, and pumpkins. You will have to buy at least three-quarters of a ton of plaster perhaps a ton. The lot on the left side of the road, back side of the swamp, had also best be plastered. It will make good pasture the fore part of the season, and will not prevent breaking it up in the fall if we think best. There is a piece of that lot, you know, at the lower end, which has never been seeded down, and if you can muster rails enough, I don't know but you had best run a fence round it, and have it ready to put to buckwheat. If Jacob gets back from down the river, in season, let all the logs be cut up and piled, or drawn off, that is possible. The lot next Mr. Tyler, where potatoes were put last year, had best be put to potatoes again. There is a strip of land between the fence and the ditch, on the front side of the swamp, that had best also be plastered. It is uncertain whether the lot will be wanted this season for the railroad. We shall learn, in time to plough it if necessary. I think you had better get your plaster up to the barn before the road breaks up.

I am very fearful you will be troubled to plough with the oxen, but hope not. It would be well to get out the manure as early as possible.

Remember me to your mother and the family, and believe me,

Your affectionate father,

S. B. L.

W. B. Leonard.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO HIS SON WILLIAM.

Washington, April 12, 1836.

Dear William:

It seems your exhibition passed off to your satisfaction. I am very glad to hear it. Hope yourself and brothers acquitted yourselves creditably. You did not inform me whether your Mama was in attendance.

I had the pleasure this morning of receiving a letter from Col. McCormick. He informed me that the steamboat was to start down the river on the next Monday. I hope she may succeed well.

What luck do you have in making collections? Probably not very good. I will send you some money to buy plaster. You will want enough to put on at least ten acres. Ask your Uncle Anson how much you must buy. I presume not less than a ton. The whole back lot—the lower orchard—and the meadows on the left of the road must be sowed.

Did you see my letter in the Ithaca Journal, on the subject of slavery? The printer made several bad errors, which I very much regret. Some words are wholly omitted, and others inserted that ought not to have been. Such as *dissolved* for *disrobed*, *granted* for *guaranteed*, etc. etc. These errors very much deteriorate from the merits of the letter.

I mention in my letter to Hermon that he must tell your Mama that Flora Sperry was married to a Mr. Turrill. They have commenced keeping house in the building in which your mother was born. They will visit Owego this fall. How is Mrs. Camp's family? Remember me to them—also to uncle and aunt.

Yours truly, S. B. L.

W. B. Leonard.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Washington, Monday Mor.

April 18, 1836.

My dear Wife:

Your kind favor of the 11th inst. has just come to hand. Little Irving it seems is pretty well restored, and little Emily has now become the subject of anxiety. Your afflictions are certainly very great, and I rejoice that you bear up under them so well. Such continued watching, labor, and solicitude must be very wearing to the constitution. I shall feel very anxious with regard to this dear little daughter, and hope you will see that some one of the boys drop me a line each day until her case be decided.

I learn by your letter that the river is very high. It is certainly a matter of much felicitation that the ice has gone out without doing the damage that was anticipated. The weather is warm here. The fields are quite green, and our tables begin to be furnished with vegetables.

I have heard nothing since your last, relative to Brother Anson's health. You remarked at that time that his cough continued bad, and that you had considerable anxiety about him. How is he now?

As I remarked to you day before yesterday, it is uncertain at what time Congress will adjourn. Many think the fore part of June. I should not be surprised if it should be the latter part. There is a great deal to do, and in any decision that may be made as to the adjournment, there will no doubt much business remain unfinished.

I am happy to learn that the boys are attentive to you, and do all they can to assist in your labors.

Yours affectionately, S. B. L.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO HIS SON WILLIAM.

Washington, April 29, 1836.

Dear William:

I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your favor of 23rd, inst. brought by last evening's mail. Dear little Emily, it seems, is no better. Darling child! I had anticipated great pleasure in meeting her with the rest of the family on my return home, and I hope God will yet grant me that privilege. Your dear mother has a very trying time of it, and I trust you will do everything in your power to relieve her.

The Erie railroad bill has passed. You may ask Mr. James Pumpelly whether it will be best to do anything with the lot through which it is to pass on our farm. I think you might get a crop off before they will want it.

I sent by the mail some little books to the little girls and George, and also a few numbers of the magazine. I shall forward more numbers to-morrow.

S. B. L.

In a letter of May 5, 1836, he writes to his son, W. B. L. "Another of our members died on Sunday of apoplexy. This makes four since the commencement of the session. The one to whom I refer is Governor Manning of South Carolina. He was a gentleman of fine talents and great merit.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO HIS SON WILLIAM.

Washington, May 10, '36.

Dear Son:

The communication between us is now certainly very expeditious, being but from four to four-and-a-half days.

I am glad you are satisfied with your ox trade, and that you have a team upon which you can rely. The back lot, by Mr. Tyler's you say you shall put to *corn* instead of *oats*; I approve of it. I would suggest, however, the policy of putting *potatoes* upon that part of it next the swamp. Some portion of it you know, is rather rough, and besides I think the birds will be troublesome, it being so immediately in the vicinity of the swamp. I hope you have seen to plastering the grass land as I suggested. The spot of ground at the lower end of lot upon the left-hand side of the road, opposite Mr. Tyler's (I mean back-side swamp), ought to be ploughed early. I want it ploughed up into the side hill above the large roots, where we sawed the pine wood. There are also a few trees that want girdling. Have it made as mellow as possible. It must be ploughed twice or three times to effect that object. In order to bring the land to, thoroughly, I think it might be as well to put potatoes upon it, or buckwheat, just as yourself and Jacob think best.

Nathan Burrows left here yesterday morning. Charles and Stella Avery are now in town.

Your affectionate father,

S. B. LEONARD.

Wm. B. Leonard.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Washington, May 20, 1836.

Dear Wife:

I had the pleasure of meeting with Cousin *Henry W. Camp* yesterday, and called with him this morning upon the President. Mr. Franklin Slosson of New York, is also here. Henry will leave for Port Deposit this evening.

There seems to be much doubt as to the real state of things on the Mexican border. Reports reached here yesterday, that General Houston had obtained a decided victory over the tyrant *Santa Anna*, and that the latter was taken prisoner. This information came in such a way, and from such a source, as to be fully accredited by the President and Secretary of War, as also by many gentlemen who reside in that region, but who are at present, in this city. It is now, however, ascertained to be in a great measure, incorrect. That there has been a partial engagement, and that the Texans were most successful, there is no doubt; but that General *Santa Anna* was taken prisoner, is without foundation. Although this is a contest in which we, as a nation, have nothing to do, yet as friends of freedom and humanity, and as the enemies of tyranny and oppression, every generous sympathy of our nature cannot but be enlisted in the cause of a brave and persecuted people, struggling for their lives and for their liberty.

The *Florida* campaign among the Indians has been suspended until the hot weather shall have passed. It has been rather an unfortunate expedition, having cost much money, and nothing been accomplished. General Scott was the commander, a man of much

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military science, but not calculated for Indian warfare.

We have just received intelligence that a war has broken out on the Georgia and Alabama borders, by the Creek Indians. They are a very numerous and warlike tribe, and it is said they have already murdered a great number of the inhabitants, regardless of age, sex or condition. A bill passed our House yesterday, appropriating *half-a-million* of dollars for the defense of these frontiers. What reason have we to be thankful that we are so remote from those scenes of death and desolation.

I am unable to be definite as to time of adjournment. I fear it will not be much before the first of July.

Your affectionate husband,

S. B. LEONARD.

H. L. Leonard.

S. B. L. TO HIS SON WILLIAM.

Washington, May 23, 1836.

Dear William:

The renewed and warm expressions of regard which your letter bears, imparts consolations which none but a doting parent can duly appreciate, and sensible that however much of veneration and love you may cherish, that they are fully reciprocated on *my* part, I indulge the pleasing hope that these mutual attachments will continue to strengthen and increase as we go down the vale of time, and that when the period shall arrive which compels to a separation *you* will be cheered with the consolation of having discharged all

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the duties of a faithful and obedient *son* and *I* of a kind and affectionate *father*.

In a letter which I wrote your mother yesterday, I informed her that Cousin Henry Camp had been here. He left yesterday, was here but one day. I also mentioned to your mother that the news of the victory of General Houston over the Mexican General Santa Anna, had been contradicted and was supposed to be untrue. To-day the report is confirmed, and there is very little doubt that there has been a great victory achieved by the brave Texans, and that Santa Anna is a prisoner.

Your affectionate father,

S. B. LEONARD.

W. B. Leonard.

S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Washington, May 25, 1836.

Dear Wife:

I had the pleasure of receiving your favor of the 19th inst. by this morning's mail. Be assured, that with you, I begin to count the days when, *life* and *health* permitting, I shall have the privilege of embracing those who are so near and dear to me. You say you have fixed upon the time of my return at about one month from the date of your letter. I wish I could indulge the hope of meeting your calculations, but am constrained to say there is no prospect of our adjourning before the 25th of June.

Your affectionate husband,

S. B. LEONARD.

Mrs. H. Leonard.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO HIS SON WILLIAM.

Washington, June 4, 1836.

Dear William :

I send you by this day's mail an address delivered by Governor Lewis Cass, a few weeks ago, before the *American Historical Society*, in this city. I had the gratification to hear it. It was delivered in the Capitol before a very numerous audience. You will find it well worth perusing.

Your affectionate father,

S. B. LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Washington, June 13, 1836.

My dear Wife:

I am pained to hear of the loss which Mrs. Camp, Cousin Henry and Mr. Clizbe have sustained in the destruction of their valuable furnace. It was a noble establishment, and its accommodations and benefit to the surrounding country began to be universally felt and acknowledged. It is a discouraging blow to our ardent, enterprising, and public-spirited nephew, but his good sense, and laudable ambition, will enable him to rise above it, and I have no doubt that instead of sinking under his misfortune, we shall see him calling still more of his energies into action, and that in due time, a new and more valuable establishment will be reared upon the ruins of the old.

I am pleased to learn that the farm looks so prom-

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ising. Hope that William and Jacob will see that the hoeing of the corn is not neglected. It is all important that it should be attended to in season. It would be well for them to plaster it after it is weeded out.

I trust they will not insist upon the railroad (the Erie) passing where they have struck their stakes. I shall write Mr. Pumpelly upon the subject, as also Mr. Ruggles. I am sure it is equally well, if not better, to have the road pass on the back of the swamp. I hope nothing final will be fixed upon until my return. Ask William if he knows young Mr. Smith, the engineer. His father has spent the winter with me, and he wrote his son a few days since on this subject. Judge Wright, the chief engineer, Mr. Ellett, who first explored the route, and Mr. Ruggles and Mr. King all said that undoubtedly the line would pass the back of our swamp on our farm. William had better see Mr. Smith if he comes into the village, and if Mr. Ruggles should happen there, I wish by all means, for him to be seen, and informed that I feel a deep interest in the matter, and that I shall take it as a great favor if he would give his attention to the subject.

It is uncertain whether Congress adjourn on the 27th inst. or the week after. The session will not continue after the 4th, and I think it probable it will end on the 27th.

The Rev. Mr. White is now here, I attended church with him to-day. He leaves for home at two in the morning; will probably reach about a week from to-day, or from Tuesday.

Your affectionate husband,

S. B. L.

Mrs. H. Leonard.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO HIS SON WILLIAM.

Washington, June 14, 1836.

Dear Son:

I received yours of the 9th to-day, am sorry to learn that they are running the railroad line through our farm so contrary to our wishes. I do not think they will persist in it. There can be no doubt that the public interest will be *better* served, by running on the back of the swamp, and such was the opinion of Major Wright, Mr. Ellett, Mr. Ruggles and Mr. King. Mr. Ellett was in this city yesterday, and repeated what he had often said before. I have written Mr. Ruggles upon the subject. Mr. James Pumpelly, I understand, is absent. It is his wish, as well as ours, to have the line run along the back of the swamp. I am in hopes there will nothing be done before my return. I mentioned in a letter to your mother yesterday, that Mr. Smith, the engineer, had been written to by his father upon the subject. If you become acquainted with Mr. S. you will, of course, talk with him in relation to it.

Give my love to your mother and the children.

Yours affectionately,

S. B. L.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Washington, June 17, 1836.

My dear Wife:

I only take pen to say to you that Congress will adjourn on the Fourth of July, as resolutions to that effect have passed both Houses. I suppose time will drag very heavy from this time forward to that period, I am sure it will with me, especially if the weather continues as warm as it is to-day, and I expect we have nothing else to expect.

A *duel* was fought yesterday morning a few miles out of the city, between two of our members, General Bynam, of North Carolina, and Mr. Jenifer of Maryland. William, I think, will recollect them, especially General Bynam. He is the same who had difficulty with Mr. Wise a few weeks since. Notwithstanding, however, that they are both considered *good shots*, and that six fires were exchanged, neither party had his *skin broke*, or his *button cut*, and consequently the *doctor*, *cabinet-maker*, and *tailor* were cheated out of a job. This duelling system is disgraceful and degrading, and ought to be frowned upon by every one who regards either the laws of *God*, or of his country.

Yours affectionately,

S. B. LEONARD.

Mrs. H. Leonard.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

House of Representatives,
June 24th, 1836.

My dear Wife:

Between daylight and dark, and before the candles are lighted up, I take pen to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 18th inst. You gave me a long and good letter, and I have read it several times to-day with much pleasure. You must pardon me for the brief one I give in reply.

Be assured I shall not neglect to attend to your memorandum on my return through New York. I shall consult Cousin Julia as you suggest. The Fourth of July is near at hand, and I never anticipated its approach with more pleasure.

You heard of the late duel between Mr. Jenifer and General Bynam. Its result was not fatal. Not so, however, with one that took place last evening. Two *midshipmen*, between the age of nineteen and twenty, one of them the nephew of Chief Justice Taney, and the other the son of a respectable gentleman of this city, went out to murder each other in the same "honorable" way, and at the second fire the first named fell, and expired in a few moments. His mother was attending a party at Governor Cass' when the melancholy intelligence was communicated to her. How heartrending it must have been to her. As remarked in my last letter, this duelling practice is outrageously wicked, and ought to be frowned upon by every one who reverences the laws of his God and of his country.

Yours truly,

S. B. LEONARD.

Mrs. H. Leonard.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO HIS SON WILLIAM.

Washington, June 30, 1836.

Dear Son:

It is now *ten at night* and the House is still in session. The bill making appropriations for carrying into effect certain *Indian Treaties*, is now undergoing a very animated discussion. Mr. John Quincy Adams has just taken his seat, and *Baldwin* of Virginia, whom you will recollect, is now on the floor. I think it more than probable that we shall be up all night. These things are not quite so pleasant, but they cannot be avoided. The session closes on Monday, and however industrious we may be, and however many hours we may labor, there will no doubt, much important business remain unacted upon.

I am happy to learn that the family are in tolerable health. I must confess I have at times given up ever again seeing my dear little children, but in their restoration *God* has given me additional evidence of His goodness, and laid me under still greater obligations for the many and continued favors I have ever been receiving at His hands.

I am glad to learn that business is brisk at Owego, and that the engineers are engaged in their work on the great Erie Railroad. No doubt there will be considerable excitement on the subject of its location through the village.

I feel anxious to set my face to the North, and shall do so shortly. In a few days I hope to be with you. Good-night.

Your affectionate father,

S. B. LEONARD.

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S. B. L. TO JUDGE STRONG OF OWEGO.

Washington, Jan. 17, 1840.

Dear Friend :

Your kind and very acceptable favors of the 25th ultimo, and 5th inst. arrived in due course of time and are now both before me. I thank you for them, and trust that it is unnecessary for me to say that I am always happy in hearing from you, and that you cannot confer a greater favor, now that I am absent from
" *Wife, children, and friends* "

than by occasionally dropping me a line, as you may have leisure and inclination.

I have nothing interesting to communicate. You are advised of all that is passing here, through the medium of the press, in advance of any communication I could make, as the public journals containing each day's proceedings of Congress, are mailed and sent off each night after adjournment. In truth, however, there is very little doing, of a business nature, and I am fearful there will not be much accomplished this session.

The Jersey question, you perceive, has at length gone to the Committee on Elections, where it ought to have gone three weeks ago. I think we shall have a report on the subject in a very short time, as the evidence must be nearly all on hand. The committee are, however, authorized to send for persons and papers.

I had learned a few days before the receipt of your letter, that the Abolitionists were moving in our county. Some one, I don't know who, forwarded me a printed circular, calling a convention at the Baptist Church, on the 10th inst. That day has

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passed, and I suppose those of our citizens who attended, were favored with all the *light* upon this *dark* subject that could be made to flow from a garret down to a ——! Well, as you say, I am not without apprehension as to the consequences that may ultimately grow out of these reckless movements, if persisted in,—and yet it does seem impossible that the intelligent, liberal minded, and discriminating portion of the people of the country can, or will, to any considerable extent, be led away by the misconceived doctrines of those *perhaps* honest, but at any rate overheated and misguided men. I am unwilling to come to such a conclusion.

I shall take an early opportunity to ascertain whether the pamphlets you desire can be obtained, and if obtained will forward them to you at my earliest convenience.

Did I mention to you that I made some inquiries of General McKay of North Carolina, about your sister? She yet remains a widow and he says it is understood that it is her intention always to do so. He speaks in the highest terms of her, and although the allusion to your lamented brother was painful, as associated with the recollection of his premature death, yet I was gratified at the manner in which he spoke of him. In adverting to his capacity, his promise, and his moral worth, no one could go further. He placed him in the front rank of the most talented men of the State. But in the language of the poet,

“ Why further seek his merits to disclose? ”

It is only calculated to increase the anguish of those who knew him best, and loved him most, and to tear open a wound which perhaps had but partially healed.

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The cup of bliss, from which he was taking most copious libations was, in an unfortunate hour, dashed to pieces. His morning sun, which rose in splendor, and seemed to beckon onward, went down before it was noon. The cherished hopes, the bright prospects and fond anticipations, of wife, of parent, of brother, were blasted in a moment, for the deadly spoiler came,—the poisoned arrow went home to its victim,—and the spirit took its flight “to God who gave it.”—And now,

“————— it matters not,
To whom related, or by whom begot,
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the great shall be.”

Pardon me, my dear friend, for thus alluding to an event, which I know has caused your generous heart to ache, and which has wrung from you many a tear. I am chided by the reflection that I have done wrong, but you will forgive.

I have not been in the Senate Chamber to-day, but understand the Independent Treasury Bill has been under discussion. It is the same as that passed by that body at the last Congress with some very immaterial exception, such as relates to the compensations of the officers, etc. It will no doubt pass that branch of the Legislature very soon. What its fate will be in the House it is impossible *now* to say, but I think there is very little question as to the passage of the law before the session closes.

We had scarcely got rid of the perplexing Jersey case, before we were made to encounter a still more embarrassing obstacle to the progress of business. We are now in the midst of another *Abolition* discussion, and at the moment of writing you, the elements

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around me are in perfect commotion. Little *Stanley* of North Carolina, certainly one of the most contemptible and disagreeable "things" in human shape that I ever met with, is now holding forth, and has been for more than an hour, ranting and raving like a mad bull. I think it quite probable that several days will have to pass off before any calm, considerate and efficient action on the part of the House can be had upon the subject.

The melancholy intelligence of the burning of the steamboat, near New Haven, will have reached you. Report says that about 160 passengers were destroyed! How appalling the thought! One cannot dwell upon it without shuddering. Oh, what a moment of shrieking and despair to the unfortunate victims! No eye to pity, and no arm to save! God be merciful, we pray Thee, to their dear departed spirits.

The weather is very cold. Sleighing tolerably good. Write me often. My best respects to Mrs. Strong, and to all my dear nieces.

Yours truly,

S. B. LEONARD.

S. Strong, Esq.

S. B. L. TO HIS SON WILLIAM.

Washington, March 6, 1837.

My dear Son:

You will be surprised at receiving a letter from me, dated in this city, at so late a period. It was my intention to have left for home on Saturday im-

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mediately after the inauguration but a few moments before the time of starting the cars, I received some letters from Elmira, relating to business of importance here, which rendered it necessary for me to stay over until tomorrow. It was with great reluctance that I made up my mind to do so, as I had written that I should leave on that day, and at what time I might be expected.

There are some members in town yet, but I think by to-morrow they will have pretty much dispersed.

The Inauguration ceremony was grand and imposing. I presume there were not less than twenty thousand persons present, among whom were many foreigners of distinction. The day was fine, animation beamed in every eye, and good nature dwelt upon every countenance. The *military*, with their splendid equipage,—the *music*, which was of the first order,—the array of *carriages* and *horsemen*,—the *multitude* on *foot*,—the *importance of the occasion*, all, everything, conspired to give novelty and interest to the scene. The President-elect, *Mr. Van Buren*, accompanied by his venerable and venerated predecessor, rode in the new phaeton, recently presented by the citizens of New York to Gen Jackson. You have doubtless seen a description of it. It is built wholly of timber taken from the old frigate, *Constitution*,—has not a particle of paint upon it, but is polished in the highest manner. The timber is *live oak*, the grain and shades of which appear to fine advantage. It is said to have cost \$1300.00. On this occasion it was drawn by four beautiful white horses.

The Inauguration ceremony took place in the East portico of the Capitol. As the President and Ex-president alighted from the carriage and ascended the steps,

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the loud and reiterated huzzas fell on the ear on every side. The address of Mr. Van Buren was evidently well received. He appeared extremely well, evidencing a due sense of the importance of the station to which he had been elevated, and of the responsibilities which he was about to assume. At the close of the address, General Jackson arose, uncovered, and bowed to the multitude, whose eager and deep anxiety to get another look at their much loved old chieftain, was now gratified. No sooner did his manly but time worn form present to their view, than an involuntary burst of acclamation rent the air. It was *the last interview*, a thousand interesting associations rushed upon the mind, and as he receded and was lost in the crowd, my feelings for the moment were quite overcome. He is very feeble, and I am fearful is not long for this world. He starts for the Hermitage to-morrow. Surely he will carry with him into retirement the love and the gratitude of the great body of his fellow citizens.

Remember me to your uncle and aunt, as also to the rest of the family.

In haste, your affectionate father,

S. B. LEONARD.

W. B. Leonard.

MRS. E. H. L. TO S. B. L.

Owego, May 29, 1840.

My dear Husband:

It has been some time since I gave myself the pleasure of writing you. My eyes have been weak,

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and indeed I have suffered from debility generally. I am entirely free from pains, and it seems quite unaccountable to me what produces this weakness. I have received two letters from you recently, the one which contained your description of your visit to Mount Vernon, was very interesting to us. I assure you I am glad you have been, it will be a source of gratification when in the future, you recur to the time you have spent in Washington. You say, you wish I could have been there too. It would have been very pleasant, I think I should prefer a visit to that place before any other.

You speak of having been out of health with a cold. I am sorry to hear that colds affect you so much of late, it used to be otherwise. I hope you are not troubled with a cough.

Mrs. Johnson, wife of William Johnson, died this morning of the consumption brought on by a severe cold taken last winter. She was in the prime of life and has left three little children. They have met with a great loss, Mr. J. has been much afflicted.

Our family are still continued in health. Hermon stays at the farm altogether. I have had the garden made, but not as good as if you were at home; but I think we shall have excellent vegetables. I have lately been over to the farm, I think the crops look very well except the wheat on the top of the hill. The orchard looked beautiful, as it was in full bloom. I do not think, however, that our cattle look very well, for the keeping they have had; eight sheep died during the course of the winter.

You say you shall not probably be home before July, well that will soon be here. And I can say with sincerity, as little Irving did the other evening when

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I was putting him to bed "I hope the Lord will keep father alive so he can come home again." This is only one of his sensible remarks.

Brother Harry has written you the result of the Hollenback business, so I need not mention it again. I have not had a letter from ——— since the death of his wife. He does not ask whether his mother is dead or alive. It is strange indeed, I think he commits a great sin, and I hope he will see it himself before long.

I hope I may be enabled to pursue a proper course, and be kept in the path of duty, and suffer rather than do wrong. We have had very fine weather, but to-day it is rather sour and disagreeable.

I hear that our corn was all in by the 22nd. I hope we shall have a better crop than we did last year.

Write me again soon,

Yours most affectionately,

HENRIETTA LEONARD.

S. B. Leonard.

S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Washington, May 29, 1840.

My dear Wife:

I have just had the satisfaction of reading your kind letter of 24th inst. How gratifying it is thus to hold communion with those we hold most dear,—those allied to us by the strongest ties that bind us to earth. But my dear Henrietta, I am pained to hear of your continued weak state of health. Are you

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not neglecting means within your reach which might give you relief? If you are, do not neglect them any longer. Consult the physician, and see if he cannot prescribe something. Perhaps some strengthening wine bitters would be of service, and do you ride enough? I wish you would omit nothing that promises to benefit you.

My sympathies were not a little touched at your repetition of the expression of my dear little *Irving*, that he "hoped the Lord would keep father alive so he can come home again." Darling little fellow,—God grant that I may not be deprived of that privilege. I look forward to that happy moment with deep solicitude. It is yet uncertain when Congress will adjourn, but the prospect is that the session will be somewhat protracted. You must not be disappointed if it should hold on till sometime in July, perhaps as late as the middle of that month.

The Independent Treasury Bill, as you are already advised, has at length been taken up, and is now under consideration in the House. It will be the subject of much debate, and with the mass of other business now on the calendar, must necessarily prolong our sitting to something near the time mentioned. I observe by the Advertiser of last week that our village was to be ornamented with a "Log Cabin." Has it been erected?"

Yours truly,

S. B. LEONARD.

Mrs. H. Leonard.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

New York, June 24, 1840.

Dear Sir:

On behalf of a Convention of the Democratic Republican Electors of the City of New York, we respectfully invite you to participate with them in their commemoration of the approaching Anniversary of American Independence. The arrangements which they have made, contemplate the delivery of an oration by the Hon. Samuel Young, with other appropriate exercises incidental thereto. The celebration will take place at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Greene Street, between Broome and Spring Streets; and the exercises will commence at three o'clock in the afternoon, precisely.

The Committee will be in attendance at the Committee Room in Tammany Hall, from half past one to half past two o'clock, to receive their guests, at which time they will proceed with them to the church.

With great respect,

Your obedient servants,

SAMUEL P. WANDELL,

CHAS. HUNTER,

NELSON J. WATERBURY.

Hon. Stephen B. Leonard.

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The following letters relate to William B. Leonard's stay in Albany. He held a post in the bank, and then through the kind offices of the Hon. Thomas Farrington, State Treasurer, he secured an office in the Register's Department of the State. After this he made his way to New York, and entered into a business career, which eventuated in his ultimate success.

W. B. L. TO S. B. L.

Incorporated Banking Department,
Compt'rs Office, Albany,
September 20, 1840.

Dear Father:

Mr. Fay leaves for Owego this afternoon. I thought I would avail myself of the opportunity and drop you a few lines. Since I last wrote you, there has been much done and said in the city on the subject of retaining Whigs in the various public offices under the patronage of the State. I believe I told you in my last, of the action had at the Ward meetings; well, last week the Democratic Central Committee passed resolutions expressive of disapprobation in retaining Whigs in place, and at the same time appointed a committee to wait on the Comptroller and Treasurer and ascertain their views on the matter. I understand the Comptroller has expressed a willingness to accede to the request of the Democrats. One thing is certain, Farrington must remove the present Deputy, or he will be ousted himself.

I am yet retained here, but the business of this

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office is nearly wound up, the banks are about supplied with the full amount of their circulation. I may have work a week or so longer, and may not, I will write you again, however, before leaving the city. It is impossible to tell who Mr. F. will appoint, but I think John F. Bacon or Mr. Fay stand the best chance; if it should be the latter I think I shall have the clerkship, I do not believe Farrington will appoint Fay and neglect me, for you know the expression was as strong in my favor as in his, and I do not believe as much action would have been had, were I not an applicant; of course you know how that stands. On the other hand if Mr. Bacon should be the man, I should then have some hopes of a place. You know Mr. B. is one of the chief Registers of this Department and I think I could have his influence for his place, in case he should get the Deputyship in the Treasurer's Office. I had a talk with Mr. Bacon on the subject a day or two since, and he seems quite favorable; he wants the Deputyship, and he thinks Farrington is inclined to favor me from a conversation he had with him while the matter was in agitation last winter. I shall prefer a Register berth to the other; Mr. Bacon's salary is \$900. I cannot tell what will be done but I shall do what I can for myself, I shall find out Farrington's views soon and will write you. Mr. Fay can give an idea of matters and things here; he has been getting him a wife and you will probably see her, they are to be married to-day at noon. His lady I am very intimate with, and if you see her you will find her a fine young lady.

I think if there is no prospect of doing anything here that I shall go and see some of my Connecticut friends before I return, and shall try to get into some business.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

Hermion seems inclined to leave Trumansburg this fall, I think he had better stay until spring at least. The Democrats in Tioga I should judge, were laboring under a species of insanity; they are cutting their own throats; I see you do not take any part in the trouble, I think that the most prudent course.

Your affectionate son,

WILLIAM B. LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO HIS NIECE DOLLY M. SPERRY

Washington, Jan. 19, 1841.

My dear Niece:

I avail myself of a moment to thank you for your very acceptable favor of the 11th inst. just come to hand. A long time had intervened since I had seen a line from your pen and the evidence now furnished of your remembrance and kind regard, inspires me with a sense of obligation which I have not language to express. It is unnecessary to say that I am happy in hearing from you, and to learn that the family are well. Accept my unfeigned acknowledgements, dear girl, for the affectionate manner in which you are pleased to speak of your aunt and myself; and rest assured that the friendship you cherish towards us, is most cordially reciprocated.

Of our recent visit at your uncle's in New York, to which you allude, I will only say that it was rendered as agreeable to us as the kindest of treatment *could* render it. Everything was done, by that interesting family, to make our stay with them pleasant, and whilst I felicitate myself upon the value of their

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acquaintance, I shall ever hold in grateful remembrance their kind attentions on that occasion. With your *uncle*, I had had the pleasure of a partial acquaintance before. He is a gentleman for whom I entertain a very high regard. Your aunt combines a large share of those qualities which constitute true excellence, and which renders her sex interesting and valuable—and as to Cousin Lucy Caroline, is she not a most promising and lovely girl? To me, she certainly appears so, and I think I am not mistaken. I hope there is great good in store for her, and that as she ripens to maturity, she may so conduct, as not only to meet the anxious desires of her parents and friends, but also secure to herself a character for virtue and usefulness, that shall be deemed worthy of imitation in all after time. Make my kind regards to her, and to all the family when you write them.

Your Aunt Henrietta had a very fatiguing journey home from New York, but I believe her health is much improved. Exercise, change of climate, etc., etc., has no doubt been beneficial to her.

You must make up your mind to come again to Owego, and remain with us some time. What say you to it?

Remember me kindly to your mother. Tell Flora that I love her as much as ever, and want to see her. Give my respects to her husband.

Write we as often as you have leisure, and believe me

Your affectionate uncle,

S. B. LEONARD.

Miss Dolly M. Sperry.

P. S. Make my kind regards to your Grandfather Averill.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Washington, February 14, '41.

My dear Wife:

I have your favor of the 7th inst. and you may be assured I am happy in its receipt, not having had a scrap from your pen since 22nd. of last month, when you wrote me respecting the bill forgery. I almost began to think that you had forgotten me. No, *I will take that back*, I know your affection and worth, too well, to justify for a moment such a thought; but depend upon it the time has appeared long to me.

I am gratified to learn that you have had a visit from Hermon and Henrietta, and that you enjoyed it so well. Wish I could have been home to have enjoyed it with you.

Have you received a draft on New York bank from me yet?

Affectionately yours,

S. B. LEONARD.

Mrs. H. L.

S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Washington, Feb. 15, 1841.

My dear Wife:

The enclosed communication from Cousin Dolly has just reached me. I had also a letter from her by the same mail. Is she not a most excellent, warm-hearted, affectionate girl? Surely, she is so. I have written her once or twice this winter, and intend

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writing her again before I leave. The time for leaving draws near. Two weeks from next Thursday brings the session to a close, and already some of the members are beginning to pack their books and clothes, with a view to their journey home. Well, although there is great uncertainty involved in the question whether all will ever reach their places of destination, yet there is a satisfaction in the anticipation of so soon meeting and embracing those we *love*, that cannot be described, and that no one can realize except from experience.

You say that Hermon partakes largely of your affections. I know he does, and that is just what was to have been expected from one so capable as yourself of judging and properly estimating *true merit*. Hermon is an uncommon boy, and aside from the ties of consanguinity, is entitled to our warmest affections, on account of his many virtues and manly, noble bearing. But, my dear Henrietta, we *cannot*, neither *have* we, any desire to distinguish. We are peculiarly blest in all the pledges of our affection which have been given us. Our children are all sensible, kind-hearted, and affectionate, and I have no doubt will ever be happy in contributing to our happiness. This is a consolation, and I trust will continue to be a consolation under whatever circumstances the vicissitudes of fortune may place us. And here permit me to say, and I do it without a design to *flatter*, for of that I should be incapable, in this case, that for whatever amount of good qualities our sons and daughters may now or hereafter be distinguished, I shall ever be disposed to assign to you a great deal more than an equal share of the credit. *They* have most abundant cause to rejoice in such a *mother*, and *I* in such a *wife*

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

I am agreeably disappointed in regard to the *Berkshire family*, as I had no idea of your being able to *save* any of the *young* members at this inclement season.
Love to all.

Yours affectionately,
S. B. LEONARD.

Mrs. H. Leonard.

S. B. L. TO HIS SON GEORGE

Washington, Feb. 18, 1841.

Dear George:

I received your kind, acceptable, and very interesting letter of 7th inst. in due course of mail, and I am sure if you could be sensible of the gratification which it afforded me, and the pleasure which I always derive from your communications, the intervals would not be suffered to be so long. But, as remarked by me not long since, perhaps your time has been much occupied in attending to your business and your studies, and if so, certainly I ought not to complain. You say that you think you have improved some this winter. I am glad to hear it, and I hope you will continue to progress forward in the pursuit of knowledge, to the extent of your energies. Let nothing swerve you,—be resolute,—be *determined*, and rest assured you will overcome obstacles which at first may seem insurmountable, and ultimately accomplish that for yourself which no one can accomplish for you,—and which under the blessing of God may place you high among the virtuous, the enlightened, and useful men of our country. These distinctions, my son, distinc-

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tions certainly worthy of a laudable ambition, can never be attained to but by dint of application, and steadiness of purpose. If within your reach, why not aspire to them? The prize is a splendid one,—make the effort in good earnest, and if you are successful great will be the triumph; and if unfortunately you never reach the *summit*, such may be your approximation to it as to yield to yourself and friends the highest consolation.

To your inquiry about the President-elect, I must say in all candor, that I was greatly disappointed in him. I had always imagined General Harrison to be a tall, fine figure, with good eye, and fine person; not as possessing much mind, but of, perhaps, peculiarly prepossessing manners. I was mistaken in all but *one* of the opinions I had formed. He is short and spare, somewhat bent in body, and is altogether the reverse of being prepossessing. I had an introduction to him yesterday. He left for Virginia this morning, and will return about the first of the coming month.

I am glad you have examined "Knickerbocker" and that you approve of the work, as I have subscribed for it. As for myself, I have not read it enough to give an opinion as to its merits.

You speak of the new *Cabinet*. It has already been formed by Gen. H. and is constituted as follows: Mr. Webster, Secretary of State; Mr. Badger, of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy; Mr. Ewing of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Granger of our State, P. M. General; and Mr. Crittenden of Kentucky, Attorney General; Mr. John Bell of Tennessee, Secretary of War.

Your affectionate father,

S. B. LEONARD.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

MR. A. AVERILL TO S. B. L.

New York, February 24, 1841.

Hon S. B. Leonard,

Dear Sir :

Your esteemed favor of 15th inst. was duly received. We were all glad to hear from Mrs. Leonard. I was fearful that unpleasant weather together with bad roads, would render the journey a fatiguing one, as you intimate it was.

In reference to the new Cabinet, I think well of the two first names you mention, viz, Messrs. Webster and Ewing, the reputation of the others is well spoken of. I hope the new administration will prove on trial to be quite as acceptable to the country, as the one now about to retire, and I earnestly hope the affairs of State will be conducted in such way as to secure the peace and welfare of the nation.

I have had some thoughts of attending the Inauguration at Washington the 4th proximo. but there appears to be a prospect of a regular jam upon the occasion; besides, most persons who will go will at least get the credit of "office seeking" and I believe I shall conclude to remain at home. My son, Joseph Otis, is quite anxious to have me go and take him, but it will be quite as well for him to avail himself of some future occasion of this kind, if his life is prolonged. I have had a surgical operation performed upon his left eye, which has been successful in entirely removing the turn, or squinting of the eye, which is now perfectly straight, and his appearance is altered greatly for the better. His right eye is a little turned

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but we shall not have the surgeon's instruments used upon it at present. This is a recent discovery, and the number of operations of the kind in this country, are but few. I have heard of six or seven only, and all have proved successful. Dr. I. Kearney Rodgers was the surgeon who operated on Otis.

From the experiences I have had in being absent from my own family, which, with one exception when I spent a winter in South Carolina, have been but a few days at a time, I can sympathize with you in your anticipations of returning to the comforts and enjoyments of "home" surrounded with "wife, children, and friends."

Should you return by way of this city I shall be very glad to have you make our house your home. In speaking of this, when your letter was read at 77 Amity St., Mrs. Averill united with me in the wish above expressed.

I send an "Express" of this morning under cover to you, containing the European advices brought by the Steamer Britannia. Business in this city is rather quiet, the re-suspension of the banks (or many of them), south of us, has a very unfavorable influence on the exchanges of the Country, and a depressing effect upon business generally.

Mrs. Averill with her mother, together with Lucy Caroline and Joseph Otis Averill, unite with me in kind regards to you, and also to your family when you see them.

Very truly and respectfully yours,
AUGUSTIN AVERILL.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

During his residence in Washington, Mr. Leonard lived with Mr. and Mrs. Wimsatt. Their house was on Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite the present Botanical Gardens, about 4th and 5th Street, on the east side. He made an impression upon these excellent people, reflected in their letters, and they are of quaint interest.

MR. J. WIMSATT TO S. B. L.

Washington, January 24, 1842.

My dear, but neglected friend:

Instead of being at church, holding communion, as I undoubtedly ought to be (this being Sunday), with our God, I have, after a long silence, just taken up my pen to write to you; though I feel that the friendly relations, heretofore existing between us, have been neglected and the letter which I am about to reply to, has remained unanswered so long, and in this way our thread of intercourse so widely sundered, I know not where to commence, or how attempt a reunion of parts. Perhaps, however, the first duty I have to perform is to acknowledge the receipt of your very friendly and most acceptable favor of the 22nd of last May, just above alluded to; and the second to beg forgiveness for my gross neglect in not answering it sooner; and thirdly, to endeavor to make amends for past neglect. But before I proceed further, permit me to assure you that although my conduct is evidence to the contrary, my neglect has proceeded from no want of friendship, respect, or esteem; for within the whole scope of my remembrance, I know of no one who possesses so much of either, nor one in whom I

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have, or imagine I have discovered a soul so perfectly congenial to any one, as yourself. It is on this account I venture the use of this, to some less ardent, effeminate language.

I rejoice that you found your family well, and sincerely hope they, as well as yourself, will continue so. You say you hope to be forgiven for your remissness in writing. Upon this score, although a letter from you is, and always will be most acceptable, I am perfectly willing to square accounts and pass receipts with a view to the commencement of a new account, for I think I have taken overpay. This is the only way I see of getting off.

You say you have but a moment to write in, and that on that account you postpone writing more, to another time. This I hold you to. The pleasure and satisfaction you promise yourself in your agricultural pursuits, I begrudge, without participation. Agriculture has always been to me a favorite pursuit, though I have not had opportunities of full indulgence.

In allusion to the "Extra Session" you say you wish to be informed how my house fills up, and that you suppose Washington begins to assume its wonted animation. As that Session has been past so long, my reply to this part of your letter will have reference to the scenes and persons of the present regular session.

As to *my house*, you are aware the business was one for which nature and inclination never intended me. I always loathed it, and accordingly soon after the close of the Extra Session, I sold out my establishment, and am now settling up my concerns with a view to embark in something new, and would be obliged to you for your advice on this point.

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Though I had meditated this step for some time previous, I received a powerful impulse toward it from the fact of having the luck of getting into my house at the Extra Session, some of the most ill-bred, vulgar, coarse, ungentle, and badly disposed people I ever had acquaintance or ever saw. They were so bad I was compelled to dismiss some of them from the house in a peremptory and summary manner. But what made it worse, they were of the *Genus Honorable*.

Washington has now its wonted animation. It has its usual number of swarms of gay, giddy, human butterflies; its dandies, its office-seekers, and its letter writers.

The good-humored, witty, and laughable Gov. Reynolds is here with his amiable wife, whom he takes about as much as usual, but poor creature! she is more than two-thirds of her time in a sick-bed.

The smart, shrewd, intelligent and useful Mrs. Brewster is here, with her nondescript husband.

The good old Col. Debeny is here in good health, and is as amiable as ever but is the same unwavering "Whig" he always was. I called on him last night.

Mr. Doig is here but I have not seen him. That noble hearted Virginian "Craig" is *not* here. His district is represented by a "Whig." It will never be represented better or more faithfully than by him, though it may perhaps be more ably.

The great statue of Washington, by Greenough, ordered by Congress, is up, in the rotunda of the Capitol. It is a masterly production, but it is sitting instead of standing, and in regard to habiliments, is unfaithful to history, which, in such cases, I deem important. Its only covering is a loose robe, hung loosely over the

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right shoulder and hanging down over the abdomen and legs, leaving the entire bust uncovered.

Our friend, "Jane C."—"the lovely Jane," was well when I last saw her, and single, and as lovely as ever. She is now on a visit to a friend in Brooklyn, N. Y. Your requests in regard to her were attended to.

Your requests in regard to the settlement of your library account were attended to instantler, and all is right in regard thereto. I imagine I am acquainted with Mrs. Leonard, and therefore take the liberty of presenting to her, through you, my best respects and those of my wife, who requests me to say also, that an opportunity to pay her a visit would afford her great pleasure; and I assure you it would afford me no less to pay you both a visit, but we are so wide apart I dare not hope I shall ever enjoy that pleasure.

Your sincere friend,

JOSEPH WIMSATT.

To the Hon. Stephen B. Leonard.

P. S. The bad style of this letter may be in some measure attributed to my being unwell, and the mental machinery out of order on that account.

J. WIMSATT TO S. B. L.

Washington, Sept. 1st, 1842.

My dear Friend:

Your most acceptable letter of 1st of July last was regularly received and immediately handed me by our mutual friend, "Col. E. Debeny" to whom it was

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enclosed, and the only apology I have to offer you for not answering it sooner is, that wishing to give you a positive and definite reply to that one of its interrogations which relates to my removal from Washington, and not being able to do so until after the transpiration of recent circumstances, I could not answer it satisfactorily at that time, and therefore deferred until now in order that I might do so.

I regret the correctness of your conjecture respecting the non-receipt of the letter which you inform me you wrote me and forwarded to me by private conveyance on the 1st of February last.

In consequence of this failure I had much anxiety and many painful misgivings respecting you. I thought the chain of friendly correspondence between us was irreparably broken—I thought you neglected me. I am most happy that the breach was temporary and that you have forged a new link to repair it. When I inform you that these feelings and emotions are from the heart and that, at this time, I am convinced I know no other gentleman towards whom I could experience similar ones, even if a similar occasion were presented, you will be able to make proper deductions in regard to my opinion of you.

You exclaim "how gratifying it is to be able thus to commune with our friends!" The expression of this sentiment, when it is done with the sincerity with which I am sure you were inspired at the time you wrote it, opens one of the bright and glowing pages of a warm and generous heart, and enables one to read what all admire. It is a sentiment I most sincerely reciprocate with the addition that, for this alone the organization of civil society is worthy of being preserved.

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I am glad to see you are so happily situated in the enjoyment of all the material comforts and blessings which this world affords, and wish you a long continuance of that state.

You are right in supposing the boarding-house business was not congenial to my feelings. So far from its being congenial, I loathed it. I did not choose it; my wife was engaged in it when, and before, I married her, and I merely continued for a while because she wished me to do so. I do not, however, regret having done so, as it has been the means of my gaining some valuable friends.

You inquire who our mess comprised at the last Extra Session of Congress. It was made up of Judge Ruggles of Maine, Mr. Doig of your State, Judge Brewster also of your State, Col. Debeny of North Carolina, Gov. Reynolds of Illinois, Mr. W. and lady of Tennessee, Mr. N. and lady of Tennessee, and Mr. Caldwell of North Carolina. In addition to these we had some transient boarders, but those to whom I allude when I spoke of the great annoyance I experienced during that session, were exclusively the four from Tennessee, for although some one or two of the others were not as pleasant as they might have been, yet I considered some one, or all, of the Tennesseans were the prime cause. Mrs. W. was, without exception, the most vulgar, coarse, ungentle, mischievous and outrageous woman I ever saw who pretended to move in genteel society. She was so much so that *I* was not only compelled to dismiss her and her husband from my house, but she became so well known here that they could not get board in the place, and her husband was at last compelled to send her home without him. At least that is com-

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mon report, and as the facts of the case corroborate the statement, I believe the whole to be true.

When I received your letter I obeyed its commands in regard to Miss Jane, and I think she said you had promised her a beau, and told me to remind you of the promise. She is yet living and as pretty as ever, though single. She is at this time in Pennsylvania on a visit.

I have determined to remove from this place to that part of the State of Georgia commonly called the Cherokee country, and if no accident happens to prevent it, I shall get off about three or four weeks from this time. But as I shall upon my arrival, be almost an entire stranger, and having no time to lose in establishing my social and political relations, I have thought proper to take with me facilities to this end in the form of introductory letters. In furtherance of this plan, I request that you will please forward to me here, letters of introduction to such distinguished gentlemen of Georgia as you may be acquainted with, and which your own social and political relations may permit. Your compliance will greatly add to the number and weight of the many obligations I am already under to you.

After reminding you that with such means as these, a person may do, towards such an object, in a few months what, without them, would require years of labor to accomplish, I deem further apology for this request unnecessary. I have already received a number of very valuable letters of the sort alluded to, from some of the most distinguished men of the nation, and hope to add yours to the number.

If propriety would allow I would name as two of the men to whom it would be my advantage to be

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introduced, the present Governor (Charles I. McDonald) and ex-Gov. Wilson Lampkin. But in this respect I must leave you at liberty.

I have seen no reason for changing my political opinions. On the contrary I am strengthened and confirmed in the opinion that the Democratic are the true doctrines for the country and have the satisfaction to believe they will again soon prevail. I must say no more on the subject of politics for the field is so wide, and I think and feel so much on the subject that if I should embark in it I should exhaust your patience.

My family are enjoying health. We have been living privately since the adjournment of the Extra Session of Congress. But our old friend Col. Debeny has been with us until day before yesterday, since about three months ago. The old man was uncomfortable where he was, and as he is a man for whom I entertain the highest sentiments of respect, I gave him a room and board in my house.

I shall first locate in Campbell County (Georgia, near Campbellton P. O.), and immediately after being settled, will let you hear from me with the view and hope of preserving an unbroken chain of correspondence between us to the end of our lives.

Mrs. Wimsatt and little Sally join me in an expression of respect and regard toward your lady and self. You ask what business I expect to follow. I have not fully determined. The practice of law at this moment seems to offer the strongest inducements, but if, after looking around, I perceive anything more promising, I shall embrace it.

Upon reflection it seems to me that as you have been known so long in public life, you are sufficiently known to admit of your writing a letter to Governor

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McDonald of the kind I want, whether you are personally acquainted with him or not. I have one to him from a member of Congress who never saw him.

Very respectfully,

Your sincere friend,

JOSEPH WIMSATT.

W. B. L. TO S. B. L.

Albany, July 20th, 1843.

Dear Father:

I received a letter from Hermon, shortly after he returned from Owego, he seemed much pleased with his visit, and I presume you were as much pleased. Hermon is a fine young man and will eventually succeed. I have just learned that Mr. Farrington leaves for Owego to-morrow morning, and I could not let the opportunity pass, although I have not much time now to write.

I called upon Mr. Averill while in the city and was much pleased with him, he is a pleasant and sociable man, and I enjoyed an hour's chit-chat with him very much. He inquired very particularly after mother and yourself and wished to be remembered to you. I did not have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. or Miss A. they were quite indisposed and confined to their rooms. Mr. A. invited me to dine with him, but under the circumstances I thought best to decline. I had anticipated going to New Haven but my time would not permit, had I gone there I should have called upon Judge Boardman; I may possibly go there before the season closes. You say times

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are hard and money very scarce in the country, well, in the city it is just the reverse, money is very plenty, and the banks advertise to loan money at 5%. I am surprised that they reject country securities, but such is the fact.

I saw Alvah Archibold in New York, he was trying to effect a loan, and Farrington went down to assist him, but I am told it was no go. I said nothing to Mr. Averill on the subject of a loan, no good opportunity occurred, I feel doubtful as to the result but cannot tell, nor did I say anything in regard to a situation with him for either Hermon or myself, while there; but after I had been home a few days I thought I would drop him a line on the subject of a situation for myself. He answered my letters very readily and politely, saying that he did not then know of a vacancy, that good situations were not easily obtained, but if he could do anything to assist me it would be done cheerfully. I am aware that Hermon thought of making application there, but as it was probable that I should soon be out of employment, I thought I would make the trial; well it has resulted as I expected.

When in New York I had a conversation with Mr. Daniel S. Dickinson, the Lieutenant Governor, on the subject, and he said he would see Mr. Flagg about it. I have not moved in the matter as yet, nor indeed can I do anything that would avail much; they are split up here among the leading men, and there is no safety in approaching any of them; it is Young & Floyd, and Bouch, Marcy & Croswell, one party is called the Barn-burners, the other Conservatives. I have spoken to Mr. Farrington on the subject, and he told me he would see Mr. Flagg. The fact

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is, I am sick of this political crouching, hanging around and begging favors of men, and asking for and accepting anything in the way of office. This post I now hold, I do not think anything extra, the compensation as near as I can ascertain will be but \$600, and this is small. Flagg is so very anxious to be noted for his frugality in State's expenses, that he frequently strains the point too far. The banks are getting their circulations pretty well up, and two or three weeks at furthest will do the business; how much force will then be required I cannot tell, probably not more than Mr. Flagg has already promised, time alone will tell.

I hardly know what to do; whether to push for New York when I am through here, or come back into the country. I do not know whether a situation could be had with Frederick or not. What think you? Did Frederick say anything on the subject? One thing is they cannot do better.

I shall write again very soon and give you a sketch of my visit to Catskill Mountain House, etc.

Yours affectionately,

W. B. LEONARD.

W. B. L. TO S. B. L.

Albany, Oct. 11th, 1843.

Dear Father and Mother:

I have been putting off writing to you for some days with the idea that I might be able to communi-

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cate something definite as to my future "modus operandi" and even now I cannot tell positively what I shall do. You may be assured that the first intelligence I had of Hermon's leaving us and going South, completely took me by surprise, and at the same time, with unpleasant forebodings; but I could only hope for the best, and as you remarked in your letter, leave the rest to God. I had left Albany, having finished my duties as Bank Register, and was going to New York. On the steamboat I came across Mr. Stone and wife who were on their way to the city, and they first intimated to that Hermon was about going South. I remained until Hermon arrived in the city which was Tuesday morning, and I stayed with him until Friday morning last, when he started in company with Mr. Hopkins who procured him the place where he was going. I am intimately acquainted with Mr. Hopkins and have been for many years, he is one of the finest and best young men I have ever fallen in with, and he will be a true friend to Hermon. I also became acquainted while in the city with a number of Florida merchants, a fine lot of men; their universal expression was that Messrs. Bitton & McGinnis, the house in which Hermon was engaged, was one of the best in Florida, that they were high-minded honorable young men, and of the first respectability. I think Hermon has been very fortunate in getting so good a place, and if he has his health will do well. Tallahassee is a fine place and a delightful climate. Hermon concluded to go by land as Hopkins wanted to go that way, and he thought he could see more of the country, and be safer in the passage, at this season of the year the weather is generally rough. I remained in the city and saw

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Hermon safely off, and although parting from him with much regret, yet I could not but think that it would be all for the best; he went off in good spirits and I presume this morning is in Tallahassee. Good-bye, Hermon!

Well now, as Col. Johnson says, let me talk about myself. As I said before, I have finished my duties as Register, and have been through these two weeks, hanging on, uncertain what to do. I found it impossible to do anything more in this office, and gave it up as a bad job. I have been waiting to see what Farrington would do, and have not said much to him till yesterday, when I had a long talk with him. Notwithstanding all that has ben done and said here in regard to his retaining Mr. Willard, he urges as reason, what you already know, and added further that had I been in the office as long as Mr. Fay that he would have appointed me his deputy. I was not expecting to hear this, and of course thanked him very much; this has resulted as I supposed it would. This matter is finally settled, and I do not know that I regret the result. My views in regard to these political subordinate stations have very much changed. In the first place they are very uncertain, and a person after holding them for a length of time, becomes perfectly dependent on them and unfitted for any other business; his energies are gone, and he never advances out of the sphere he first commenced in, and never lays up anything. There are a number of instances in the building, where men have grown gray in their stations, now having large families, and not worth a cent, and never have been; regular automatons, having their regular duties and never advancing one peg; to sum the whole matter up, in order to hold

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a place here a man must be a cringing sycophant. While in New York last week I had the offer of a situation in a wholesale house, and a very good one too, and I am about inclined to take up with it. I think the chances of future success are better in New York for a young man without capital than in any other place; for there, unlike the country, a man's knowledge of business, his habits and business acquaintances, is his capital and generally available, and if I go to the city I know I shall succeed.

Yours affectionately,

W. B. L.

W. B. L. TO S. B. L.

New York, Nov. 18, 1843.

Dear Father:

I have learned this moment that Mr. George Pumpilly leaves for Owego to-morrow, and as the saving of $18\frac{3}{4}$ cents postage is rather material, I thought I would improve this opportunity. I dropped you a few lines (whether you were able to read it or not is a matter of some uncertainty) by Mr. Hubbard, and had expected to have written you by O. Gregory, but I did not see him previous to his leaving. These frequent opportunities of holding converse with each other by letter are very pleasant, especially when they come so cheap.

My health continues very good, and thus far am

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pleased with my situation; I could not have got a more desirable one in the city.

A day or two since, I received the first letter from Brother Hermon, and you may be assured that I read it with joy, it is herewith enclosed, I thought you would be glad to see it; it is a good letter, and I am compelled to admit that my younger brothers surpass their elder in writing letters. Hermon seems well pleased with his situation, and with Tallahassee. I am satisfied that the house he is with is the best in Florida. If Hermon's health and life should be spared, I think he will do well where he is; and that it will, is our mutual prayer.

As I have written you before, it is still my determination if nothing happens to be at home sometime in December, and I had expected to have spent some time with you, at least four or six weeks, but in a conversation with Mr. Penniman a day or two since, he told me they wished me to spend some time travelling and making acquaintances for their benefit. My route will be through some of the southern counties in this State, and a few of the northern counties in Pennsylvania. He said that I had better hire a horse and carriage, or cutter, and make my way along independent of stages. Do you not think this is putting me ahead pretty fast? Partners, and the most experienced and oldest clerks in the different houses usually do the travelling; but more of this when I see you.

Yours affectionately,

W. B. LEONARD.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

W. B. L. TO G. S. L.

Dear Brother George:

Your very good, finely written letter of the 12th came duly to hand, and I read it with pleasure, and showed it with feelings of fraternal pride to my friends in the store. I was glad to hear from you, and I hope that you will continue to write. My dear brother I do not wish to flatter you, but your style of writing indicates an older head, and what can you not achieve if you try. You have got talent, and it only needs exertion and application on your part, and time will repay you; oh, I hope you will improve your time and you will never regret it. You spoke as if you would like a residence in the city; I hardly think you would prefer it to a life in the country, but abandon the idea (if you ever had it) of being a merchant, you never can succeed in that business; it takes capital and many other requisites for a man to succeed, and there is not one in one hundred that are successful; but you can rise as a professional man, and I do hope you will keep your eye on it. I hope you will not permit Fred Fay to outdo you, I know you will not do that; I believe he is in the office of N. W. Davis.

Well, the Whigs have got possession of old Tioga, this is too bad, but the Democrats are alone to blame for it. "Romans conquered Rome."

Write me occasionally and send me papers.

Your affectionate brother,

WILLIAM.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

W. B. L. TO HIS PARENTS.

New York, May 11th, 1844.

Dear Parents:

You must begin to think by this time that I have forgotten you, or at least that I have dropped my correspondence with you entirely; but it is not so, but since the opening of the spring business I have hardly had time to come to my meals. Mr. DeWitt, the bearer of this came to the store yesterday and I avail myself of his kind offer to carry this to you. The first thing I will tell you is that Cousin Maria and Sister Henrietta arrived in the city last Friday morning, and remained during Friday, and left for Connecticut, Saturday morning in the six o'clock boat. As soon as I learned that they were in town I went down to the boat, and got them off as quickly as possible, and I can assure you they were glad enough to step once more on terra firma. I spent most of the day with them, and showed them many of the wonders of Gotham; to Sister H. they were entirely new, Cousin M. had been here before. Henrietta seemed delighted with everything she saw, and nothing but the night could keep her from walking around; in the evening I went with them to the museum, and that closed the adventures of the day. H. seemed to enjoy herself very much, and I am glad she came on to the city, I think it will be of advantage to her. I took them to the National Academy of Design, a very fine collection of paintings, to Castle Garden, the Battery, the Tabernacle Church, and attended an anniversary of the Foreign Missionary Society, etc., etc. I made her stay as agreeable as possible and I think she was much pleased with her

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visit. They remained the day with me at my boarding house (the Croton Hotel) and I saw them off in the morning on board the boat. I furnished H. with money sufficient to return by way of the railroad, if they should conclude to do so; this riding on a slow dragging canal boat is imposing too much on good nature. Henrietta said she had enough of boating. I gave her a very nice silk shawl, and a few other notions that I thought would be of use to her; she will probably write you from some old rock in Connecticut. A few days since I got a letter from Brother H. he is very well and in good spirits; it is very gratifying for me to get a letter from him, for it is very interesting; he certainly writes a fine letter, we should all be very glad to have him with us once more.

Well, as to myself. I have had as much business as I could attend to comfortably, and have been unusually successful in my operations, I might say astonishingly so. My trip last winter was of great advantage to me, and if I continue to have as good luck for two or three years to come, I can do well here. It is true I am making no more than a living now, but I am laying out a work that will tell by and by. I have sold this spring myself, and mostly to new customers, nearly \$25,000.00. It is not certain that I shall be home this summer, but I shall if possible; our firm want me to go through the Western States, if I do I shall come out that way; if I go it will be about the middle of June, I shall write you again before that. I sent you by Mr. J. M. Ely a silk shawl, and by Mrs. Clizby a mull dress, which you have probably received. Mrs. C. and Charlotte were in the city some days, but I could not be with them much

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Nothing new of importance, as the election approaches the prospects of our party look more doubtful; Henry Clay I fear, will be the next President, the Democrats will not unite upon Van Buren, I am satisfied he is not popular with the rank and file of the Democracy. Give my love to all the family.

Your affectionate son,

W. B. LEONARD.

W. B. L. TO HIS PARENTS.

New York, May 18, 1844.

Dear Parents:

I wrote you a hasty scrawl by Mr. DeWitt, and I have a moment this afternoon to write you a few lines which I shall send by F. E. Platt who leaves the city to-morrow for Owego. In the first place I will tell you that I am in my room, No. 3, on the fourth floor of the Croton Hotel; I have just returned from church (the Tabernacle) and have heard some fine singing and a very impressive discourse from the Rev. Dr. Andrews. Since I have been here I have attended that church more than any other, I presume you have been in it; it is very large, capable of holding 4000 people. I have had splendid success in selling goods so far, much greater than my best anticipations, and it has given me a fine standing in the house in which I am engaged; I had a letter from Hermon a few days since, he seems in good spirits and pleased with his prospects. I hope he may succeed, but as you say it is running some risk. God grant that his health and life may be

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spared him, he says he shall come North this summer if it should become sickly, and not without; and I suppose he is as safe there as he would be here, for when there is no contagion prevalent, the climate of Florida is safe for any one.

George Camp is now in town stopping at the Astor House, he will be here about a week; he was in the store yesterday with Judge Noble of Unadilla; it seems he has deferred his coming to the city to live until next spring.

To-day the weather is delightful, and Broadway is radiant with beauty of fashion. I wish you were here to walk with me I think you would enjoy it. I hope to hear from you often as the private opportunities occur, and they are quite frequent at this season of the year.

Your affectionate son,
WILLIAM.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

Athens, Pa. June 22, 1844.

Dear Sir:

The undersigned respectfully request that you should be present and address a Democratic Mass Meeting at this place, on the second proximo. Knowing you are personally acquainted with Col. Polk, our Candidate for the Presidency, and believing it will be compatible with your sense of duty to subserve to the promotion of Democratic principles, hope you will comply with this invitation.

Very respectfully yours,

GUY JAGER,
C. H. HERRICK,
H. C. BAIRD,
C. MATHEWSON,
J. WHITAKER.

Committee of Invitations.

Hon. S. B. Leonard, Owego, N. Y.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO E. H. L.

Owego, July 21, 1846.

My dear Wife:

Ofentimes as I have been written to by yourself from this village, this is the first time since we were married that I have had the opportunity of addressing you from here myself, by letter. Does this not show most conclusively that you are a lady of very domesticated habits and that you have always been very much devoted to the interests of family and home? Well, I am happy in having this opportunity, and in the reflection that you are now enjoying a short respite from the cares and responsibilities which for such a series of years have continually devolved upon you.

It is now Sunday afternoon, and Emily and myself have just returned from the Presbyterian Church, where we have been listening to an excellent sermon by the Rev. Mr. Williston, of whom you have frequently heard. I recollect to have seen him in my boyhood, and was surprised after such a lapse of time to see him retain such a great amount of his faculties, mental and physical. He looks a *little* antiquated, but his style of preaching is not so, and uniting as he does, with good person a good voice, and clear distinct enunciation, he makes himself interesting far beyond what you would suppose one of his advanced age would be able to do. He must now be at least eighty years old. I don't know how long he is to remain here, possibly but for a few Sabbaths.

We have gotten along so far very well, considering the breach that your absence makes in our circle. Our workmen left the day after you did, Emily and

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Laura have gone regularly to school, Harriet Huntington has been spending the last week with Henrietta, she left last evening. They seem to have enjoyed themselves very much.

I think you must have had a pleasant time in going down, as the weather was so cool and comfortable. We wait with anxiety to hear from you, and hope to have that anxiety gratified by the mail of this evening. Perhaps that will be too soon,—we will say Tuesday next. Don't give yourself any uneasiness about home, but enjoy yourself as much as possible. Be not in too much of a hurry about returning, if you can make your stay pleasant. I hope the boys will find it not interfering with their business, to spend a little time with you. You ought to call upon Mrs. Bosworth and Caroline Boardman (that was). Mrs. Averill, of course. I suppose you are stopping with Cousin Julia Ely.

Nothing of interest has transpired here since you left. Frequent inquiries are made after you, and I believe almost everybody knows you are absent. To-day, during intermission, I fell in with the Misses May McCormick, Josephine, and Parmenter. The latter said she had had a letter from Miss Andrus of Ithaca, on Friday, in which she mentioned seeing you when in that village on your way to the city.

I have not been to the farm since you left, but shall go over next week. Again I say, *write often*. Give my best love to my good boys, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

S. B. L.

Mrs. H. Leonard.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

E. H. L. TO HER SON HERMON.

Sunday evening, Dec. 9th, 1849.

My dear Hermon:

Last evening's mail brought a letter from you forwarded from Chagres. I will not attempt to tell you how glad we were to hear from you, and to learn that you had enjoyed so comfortable and prosperous a passage thus far, but the hardest of the undertaking is yet before you. The crossing of the Isthmus must be no small job. I have tried to imagine how you will feel while passing this desolate region; I think you must have looked like the Crusaders going to Palestine. The contrast must have been severe, after having so pleasant a berth as you had in the city.

Your letter being in the form of a journal, made it very interesting; your view of the W. I. Islands must have been very interesting, you have certainly seen considerable of this planet, for one of your age. We shall be very anxious until we hear of your safe arrival in San Francisco, and I fear you will find hard fare when you get there, by all accounts; it seems there is a great rush to the "land of gold."

I think the Isthmus must have thickly populated when the passengers from both sides were passing over. How much I think of you, and try to imagine how you are situated. The mind is ever on the alert, however inactive the body may be, I have had some evidence of this lately. I have been prostrated by a severe hurt which I received by falling backwards out of our wagon (a dangerous fall it was) about three weeks since, but I am now nearly recovered, so as to

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be about the house, for which I have the greatest reason to be thankful to God for His merciful preservation. I thought at first, I never should recover. We are now all well, and have got settled in the old corner house, for the winter. Mr. George Curtis lives on the farm and pays rent. The two younger children are going to school, I have no news to tell you. The weather has been very good for this season of the year. William says he shall come up this month, perhaps Henrietta will return with him. The girls *all* deserve praise for their attention to me in my sickness, and for the efficient manner they managed business matters. I will not occupy more of this sheet, but leave room for father and the others. Hermon, write often, tell us all about yourself and how you fare. You have my most sincere and ardent wishes for your health and prosperity.

From your affectionate mother,

E. H. LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO HIS SON HERMON.

My dear Son:

I avail myself of a part of your mother's sheet to drop you a few lines. As you are already advised, your letter from Chagres arrived in due course of mail, Saturday night's train brought it to hand, and our little family gathered round each other in deep solicitude to hear it read. Be assured, dear Hermon, it was a welcome visitor. The days and the hours

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since you took your departure, have been watched and counted with great particularity, and although the distance between us has been widening with steam velocity, yet the imagination has kept pace with your speed, and there has scarcely an hour passed but what some of us have been with you.

Well, my dear son, I have nothing new to say. It is sufficient to know that you carry with you the fond regard and warmest affections of a doting family. Everything that conduces to your weal or woe, will always partake of their whole sympathies, and their prayers for your safety and happiness will neither be few or far between.

When you wrote, you had just anchored off Chagres; of course we had much anxiety with regard to your getting across the Isthmus, but we were relieved on receiving a letter from William this morning, in which he says that a gentleman who crossed with you, had returned to the city and told him of your safe arrival at Panama, and that you had gone on board the steamer. Thus far you seem to have been fortunate, and we ought to feel thankful to a kind Providence for it.

And now, Hermon, one of my greatest consolations is, that I know you have not gone upon this enterprise under the delusion that thousands have gone, expecting at once to fill your pockets with gold. You go as a *business man*, to see what can be done, and as I remarked at the last interview we had, I hope that after a satisfactory experiment has been made, and you will find that your reasonable expectations are not to be realized, you will not from any notions of ambition or fallen pride, be deterred from returning to New York, where you have many friends

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and can do well. I hope, however, that you will be successful, and that you will never have cause to regret the undertaking. Be very careful of your health, and of every exposure of your person. You will no doubt, have to encounter many difficulties and privations, they are incident to such an enterprise, but you must not get discouraged. If you meet with disappointments you must bring all your stoicism into action, bear them and be of good cheer. Few get through this world without more or less of them.

San Francisco seems to be destined to be a great business place. A paper printed there is now before me, dated about eight weeks ago. I see that provisions are now at high prices, but they no doubt, fluctuate, up one week and down another, as shipments arrive. That there will be great competition at that place is a matter of course, indeed it is almost a city already, at least in transient population.

We are trudging along in the usual way at Owego. Considerable building has been done and great calculations are making for spring operations. Our trade is about middling, we probably get our share. The health of the family is excellent. Your mother is pretty well restored from her recent fall. We reside in the village, shall probably go on to the farm again in the spring.

We are now flattering ourselves that you will arrive at San Francisco by the 15th or 20th of the present month. Hope you will have had as pleasant a passage on the Pacific as upon the Atlantic. In looking back over the blue waters that you have passed, Owego must appear like a very small spot. But you will not forget it, for you know there are those here, who love you as they love themselves.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

We shall write you frequently, advising you of what we think will be interesting. The family all join in kind wishes for your welfare and happiness.

Yours affectionately,

S. B. LEONARD.

Mr. H. C. Leonard.

HENRIETTA L. TO HER BROTHER HERMON.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Saturday, June 31st, 1850.

Mr dear Brother:

William gave us the information this evening that we could write you by a gentleman who was going directly to California; we therefore avail ourselves of the opportunity although it is rather late, and you know my ideas are scarce after *nine o'clock*. We now have such blue, rainy weather; the rainy season has become quite as fashionable as with you; I have now been here about two months and have had very few pleasant days. I was up in Connecticut, two weeks, visiting New Milford cousins. We were very glad to get your letter, as we always expect one every steamer, and as the postage is now reduced to twenty-five cents, I think I shall write more frequently, as my notes are hardly value received for forty cents. Well, New York is the same busy, noisy place as when you left it; they never leave well enough alone, but are taking down buildings and putting up again, and paving Broadway with Russ pavement, making the stages turn off every other street. I suppose you

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are aware that we have moved to 46 Sidney Place, like it much although it is not as nice a house as the other, but we find even one block nearer the ferry, quite an object.

There have been quite a number of Owego ladies down this spring, Miss A. Huntington is here now, F. Platt and herself are soon to be married; Miss Jane Lewis of Binghamton and F. Drake of Ithaca are married; don't know that I can tell you any more news in that line at present. Miss Ann Parminter, Frederica Hewitt, F. Platt, and several others were here at the same time; stopped at the Astor Hotel. We all agree with you in thinking Miss Parminter very pretty. By the by, did you ever receive a letter from me with a line enclosed from said young lady, if so, please condescend to reply; also heard Lewis Bulkley complaining that you did not answer his letter; he was here last evening, sends his best regards to you. Willie has just climbed upon the table, got my pen and marked *Bill Lellian* in the corner; you can't imagine how he has grown and talks everything; wish we could get his daguerrotype to send you, but it is so cloudy to-day that I hardly think we could succeed. I send you "Squints through an Opera Glass," think they are quite interesting if you can imagine the persons. While I was up in Connecticut, George was here, he remained a few days; he is trying to get the office of mail agent, don't know whether he will succeed. Since I have been here, have been out to amusements several times; went over to Niblo's Theater the other evening, saw the play "Romance and Reality," think there is some reality in coming over to Brooklyn after twelve o'clock.

Well this is Saturday, the first of June but not

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very warm, gentlemen go by with their overcoats and umbrellas. Saw some strawberries at Taylor's saloon at six shillings a basket, and green at that. We had a good dinner yesterday; bill of fare—*green peas*, asparagus, etc., new potatoes are also in market.

But I nearly forgot to tell you of my visit to New Haven. Walter Sperry was going there on business, and gave me an invitation which I accepted; stopped at the Tontine; it is a lovely city; went over the college buildings; it was vacation and the halls were very silent; the library, which is the most extensive in the United States is an interesting place in which to spend a short time. The legislature was in session, I went in to see the assembled wisdom of Connecticut; must say I never saw more Yankee specimens, the representatives being mostly all school-masters; and it was quite amusing to see them when not in session, strutting over the green with their long-tailed coats and umbrellas. Did not remain there but one day, and of course it rained, as it was Quaker week.

Had a long letter from mother yesterday, says we must come home soon, we shall probably go next week, Willie Andrew and all; but we shall miss you so much this summer. Can you not have some business to come home for, this summer? If not, come without it, as it is too bad to stay any longer; it seems like an age since you left us.

Louisa and Willie are well. Louisa would write, but says she thinks I have written everything, and William is going to write. Please excuse this ill looking affair, but Willie is around and it is like writing in a hornet's nest. Last news from home they were all well. Now, Herm. dear, do write soon, I

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mean in *short particular metre*, as you owe me two letters.

The other morning William and Louisa called me to get up and see the Panama steamer come in as we heard the signal, so I rose in great haste and scrambled on top of the house, but I could not see it, but got a good airing which was first rate. Hope you have not heard anything of the mysterious "knockings" in San Francisco, you are probably too sensible to believe in them.

This afternoon I am going over to the city to see the "Crescent City" sail, something I never saw; this letter will go in it. As it is now almost time I must close. If there is anything you wish, please let us know, it will be a pleasure to send it.

All send love, write soon.

Your affectionate sister,

HENRIETTA.

May 1850. After a winter in town.

"Our family moved back to Locust Cottage on first of April, and feel very happy in the old domicile. I have not yet been able to sell the Camp farm, still, however, live in hopes. Intend to dispose of it this summer or fall at some price, if among the number of possibilities."

S. B. L.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO D. S. DICKINSON.

Owego, Nov. 21, 1852.

Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson,

Dear Sir:—I have been highly gratified in perusing, as published in the Gazette of last week, the letter of the late *Daniel Webster* to yourself, written about the time of his retiring from the U. S. Senate. I am glad you have seen proper to give publicity to this communication. Indeed as the personal friend of the deceased, you could not consistently have done otherwise. It was due, as well to the memory of the distinguished individual who penned it, as to him to whom it was addressed. It is in every respect, highly creditable to both. To the former as it does honor to his head and heart, showing that although distinguished for his partisan predilections and tenacity of opinion, yet that he possessed magnanimity of soul and spirit worthy his exalted character and world-wide fame, and that he was capable of soaring above minor considerations to do honor where honor was due, and to bestow praise where it was merited, even though it were upon a political opponent, and potent rival. For one, I am free to say, that I venerate his memory more than I ever did, and I believe that publication of that letter will, under all the circumstances, tend to do away prejudices that had been long and honestly entertained in regard to that individual, which nothing else could so effectually have done, and place him upon the page of history in a truer and fairer light than he could or would have otherwise been placed. It was Mr. Webster's fortune through life to have many true and warm-hearted friends, and many decided and implacable enemies;

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and some of the latter acts of his life go to show (and that to which this notice refers may be considered as one of them) that perhaps he had far fewer friends than he was worthy of. But be this as it may, he has gone down to the grave with honor enough, and it may in great truth be said, that one of the brightest stars, not only of the American constellation, but of the world, has gone out.

To you, my dear Sir, the letter of Mr. Webster can be considered in no other light, either by friend or foe, than as complimentary in a high degree. Not that *any* testimony from any quarter, in regard to the praiseworthy and noble part you have acted in the trying scenes through which you have passed in the councils of the country, was necessary to establish the fact, or to entitle you to a high place in the regard and affection of the people, for all this had been conceded by a large portion of the enlightened and liberal of the American public; but to that other portion (thank God they are not very numerous or formidable) of jealous and unprincipled demagogues, whose mal-evolence you have for years had to encounter, and whose missiles have been hurled at you without stint; to that portion I say, this endorsement of that lamented statesman, is a rebuke that is withering in the extreme. I have witnessed its effect upon some in this region, and while doing so could hardly restrain myself from exclaiming "Shame, where is thy blush?" Yes, my dear Sir, I repeat that I am glad you have been pleased to take the course you have in this matter. It was due to yourself that you should do so. It was a high compliment from a high place, and what makes it the more valuable, is that *everybody knows it was well deserved.*

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I have not had time to write you since the election, to mingle my congratulations with yours on the great triumph which the Democracy have achieved. Is it not a great one indeed? For one I rejoice in it with all my heart. Another result might have been produced, but as I remarked to you in July last when I had the pleasure of being with you, perhaps it is all for the best. Your position before the American people at this time is good, never better. I have so considered it ever since the Baltimore Convention. The future is open before you, and I am confident your star is rising. Great judgment and prudence are necessary, and I am happy in a conviction that you are adequate to a proper exercise of both. Only look well to it. Of one thing rest assured, that in me you will find one who will ever rejoice in your prosperity.

A great deal of speculation is now indulged in with respect to the new cabinet. You, probably, can form some opinion as to what selection will be made. If you desire a position it seems to me you are entitled to your choice. I have heard your name mentioned in connection with the State Department, also as Minister to the Court of St. James. Whatever wish you may have in regard to the matter I hope may be gratified.

Yours truly,

S. B. LEONARD.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

D. L. DICKINSON TO SENATOR BRIGHT.

Binghamton, March 1, 1853.

Dear Gov.:

Allow me to acquaint you with, and crave your kind offices in behalf of the bearer hereof, Hermon C. Leonard, of Astoria, Oregon. Mr. L. is a son of a valued friend of mine, the Hon. Stephen B. Leonard, of Owego—many years an efficient Democratic editor—a former distinguished member of Congress, and now, as at all other times, a true and unflinching National Democrat, in season and out of season.

The son, too, though now of Oregon, was raised here and honors his parentage. He is a candidate for Deputy Postmaster at Astoria, and any aid you can render him through General Lane, or otherwise, will be duly appreciated and thankfully acknowledged by myself and numerous other friends, both of him and his father. I commend him warmly to your favor, and beg you will present him to General Lane, and such other eminent friend, as, amid your great press of public duties, you may find it convenient.

Sincerely yours,

D. L. DICKINSON.

Hon. Jesse D. Bright,
U. S. Senate.

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E. H. L. TO HER SON HERMON.

Owego, July 15th.

My dear Hermon:

I really feel that I have done very wrong in omitting to write you for so long a time. I know you have been advised of the passing events here, as the girls have written you often, but that is no excuse for me, I feel it my duty to write you frequently. It is of no avail for me to tell you how much we think and talk about you, and how much we miss you at this season especially, when we were accustomed to greet your arrival with so much joy.

But this is a world of change, perhaps there has been as little in *our* family for the two past years, as any other. We are all yet alive, and enjoying very good health. This is a pleasant time with us now, rendered so by the arrival of William and Louisa and the dear little children; they brought a nurse. They calculate to stay here three or four weeks. Henrietta and Emily are all the children we have at home this summer, Irving is here with George Sperry, and Laura is in Southport with Mrs. Bulkley, by special invitation, attending school and taking music lessons. You can hardly imagine what a smart little fellow Willie is, he wears pantaloons buttoned to a waist, with short sleeves; he looks cunning enough, he talks so rationally and with the prettiest accent I ever heard from a child; he says his prayers, bids all good-night with a kiss, and goes to bed in a dark room. They shut him up once a day to get a nap, but he is so full of play that he makes a horse of the pillows, and *rides*. Lewis Hermon is a fine little boy too. Irving wrote me a few days ago, says he is very busy, has no time

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to answer your letter, which we forwarded to him.

The weather is delightful, the country looks finely, the harvest is drawing nigh. William says a gentleman called on him some days ago, I believe he is a mail agent, who came direct from your place. He said you were in good health, and doing well. This is good news and rejoices our hearts, and revives our spirits.

William and Louisa are going to Trumansburg tomorrow, they leave the children here. We have heard that Lewis Bulkley is coming up to spend a few days. Our garden looks very well, we have plenty of raspberries from our own bushes, apples are not plenty this year. * * * *

My letter has been laid aside for a few days. I have been very busy, and as there was no steamer to sail, I have rested awhile. William and Louisa have returned, have had a very pleasant visit, were much gratified with Uncle H's polite treatment; he sent me some cucumbers, and raspberries from his bountiful garden, besides a bouquet of rare flowers as large as you ever saw.

Saturday. To-day Lewis Bulkley and his mother arrived, a visit from Mrs. B. quite unexpected, but happy to see them; we contrive to stow them away comfortably, and all goes off pleasantly. * * * *

Monday—My letter is a week old now. I intended to have sent it on Saturday, but am glad now that I did not, for this day's mail brought me yours of June 7th, also two to William; we held a rejoicing over them, it had been a long time since we had seen a line from your hand. Oh, it is gratifying to hear that you are so comfortably situated, and your health so good. Those great salmon that you speak of,

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astonish us entirely. William is pleased with the business letters, says you have done well to remit to them all you owed, so soon.

George Huntington is in S. F. he took a daguerreo-type and letter for you, have you received them? Your specimen of gold is very fine, much obliged to you, but we don't know what to do with it.

Our people are waiting for this letter so I must close. All the family send love in abundance.

From your affectionate mother,

E. H. LEONARD.

As has been evident from the perusal of this history Mr. Leonard was a life-long Democrat. He was a patriot, and an earnest advocate of purity and probity in public men and measures. His grief at the possibility of the disruption of the United States is indicated in the letter herewith inserted, and throughout the war for the Union, his heart was sore troubled. He was a firm Union Democrat, and his hopes and prayers were constant for a cessation of hostilities, and a restoration of public peace. Although he had many dear friends in the South, yet his determined opposition to secession was never shaken or modified.

S. B. L. TO THOS. PEARSALL.

Owego, Jan. 10, 1861.

Thomas Pearsall, Esqr., Montgomery, Alabama.

Dear Sir:—On my return home this evening, after some two weeks sojourn in Broome Co., where I

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have been attending to a little unfinished business connected with the U. S. Census, I find your very acceptable favor of the 29th ultimo. It has been so long a time since I have seen anything from your pen, you may be assured I feel much gratified in receiving this kind token of your remembrance and regard. Accept my thanks.

I have noticed with much attention what you say in relation to the critical and truly alarming condition of our beloved country, and fully sympathize with, and endorse the views you entertain and express. It is indeed a dark period in the history of our nation, and no reflecting mind can contemplate the future without the most gloomy forebodings. We are at this moment in the midst of a revolution, and civil war seems inevitable. Indeed from the last accounts we have reason to apprehend that blood has already been shed. Should this prove to be true, and should the other slave holding States follow South Carolina in the secession movement, which there is every indication they will do, the Union will not only be destroyed, but it requires no stretch of the imagination to see, looking but a little way into the future, this once glorious Confederacy, which cost a seven years war and so much blood and treasure, broken into fragments and under the rule of a corrupt, military despotism. Who but must shudder at such a thought, and yet, judging from the history of republics that have gone before us, *is it a visionary one?* God grant that in this case it may not prove so.

I have long since entertained doubts as to whether our system of government is calculated to be the most permanent system. Although most congenial with our natures and notions of equality, than any other, and

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when administered in its purity best calculated no doubt, to secure general happiness, yet where there is so much unrestrained liberty, designing, corrupt demagogues will ever be found ready to take advantage of it, and if necessary to their selfish ends, undermine the pillars of its foundation. We live to-day to witness the truth of this assumption. Our present degradation, and the threatening clouds which now darken our political horizon, are the effects precisely of these causes. There was no necessity for the crisis which we are now compelled to witness. If ever a nation was blest with all the elements necessary to true greatness, it was ours. Independent at home, respected abroad, her commerce flourishing, her internal resources abundant, her people prosperous and happy. What a glorious career in prospect before her. But now how changed, and how humiliating the reflection that this change has been brought about by a combination of such miserable and corrupt influences.

You have very properly classed these influences under four distinct heads, either of which is entitled to a share of the credit, or discredit, of bringing upon us the evils by which we are now surrounded. Corruption and intrigue are continually being developed among men in high places, as well in the Democrat as the Republican ranks. Peculation and fraud is the order of the day, and I must confess I have lost all confidence in political professions. The time was when, as you very truly say, to be a *Democrat* something more was required than mere demagogism; but that time seems to have passed by. Integrity and worth are no longer a passport to public favor.

I cannot but sympathize with Mr. Buchanan in this his hour of responsibility and trial. In the first place he

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was very unfortunate in the selection of his confidential advisers, and I think it is to them, or some of them, that he can ascribe many of the troubles he has had to encounter. I believe *Cobb* to be a perfect demagogue, and that he and *Floyd* and *Thompson* have been concocting secession ever since they have been members of the Cabinet; willing to see the President baffled in every measure he proposed, and now willing to leave their several departments when in a most disgraced and embarrassed condition. Mr. Buchanan has had a great deal to encounter. Many difficult, very difficult questions have arisen, and in disposing of them he has had to contend against far more bitter hostility at the hands of prominent Democrats than from his political opponents. I do not know how you have felt, but for myself I have not approved, in any shape, of the course pursued by Douglas. I think he has done more than any other individual to place the Democratic party where it is. His aspirations for the White House, and his determination to reach it, at all hazards, not only defeated us in the late campaign, but ruined our prospects for the future. I believe but for him we might have united upon Dickinson, or some other man, and have been triumphant. It was madness in our delegates when they said that not a single vote could be relied upon from the South, it was madness, I say, to persist in his nomination, because in order to elect, every one knew that it was indispensable that we should have at least a portion, if not the whole of that vote. Douglas' war upon Mr. Buchanan was the means of breaking up the Democratic party. The rank and file in all the counties in every State lost confidence in their leaders, the universal sentiment was that the party was down, and

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notwithstanding all was done that could be to get out the vote, thousands did not go to the polls, and many others who did, voted the Republican ticket. As for myself I was satisfied from the first that there was no prospect of success, and therefore took no part in the contest beyond giving a silent vote. These things, however, are among the by-gones, and are of no consequence beyond the contemplation of the possibility and perhaps probability that it may be the last time we may be called to the discharge of the duty of electing a President of the United States.

Well, my dear Sir, I have scribbled over my sheet without scarcely knowing what I have written. You will pardon all indiscretions and error. It does no good in the present state of our national affairs to criminate or incriminate. All we can do is to pray our Heavenly Father to interfere His blessed influence in this our hour of darkness and peril, and secure us from that destruction that seems to be impending.

I have nothing to communicate in relation to local matters here. Things are moving on in the usual monotonous way.

Mrs. L and my daughters desire to be remembered in great kindness to yourself and family.

Yours truly,

S. B. LEONARD.

Mr. Leonard was a life-long friend and ardent admirer of Governor Horatio Seymour, and this correspondence indicates the high esteem in which he held Mr. S.

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GOV. H. SEYMOUR TO S. B. L.

Utica, Nov. 25, 1862.

My dear Sir:

I am very much obliged to you for your letter of congratulation. The result of the late election shows that the power of the country is going into conservative hands. If we are prudent, patriotic, and firm, we shall save our Union. We must unite the great Central States in our line of policy. There are no feuds between the States lying along the Ohio and the Potomac. The war was originated by the passions and prejudices of the Gulf Stream States, and the North Eastern States. All that is necessary to save our country is a decided movement of the great populous central region to put down sectional extremes.

I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at Albany this winter.

Truly yours,

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

Hon. S. B. Leonard.

S. B. L. TO GOV. SEYMOUR.

Owego, Nov. 30, 1862.

Dear Governor:

Having a moment before the mail closes, I will avail myself of it to add another to the thousand and one congratulations which you have no doubt received since the late election. Well, my dear Sir, I

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hope you will not suffer your patience to become exhausted by these inflictions, for such a glorious result is worthy of all congratulation. Every one who loves his country, and is desirous of seeing it rescued from the misrule under which it is now struggling, cannot but rejoice. As for myself I am free to say, that during a somewhat protracted life, and having, of course, been a participant in a great many political conflicts, I have never witnessed one which involved so many important considerations. It is indeed a great and glorious triumph over *corruption, mal-administration, and reckless fanaticism*; a combination of evil influences which for the past two years have been driving our country to inevitable ruin. Thanks for that "sober, second thought" of the people which, through the ballot box has spoken in such thunder tones of condemnation to our opponents that it could not be mistaken, and that cannot be misunderstood. And what a rebuke to those who from motives of self *aggrandizement*, or *revenge*, or *both*, apostatized from their principles and their party, and became the apologists and advocates of those whom they had always condemned and denounced. What a withering rebuke!

I was much gratified at the calm, dignified and courteous manner in which, during the campaign, you alluded to the personal attacks made upon you by Dickinson and Tremain. The course you pursued must be as creditable to yourself, as the contemplation of it now must be humiliating and mortifying to them. They have received the reward of their apostacy, and we will leave them "alone in their glory."

In closing permit me to express the desire, and

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the hope that that desire will be gratified, that after the next Presidential election, we may have the pleasure of meeting and greeting you at the White House in Washington.

In much haste, I subscribe myself,
Your obedient servant,
S. B. LEONARD.

Hon. Horatio Seymour.

Nothing could be simpler, or more modest than the following account of my grandfather's remembrances of his ancestry, and his own career. They are a model of courtly epistolary style, not much followed in these days of dictation and stenography.

I print them both, even though they contain largely the same information.

S. B. L. TO W. A. L.

March 14, 1872.

My dear Grandson:

Your sister and her Aunt Laura, on their return from New York a few days since, informed me that you expressed a wish that I would furnish you with what information I possessed concerning the early history and ancestral relations of the family whose name we bear.

Most certainly nothing would afford me more pleasure than to aid you in the researches you are

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so zealously making, touching this matter, for your object is highly commendable, and in the furtherance and success of which you have my warmest sympathies. I regret, however, in being compelled to say that I do not think I can be of any essential service.

Many years ago, as early, I think, as 1805, my father's house on Wall Street in New York was destroyed by fire, and with it all the old books and records of the family. I was quite young at the time, too young to think much upon the subject, and during the many years that have intervened, embracing a period of three-fourths of a century, with all the vicissitudes and changes connected therewith, my mind has become oblivious to what if now possessed, I should consider of inestimable value. But so it is, and as all, or nearly all who were acquainted with our family at that early day have gone to their last account, there is no one to consult upon the subject.

As I have always understood, two brothers came to this country from England—one of them settled in New Jersey, and the other in Massachusetts. We sprang from the New Jersey stock. My grandfather's name I think was Joshua. He had four sons and two daughters; one of the latter, Polly, married a Hurd, and the other a Condit, both in the neighborhood of Morristown, New Jersey. The son's names were Zephaniah, Paul, Silas and Stephen. These of course are long since dead.

My Father, Silas Leonard, was born in the town of Whippany or Parcipany, N. J. He married Anna Ruthetta Gregory, an only daughter of Seth Gregory, a merchant and extensive dealer in cattle, which he used to ship in great quantities. My father had four sons and one daughter—the latter died when very

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young. The son's names were Seth, Gregory, Stephen Banks, Silas Milton, and Harry Campbell. Milton died while on a visit to Berkshire County (Mass.), in 1819. Harry died at Friendsville, Susquehanna County (Pa), in 1840 and Seth died at Watkins, Schuylers County, N. Y., in 1865.

Of the history of him who now addresses you, little need be said. Suffice that he was born in Wall Street, City of New York, on the 15th of April, 1793. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to the printing business. After attaining to his majority he worked as a journeyman, some two or three years in the cities of New York and Albany; and in the summer of 1814, established himself in the printing business in the village of Owego, Tioga County, in which he continued twenty-two years.

In 1835 he was elected a representative in Congress for two years, and was again re-elected in 1838. He held the office of Postmaster under two administrations, and at various times discharged the duties of supervisor of his town. All of which taken in connection with his frequent appointments as Delegate to County, Senatorial and State conventions, has made somewhat of an active political career from early life up to the present time.

But my dear grandson, these all belong to the things that are past, are of no consequence now. The friends of my youth have passed away, and I stand, figuratively speaking, like the girdled oak in the forest, stript of its foliage, shorn of all the influence and power which my positions once secured to me. My sun is fast declining to the western horizon, with a view to its final setting. Yours is just rising. God grant that it may grow brighter and

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brighter—that your life and health may long be preserved, and that you may ultimately attain to a position of usefulness worthy your highest ambition, and that will reflect honor upon yourself and family.

Affectionately yours,

S. B. LEONARD.

Rev. William A. Leonard.

S. B. L. TO W. A. L.

Owego, Dec. 15, 1872.

Dear William:

Your kind and very welcome note of Friday, was duly received and is now before me. I need not say I was glad to see something from your pen, so as to learn that your health was improving. We had been advised by your father that you had been suffering considerably from a throat difficulty; hope that by this time you have fully recovered. I am happy in being able to say that we are all in usual health at home.

I perceive that you are still persistent in your effort to trace out, as far as possible, the genealogy of our family. This is certainly very commendable on your part, and entitles you to many thanks. But after all it is somewhat questionable whether it is worth the labor to which it will subject you. The trouble is, it is so difficult at this day, to get at the facts required. I very much regret that I find myself unable to render you the assistance you desire. I think I once stated to you that when I was quite young, say ten or

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twelve years of age, my father's house was destroyed by fire, together with most of its contents, embracing of course all the family records. If it had been attended to at the time, many of those records might have been re-recorded from memory, and thus have been of use to us now; but as it was neglected then, and now so many years have intervened, and all or nearly all have long since gone to their last account, who knew anything of the transactions of that early day, we have no one to inquire of, or any date on which to rely.

Do you recollect of having seen a periodical, published several years ago, entitled the *New Englander*, which contained a somewhat lengthened article on the genealogy of the Leonard family? It traced our history back to an early period, and though not very connected, brought it down to the date of that publication, embracing my name in connection therewith. We had the pamphlet here, but it is now missing. Perhaps your father may have it. If you could find it, it would be serviceable to you in your researches.

From the nature of my calling, being a printer by profession, I was thrown into the arena of politics at an early period of my life, and have been more or less identified with them to the present time—holding many minor positions as the years have rolled on, such as Postmaster, Supervisor, Delegate to State, Congressional, Senatorial, County Conventions, etc., etc. But my dear grandson, as I once said to you, these are all among the bygones and I think they had better be left among the bygones, not being worth a thought or rehearsal. From what has been written, however, and the researches you have made, perhaps you may be able to glean some facts that will give

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interest to your own family record, and it is with this idea in view that I approve of the course you have taken.

Please say to dear Sarah that you have received a letter from me, in which I extend much love to her, and kind regards to her father and mother.

Yours affectionately,

S. B. LEONARD.

Rev. W. A. Leonard.

P. S. I send you a copy of the "Saint Nicholas," thinking you might be pleased in reading the early history of the Susquehanna Valley.

THURLOW WEED TO S. B. L.

New York, Dec. 27, 1873.

Dear Old Friend:

I have to thank you for a very interesting letter. It stirs up recollections of the long past, recollections in which the joys and sorrows of life are mingled. Although an invalid of more than five years, I have much, very much, to be thankful for. You, too, have enjoyed length of days, and are, I infer from your letter, in comfortable health.

The Owego Gazette and its editor were well entitled to remembrance, but in the article you saw I endeavored to enumerate the newspapers of 1812. I went to work for Mr. Southwick in February, 1815, where I used to hear the old journeymen talk of yourself, Samuel H. Davis, and others with whom they

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had been associated. Of all the journeymen printers in Albany at that day, John O. Cole and yourself, **only** survive. I have copies of the Albany Register, and Albany Gazette, published in 1812. They are queer looking little sheets; I have also a copy of the Dictionary of the Bible, printed by H. C. Southwick, on which I worked at press, saving a copy, sheet by sheet as the signatures were worked off, and getting them bound by Mr. Van Vechten, who occupied the lower floor of the Register office.

If anything should call you to New York it would afford me great pleasure to see you. Mr. Redfield, who established the Register in Onondaga Valley in 1814, was here two months ago.

Very truly yours,

THURLOW WEED.

To S. B. L.

The following letters breathe the appreciative spirit. They indicate the estimate in which the Father and Mother held the Son, and are tender as well as loving.

S. B. L. TO W. B. L.

Owego, September, 7, 1874.

Dear William:

I am made happy in the receipt of your very acceptable letter of 28th ultimo, now before me, furnishing as it does another testimonial of your kind regard and filial affection, for which please accept my heartfelt thanks. Most assuredly my dear son, I

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needed no additional evidence of the deep interest you have always taken in everything which pertained to my own happiness and that of the family. Your whole life bears record on this point, which admits of no question. I feel that I am peculiarly blessed in all my children, and to yourself and to Hermon, and that other much loved one, whose remains we so recently followed to the grave, I feel under special obligations. God grant there is much happiness in store for all of you in this world, and in that which is to come, Life Everlasting.

I have nothing in particular to communicate. We are all in good health. Your mother and Lottie made but a brief visit to Watkins, but they enjoyed it much. Mr. Gano and his family extended to them all the attention that could be desired.

The weather here is delightful, and has been for several weeks past, though we are suffering some for want of rain. Business is dull and money scarce, as is the case, I believe, in almost every place throughout the country.

Among the amusements of the place, the excursions upon the river are most prominent. We have in all, four steamboats, the Owego, the Success, the Dora, and another not yet named, recently got up. The Owego has done well, and her trips to the Big Island are now being regularly made two or three times times a week.

The Beecher-Tilton scandal continues to be much discussed, though becoming somewhat stale. Of course there is much diversity of opinion. As for myself, I yet think Beecher will be sustained. It cannot be denied that he has acted very unwisely, said many foolish things, and in various ways made him-

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self appear ridiculous,—yet I am unwilling to believe him guilty of the crime alleged. Between ourselves I am free to say that I have no confidence in the statements of either Moulton or Tilton. Taking the whole thing together, it is a nasty, disgraceful concern, and the sooner it can be disposed of, the better.

It is some weeks since we have heard from Hermon. We yesterday, put under the ground the remains of another of our old and most respectable citizens, David Malter. He died very suddenly, aged 77 years. The funeral was numerously attended. Two other aged citizens have passed away during the last ten days, Doctor Cady of Nichols, and Mr. Mills of Barton, former sheriff of this county; you knew him. Both of them died very suddenly. Whose turn will be next?

Please let me hear from you frequently.

Yours affectionately,

S. B. LONARD.

Mr. W. B. L.

Another specimen of graceful letter writing is herewith added. It is Chesterfieldian in its rhythm, and in its courteous address.

S. B. L. TO SARAH L. LEONARD.

Owego, Jan. 26, '76.

My dear Granddaughter:

Your very acceptable favor of the 6th inst. came duly to hand, and I severely chide myself for suffering so long a time to intervene before acknowledging its receipt. It is now too late, however, to attempt an

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apology, and I must therefore be content with throwing myself upon your kind indulgence for pardon.

I trust it is altogether unnecessary, my dear Sarah, for me to say that the perusal of your letter afforded me indescribable pleasure. To be thus kindly and affectionately remembered by one for whom I entertain so high a regard, awakens many of the finer sympathies of my heart, and calls for an expression of thanks which I have not language to utter. I can only say that I duly appreciate my obligations, and hope I may be so fortunate as to retain, as long as I live, those favorable impressions which you now seem to cherish in my favor.

I have nothing new or interesting, my dear, to communicate. Everything is quite dull here, as I suppose it is in every other country village; and the social circle was never at a lower ebb, on account of the absence of so many young ladies and gentlemen from town. I presume, however, that matters will brighten up again after a few weeks. You can well imagine how lonesome it is at our house, as Laura and George are both in your city, leaving only your grandmother, Emily and myself at home.

To-day I suppose, and about this hour, an alliance is being consummated between Louisa and Mr. Van Nostrand. We all, of course, feel a deep interest in the event, and indulge the hope that it will prove to be the commencement of a long and happy career.

Remember me in great kindness to your dear father and mother, and accept for yourself and husband, an assurance of my affectionate regard.

Yours truly,

S. B. LEONARD.

Mrs. W. A. Leonard.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

S. B. L. TO W. B. L.

Owego, April 20, '76.

Dear William:

Your kind favor of 15th inst, was duly received, and is now before me. Thank you for it. It had been a long time since I had received anything direct from your pen, and I sometimes wondered at your seeming remissness, but a moment's reflection satisfied me that I ought not to be surprised. I knew that your business cares and family responsibilities occupied nearly all your time, and besides you had frequently written other members of the family, whose letters I of course, had access to. I need not say that we are always happy to hear from you.

My health for a week or two past, has not been very good. I am able, however, to keep about, have a good appetite and sleep well nights,—but I feel a sort of general debility, which affects my whole system. In addition to this, my articulation is somewhat affected, the cause of which we cannot account for, and I have some apprehension as to my ever recovering from it. It is, perhaps, a rational conclusion that it is a partial giving away of one of the faculties with which nature has blessed me, and which I have been permitted to retain and enjoy for the prolonged period of 83 years. This is a good old age, and it is naturally to be expected that some of the old machinery will begin to fail. Indeed in view of the frailty of our nature it is "Strange that harp of thousands strings should keep in tune so long."

We had a letter from Hermon last evening, dated about ten days ago in Southern California. His

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health was much improved, and he was going to take steamer in a few days for San Francisco.

The death of Joseph De Witt was very sudden. He, with three or four other gentlemen, were on their way to Nichols, to attend a Masonic funeral. They had got a short distance below the bridge (being in a hack) when the cigar which Joseph was holding in his mouth, was seen to fall, his head fell back, and he ceased to breathe, without uttering a word. What a commentary upon the uncertainty of human life, and what an admonition it affords to all to be ready to go at a moment's warning. Verily our breath is in our nostrils.

Business here is very dull. Weather cloudy and cold. Farmers have not commenced doing anything, indeed there is a good deal of frost yet in the ground.

The marriage between Frederick Platt and Mrs. Charles Platt is coming off at the time of this writing

Milton Leonard and his wife are now with us. Came up from New Haven last evening. Milton is seeing to some business connected with his first wife's father's estate.

Yours truly,

S. B. LEONARD.

P. S. I don't know that you can read this letter at all. It is written with a miserable pen, and part of it in the dark. I want you to tear it up when you get through with it.

S. B. L.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

E. H. L. TO W. B. L.

Home, January 27, '78.

Dear Son William :

It is with much pleasure that I am able to write you again. I am feeling nearly well again, have gained fast within a week. I was very ill for a few days, I feared I had the pneumonia. But a kind Providence has permitted me to recover in a measure. I feel, and trust, that I am thankful for this great blessing. As old as I am, I never enjoyed life any more than I do now. Why should I not? I have all the comforts of life that can be enjoyed rationally. Beside, I have what money can not buy, the love and dutiful kindness of all my children, this I can say sincerely, and am most happy to say it. This morning from letter received, I hear that your wife is sick, also Louise and Nurse both out of health. What is the matter, have they bad colds? I hope they are not dangerously ill. If *you* get sick, go to bed, and you will gain time by it. If I had done it last year it would have been better for me. I will tell you of an old-fashioned remedy I tried the other day. Laura commenced in the morning roasting onions in the ashes and applying them to my throat and chest all day, changing several times; they were applied hot, in thin bags, not very much done, chopped to make it a poultice. I never found anything that seemed to do so much good. I think when Louisa has those attacks she has frequently, it might do her much good.

We enjoy Hermon's company exceedingly, he spends all the long evenings at home. How remarkable it is to have had him for two winters in succes-

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

sion, he has gone to church with the girls to-day. The weather is truly delightful. The ice crop will probably be short, the river is as clear as in June.

Please give much love to all the sick, and all the well ones of your family,—to Will and Sarah, Lewis and Lizzie, and all.

Yours most affectionately,

E. H. LEONARD.

ADDENDA

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ADDENDA.

Mr. Edwin Salter of New Jersey, a true genealogist, and for a number of years a clerk in the Government Departments at Washington, furnished me with much material regarding the New Jersey Leonards. Some of it is of general use and some of it bears directly on our branch of the clan. It seems wise to print it in full, as it may be of service to some seeker after genealogical facts. Mr. Salter was descended from the Leonards.

In regard to Henry Leonard and family, see Genealogical Register, viz, 1849, page 240; 1851, page 254; 1851, page 405; 1853, page 88; 1853, page 71-2; Vol. 15, page 146. See also Vol. 25, page 290.

REFERENCES TO CONSULT.

Thomas Leonard of New Jersey—MacLean's History of the College of New Jersey—Vol. I, page 47, 91, 104, 105, 146, 258, 316. And Morse's American Gazetteer.

Thomas Leonard—History of Elizabeth, N. J., by the Rev. Mr. Hatfield., page 56 and 80.

Samuel Leonard—Contributor to East Jersey History by Whitehead, page 53, note.

By turning to "Burries Index to American Genealogies" page 150, under head of *Leonard*, a full arrangement of authorities on the subject is given. I transcribe them here, viz—

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

- "Adams History Fairhaven, Vt., 426-30.
Ammidown's Mem. and Southbridge, Mass., Fams.,
46, 7.
Blake Gen. 55, 6.
Caverly's History, Pittsford, Vt. 713-4.
Clark's History Norton, Mass., 86, 7.
Davis' Landmarks, Plymouth, Mass., 171-2.
Deane's Leonard, Gen., 1851.
Fruman's History Cape Cod, Mass., 1; 611.
Hough's History Lewis County, N. Y., 151-1.
Massachusetts History, Loe Coll., 1st series 11;
173-4.
Mitchell's History Bridgewater, Mass., 235-8.
Morris and Flint Gen., 54-5.
New England History General Register, Vol. 403-
13;—11, 269-71.
Paige's History Hardwicke, Mass., 413-4.
Pompey, N. Y., Reunion, 329-32.
Savages General Dict. 111; 78-80.
Spooner Mem., W. Spooner 191-9.
Sprague's History, N. Y., 122-3.
Temple's Hist. Whately, Mass., new edition, 245.
Thayer's Early Settlers, New England, 160-1; 279-
310.
Vinton's Giles Gen. 1854; 279-310.
Walker, Gen., 31.
Winsor's History Duxbury, Mass., 275.

Much can be found in the New Jersey Historical collections; and in lists of Revolutionary soldiers from New Jersey; and in History of Princeton College, N. J., and of "The Log College," N. J.

As bearing upon the Leonards of New Jersey the following is a list of wills that could be examined

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by their descendants and of value. They are printed here simply for preservation.

"Leonard" wills in office of Secretary of State, Trenton, N. J., between years 1704 and 1750.

Will of John Leonard, of, dated February 8, 1711. Proved May 2, 1712. Wife Elizabeth. Daughters Sarah and Anne. Sons John, Henry, Samuel and Christopher. Cousin Henry Leonard of Monmouth County. Wife Elizabeth, Executrix.

Will of Nathaniel Leonard, of Trenton, Hunterdon County, dated Sept. 11, 1727. Proved December 20, 1727. Wife Anne. Daughters Mary and Anne. Sons Samuel, Thomas, Nathaniel, Maurice. Cousin Christopher. Executors,—Brother Thomas Leonard, James Leonard and Daniel Howell.

Will of Henry Leonard, of Shrewsbury, Monmouth County. Dated April 17, 1730. Proved February 11, 1739. Wife Lydia. Daughters Mary, Sarah, Susannah, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Parthenia Cook. Sons Henry, Thomas. Executors, — Brother Samuel, brother-in-law Thomas Morford and sons Samuel and Thomas.

Will of Samuel Leonard of Shrewsbury, Monmouth County. Dated November 14, 1742. Proved February 16, 1742. Wife Elizabeth. Daughters not named. Sons Joseph and Thomas. John Eatton and Joseph Wardell, Executors.

Will of Thomas Leonard of Princeton, Somerset County (now Mercer Co.), dated December 6, 1755, proved November 23, 1759 (Liber 10, page 1). Wife Abigail Doughty (second wife). "Susannah" name of first wife. Brothers Henry (deceased), John (deceased), James (deceased), and Samuel. Sister's

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name not mentioned. Nephews Samuel, Thomas and Henry, sons of brother Henry, and niece Sarah Tindall, daughter of brother Henry. Nephew John, son of brother John. Nephews Whitehead, and John his brother (an infant under 21 years), James, Thomas and Daniel, sons of brother James. Niece Sarah, daughter of brother James. Lucy, Charity and Mary Leonard, daughters of nephew Whitehead Leonard. Charity and Pamela Leonard, daughters of nephew Thomas. Thomas Leonard son of nephew Thomas. Thomas Leonard son of nephew John Leonard. Executors—Nephew Thomas Leonard, son of brother James, (deceased), and friend John Berrien.

Will of Enoch Leonard, of Mendham, Morris County. Dated Sept. 16, 1757, proved October 18, 1757 (Liber F, page 260). Wife Elizabeth. No children mentioned. Grandson John Arnold. Robert Arnold, Executor.

Will of Samuel Leonard, of Perth Amboy, Middlesex County. Dated April 2, 1754, proved February 13, 1758 (Liber F, page 489). Wife Ann. Daughters Mary Berrien (eldest), Sarah Billop, Rachel Sarjant, Elizabeth Goelet and Ann Lawrence. Sons-in-law John Lawrence, Francis Goelet, Samuel Sarjant, John Berrien. Executors—Sons-in-law John Lawrence, Samuel Sarjant, John Berrien.

Will of Ann Leonard (widow), of Perth Amboy, Middlesex County. Dated August 31, 1758, proved June 13, 1761 (Liber H, page 9). Daughters Rachel Sarjant, Sarah Billop, widow of Thomas Billop (deceased), Elizabeth Goelet. Sister Mary Farrington. Father-in-law Benjamin Griffith. Son-in-law John Berrien. Granddaughter Elizabeth Lawrence. Executor—Son-in-law John Berrien.

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Will of Henry Leonard, of Essex County. Dated November 4, 1759, proved November 2, 1761 (Liber H, page 39). Wife Eupheme Arabella Leonard. Sons Robert Morris Leonard and Henry Leonard. Daughter Susanna Leonard. Sister Sarah Leonard. Brothers Samuel and Thomas. Brother-in-law Samuel Cook. Executors—Wife Eupheme, brothers Samuel and Thomas, brother-in-law Samuel Cook, and Courtland Skinner.

Will of Nathaniel Leonard, of Middletown, Monmouth County. Dated December 13, 1763, proved December 29, 1763 (Liber H, page 527). Wife Deliverance. Sons John, Nathaniel, Joseph and Thomas. Executors—Sons John, Nathaniel and Joseph, and friend Andrew Bowne.

Will of Nathaniel Leonard, of Middletown, Monmouth County. Dated February 25, 1774, proved March 18, 1774 (Liber L, page 113). Wife Catherine, Brothers Thomas, Joseph and John. Executors—Brother Joseph and Cousin Andrew Bowne.

Will of Henry Leonard, Jr., of Cape May County, also of the County of New Hanover, North Carolina. Dated April 11, 1759, proved October 4, 1760 (Liber 10, page 161). To his father, Henry Leonard, all his lands, etc., both at Cape May and North Carolina. No executor mentioned.

Will of John Leonard, of Cape May County. Dated February 10, 1771, proved October 24, 1771 (Liber 16, page 19). Wife Anne. Brothers Henry and Samuel. Cousins (in "Carolina") Samuel, John, Henry and Jacob Leonard and John Robinson. Sister Sarah Robinson. Brother Samuel's daughter Jane Ludham. Executrix—Wife Anne.

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ENGLISH LINE.

The following is the reputed early English line prior to **Sampson Lennard**. Compiled by Richard S. Lansing of Rochester, N. Y.

Lady Joan of Beufort. **Sir Ranulf Neville, K. G.,**
Died November 13, 1440. first Earl of Westmoreland.

Sir Edward Neville, K. G., **Lady Elizabeth Beauchamp,** only child of
Baron of Bergavenny. **Richard Beauchamp,**
Summoned to Parliament as Baron Bergavenny 1450 to 1472. Earl of Worcester, and
Isabel de Spencer, granddaughter of William, fourth son of
Thomas, Earl of Warwick, K. G.

Sir George Neville, second **Margaret,** daughter of Sir
Baron Bergavenny. **Hugh Fenne, Knight,**
Sub-Treasurer of England. She died September 28, 1485.

Sir George Neville, third **Mary,** daughter of Edward
Baron Abergavenny, J. **Stafford, Duke of Buckingham.**
B. K. G.

Lady Mary Neville. **Sir Thomas Fienes,** ninth
Baron Dacre, who was executed in 1541 and his honors forfeited, but restored to his son as tenth Baron Dacre.

Lady Margaret Fienes, **Sampson Lennard,** who
Baroness Dacre. became eleventh Baron Dacre.

See "The Families of Barrett and Lennard," by Thomas Barrett-Lennard, printed 1908.

STAFFORD LINE.

- | | |
|---|---|
| Hugh de Stafford , second Earl of Stafford. Died 1386. | Lady Phillippa de Beauchamp , daughter of Henry, third Earl of Warwick, one of the original Knights of the Garter. She died in 1369. |
| Lady Margaret Stafford. | Sir Ralph Neville, K. G. , fourth Baron Neville, of Reby; Earl Marshall of England. Created in 1399, Earl of Westmoreland. |
| Lady Phillippa Neville. | Thomas de Dacre , sixth Baron Dacre of Gillisland. Died 1457. |
| Hon. Thomas Dacre. | Elizabeth , daughter of Richard Bowes, Esq. |
| Lady Joane Dacre , Baroness Dacre. | Sir Richard Fienes , Baron Fienes, who in right of his wife was summoned to Parliament as Lord Dacre of the South, seventh Baron. |

FIENES LINE.

Hon. John Fienes, eldest son of Sir Richard Fines. Died before his father. His son succeeded as eighth Baron Dacre.

Sir Thomas Fienes, eighth Baron Dacre. Died 1534.

Lady Anne, daughter of Sir Humphrey Bouchier, Lord Berner.

Hon. Thomas Fienes, eldest son of the eighth Baron Dacre. Died before his father. His son succeeded as ninth Baron Dacre.

Sir Thomas Fienes, ninth Baron Dacre. Sir Thomas was executed in 1541 and his honors forfeited. (See page 7, ante.)

Lady Mary, daughter of Sir George Neville, Lord Abergavenny.

Lady Margaret Fienes, Baron Dacre, sister of Gregory, who was restored in blood and honors as tenth Baron Dacre. Died 1641.

Sampson Lennard, who became eleventh Baron Dacre in 1604. Son of John Lennard of Chevening, Kent, and Elizabeth Harmon of Crayford, Kent.

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In the New York Tribune of September 25, 1904, is a picture of a monument which has been designed to commemorate the establishment of the iron industry in this country, to be erected in Taunton. The model prepared by the sculptor, Charles Neihous, is quite attractive. The artist has attempted to typify the secret of the Leonard family success in three figures, although they are only a small part of the statuary which surround the tall over-shadowing shaft. One figure is that of an old man, seated and bowed but still powerful; before him stands a youth listening, in his hand is the hammer, and he seems to be only waiting for a word from the old man, to wield it. The son is thus preparing to take up his father's business. Near the youth, also stands his mother, ready to encourage him in his chosen work. On the other side of the pedestal, are groups, illustrating miners digging out ore; foundrymen pouring the molten metal from the crucible, and smiths fashioning the metal into wrought bars. The figures will be of bronze, the shaft will be of granite to reach a height of eighty feet.

In connection with the meeting of the Leonard family in 1901, the following genealogical table was compiled, and it will be of value, of course, to many beyond our immediate household.

The descendants of Henry (1) Leonard, brother of James (1), who after residing in Taunton a few years, left for New Jersey, and was one of the first to set up an iron-works in that State.

He was the progenitor of a numerous posterity. He left six children, Samuel (2), Nathaniel (2), Thomas (2), Henry (2), Sarah (2), and Mary (2) Leonard.

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The children of James (1) Leonard and his wife, Margaret Martin: Thomas (2), James (2), Abigail (2), who married John Kingsley of Milton, Rebecca (2), who married Isaac Chapman of Barnstable, Joseph (2), Benjamin (2), Hannah (2), who married Isaac Dean, and Uriah (2) Leonard.

The children of Thomas (2) Leonard, and his wife, Mary Watson: James (3), Mary (3), who married Joseph Tisdale, Thomas (3), John (3), George (3), Samuel (3), Elkanah (3), Phebe (3), and Elizabeth Leonard, who married Jonathan Williams.

The children of James (2) Leonard: James (1), Eunice (3), who married Richard Burt, Prudence (3), who married Samuel Lewis of Barnstable, and their descendants; Hannah (3), who married John Crane; James (3), Lydia (3), who married William Britton; Stephen (3), Abigail (3), who married Dr. Ezra Dean; Seth (3), Abigail (3), who married Henry Hodges, and Elizabeth (3), Leonard who married Captain Joseph Hall.

The children of Rebacca (2) Leonard; James (1), who married Isaac Chapman: Lydia (3), John (3), James (3), Abigail (3), Hannah (3), Isaac (3), Ralph (3), and Rebecca (3) Chapman, who married—— and their descendants.

The children of Joseph (2) Leonard, James (1) and his wife Mary Blake: Experience (3), who married Samuel Hodges, Mehitable (3), who married——; Edward (3), William (3), and Silence (3) Leonard, who married ——.

The children of Benjamin (2) Leonard, James (1): Sarah (3), who married—— Eddy; Benjamin (3), Jerusha (3), Hannah (3), Joseph (3), and Henry (3) Leonard.

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Of the children of Hannah (2) Leonard, James (1), who married Isaac Dean; Alice (3), who married John King; Abigail (3), who married Thomas Terry, and their descendants; Hannah (3) who married Nathaniel Hodges; Nathaniel (3), Abiah (3), who married Benjamin Hodges; Deborah (3), who married James Allen; and their descendants; Jonathan (3), and Deborah (3) Dean, who married William Stone, and their descendants.

The children of Alice (3) Dean, Hannah (2) Leonard, James (1), who married John King: Philip (4), whose daughter married Captain George Williams, John (4), Josiah (4), David (4), Jonathan (4), Benjamin (4), Hannah (4), and Abigail (4) King.

The children of Hannah (3) Dean, Hannah (2) Leonard, James (1), who married Nathaniel Hodges: Jonathan (4), John (4), Hannah (4), who married Timothy Bryant and their descendants.

Abiah (4), who married Jonathan Follett, and their descendants: Rebecca (4), who married Seth Tisdale, and their descendants; Phebe (4), who married John Cobb; Mehitable (4), who married Thomas Morey, and Remember (4) Hodges, who married Stephen Wood, and their descendants.

The children of Abiah (3) Dean Hannah (2) Leonard, James (1), who married Benjamin Hodges: Abigail (3), who married Beach Cutter, Abiah (4), who married Nehemiah King; Anna (4), who married Dr. John Wild of Norton; Benjamin (4), Rachel (4), who married Record Franklin, and Ephraim Hodges, and their descendants.

The children of Uriah (2) Leonard, James (1): Uriah (3), James (3), Seth (3), Jonathan (3), William

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(3), and Margaret Leonard and her husband and their descendants.

The children of Mary (3) Leonard, Thomas (3), James (1), who married Tisdale: Joseph (4), Elkanah (4), Mary (4), who married a Winslow; Hannah (4), who married William Hodges; Sarah (4), who married Thomas Reed, and their descendants; and Abigail (4) Tisdale, who married William Hayward, and their descendants.

The children of Mary (4) Tisdale, Mary Leonard (3), Tisdale, Thomas (2), James (1), who married a Winslow: Oliver (5), Joseph (5), Ruth (5), Mary (5), who married Constant Eddy; and Job (5) Winslow, and their descendants.

The children of Hannah (4) Tisdale, Mary Leonard (3) Tisdale, Thomas (2) James (1), who married William Hodges: George (5), Abigail (5), who married Thomas Cook, Job (5), Elijah (5), Abijah (5), and Mary (5) Hodges, who married William Chandler.

The children of Abijah (5) Hodges, Hannah (4), Tisdale, Mary (3), Leonard Tisdale, Thomas James Leonard, who married Jerusha (4) Leonard: James (3), James (2), James (1); Mary (6), who married Joseph Tisdale; Abijah (6), Jerusha (6), who married John Godfrey, son of General George Godfrey, Samuel (6), James (6), who married Joanna Tillinghast and had Charlotte (7), who married Gov. Marcus Morton, James L (7), David Cobb (7), Eleanor, and 2d by wife Sarah Cobb (7), William Grey and Frances Hodges and their descendants.

The children of Thomas (3) Leonard, Thomas (2), James (1): Thomas (4), who married Sarah Walker, and their children: Mary (5), Sarah (5), mother of the

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wife of Hon. Josiah Dean; Hannah (5); Gamaliel (5), Paul (5), Caroline (5), and Phebe (5) Leonard, and their descendants.

The children of John Leonard, Thomas (2), James (1), who married Mary King: Thomas (4), John (4), Philip (4), and Josiah (4), Leonard.

The descendants of the three sons and two daughters of Major George (3) Leonard, Thomas (2), James (1), of Norton.

The children of Samuel (3) Leonard, Thomas (2), James (1): Bethla (4), who married David Howard, Abiah (4), who married Benjamin King, Hazadiah (4), who married Rev. John Wales, Katherine (4), who married John Allyn, Phebe (4), who married John King, Deacon Elijah (4), and of his son, Rev. Elijah (4), Sophia (4), who married Elijah Dean; George (4) and Abiel Leonard.

The children of Elkanah (3) Leonard, Thomas (2), James (1) and his wife Charity Hodges: Elkanah (4), Joseph (4), Rebecca (4), who married Jabez Perkins of Norwich; Abiah (4), who married John Nelson of Middleboro; Simeon (4), Jemima (4), who married Jacob Perkins; Zebulon, Timothy, Henry (4), Thomas (4), and Charity (4), who married Ezra Lothrop.

The children of Elizabeth Leonard, Thomas (2), James (1), who married Jonathan Williams: Mercy (4), who married Seth Dean; Abigail (4), who married Peter Hayward; Elizabeth (4), who married David Williams; Abiah (4), who married Abial Macomber and Mehitable Williams, who married Abial Williams.

The children of Eunice (3) Leonard, James (1), James (1), who married Richard Burt: Abiel (4), Mary (4), Richard (4), Joseph (4), Ebenezer (4), John (4),

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Ephraim (4), and Abigail (4), Burt, who married — Tisdale, and their descendants.

The descendants of Prudence (3) Leonard, James (2), James (1), who married Samuel Lewis of Barnstable.

The children of Hannah (3) Leonard, James (2), James (1), who married John Crane; Henry (4), Gershon (4), Ziphora (4), Tabatha (4), and John (4) Crane.

And the descendants of Ziphora (4) Crane, who married Ephraim Allen; Hannah (5), Rebecca (5), Benjamin (5), Samuel (5), Ephraim (5), Ziphora (5), and Tabatha (5) Allen.

And the descendants of Tabatha (4) Crane, who married Ebenezer Pratt, Silas (5), Tabatha (5), who married Lient Ebenezer Porter, Ebenezer (5), Abner (5), Hermah (5), who married Samuel Bate, Stephen (5), Rebecca (5), who married Stephen Paine, Jr., Sherebiah (5), Reliance (5), who married Ebenezer Hovey, and Molly (5), who married Zachariah Bicknell.

The children of James (3) Leonard, James (2), James (1); James (4), Lydia (4), who married Thomas Cobb, and of the children of James (4), Leonard, James (3), James (2), James (1), Lydia (5), who married Robert Crosman, Phebe (5), who married William Drake; Mehitable (5), who married Andrew Hodges; Abijah (5), Rufus (5), Abiathar (5), Col. Nathaniel (5), and Lieut. James (5), Leonard.

The children of Phebe (4) Leonard, James (3), James (2), James (1), who married William Drake: Isaac (5), William (5), Perez (5), Phebe (5), who

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married Simeon Crosman; Apollus (5), and George (5), A Drake.

The children of Mehitable (4) Leonard, James (3), James (2), James (1), who married Andrew Hodges: Sibyl (5), who married Rufus Clapp, and their descendants; Mehitable (5), who married Ebenezer Hall, and their children; Sarah (6), Hall, who married John D. Gilmore (6); Ebenezer (6), Leonard (6), Rufus (6), Lodicia (6), who married Oren S. Dean, Andrew H. (6), and Almira (6), who married Jonathan Hunt, and their descendants.

Zilpha (5) Hodges who married Luther Short and their children, Luther L. (6), and Zilpha (6), who married Simeon H. Lane.

The children of Lydia (4) Leonard, James (3), James (2), James (1), who married Thomas Cobb: Gen. David Cobb, Jonathan (5), Sally (5), who married Robert Treat Paine, and Hannah (5), who married Rev. Josiah Crocker.

The children of Stephen (3) Leonard, James (1), Huldah (4), Mary (4), Paul (4), Joshua (4), Rev. Silas (4), and Major Zepaniah (4), Leonard, and the children of Major Zepaniah Leonard: Captain Joshua (5), Mary (5), Silence (5), who married Elijah Lothrop, Anna (5), who married Ebenezer Stetson, Zepaniah (5), Abigail (5), who married Captain Josiah Crocker, Apolus (5), and Samuel (5) Leonard.

The children of Abigail (3) Leonard, James (2), James (1), who married Dr. Ezra Dean: Ezra, Theadora (4), who married Richard Godfrey, Abigail (4), who married Caleb Walker, Bethia (4), who married Ephraim French, Nehemiah (4), James (4), Solomon (4), Stephen (4), Seth (4), Elkanah (4), George (4),

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Prudence (4), who married first Haywood, second Robert Crossman, and Esther (4) Dean.

The descendants of Seth (3) Leonard, James (2), James (1), who married Dorcas White: Nicholas (4), Edmund (4), Simeon (4), Solomon (4), Sarah (4), who married Prince Sears; Bethia (4) who married Stanly Carter, and Hannah (4) who married Gabriel Fecto.

The children of Sarah (3) Leonard, James (2), James (1), who married Henry Hodges: Josah (4), Sarah (4), who married Col. George Williams, Eliphalet (4), Henry, Lydia (4), who married Gen. George Godfrey, Elizabeth (4), who married Paul Eddy, Abigail (4) who married John Harvey, and James (4) Hodges, and their descendants.

The children of Elizabeth (3) Leonard, James (2), James (1), who married Joseph Hall: Joseph (4), and Susanna (4), Hall, who married Job Tisdale, and their children; of Susanna (4), who married Job Tisdale: Perez (5), Mary (5), who married Captain David Leonard, Elizabeth (5), who married Nathaniel Dean, Josias (5), Hannah (5), who married Captain Zebulon Field, Sarah (5), and Anna (5), Tisdale, and their descendants.

The descendants of Susanna (3) Kingsley, Abigail Leonard (2) Kingsley, James (1), who married Thomas William Hack.

The descendants of Abigail (3) Kingsley, Abigail Leonard (2) Kingsley, James (1), who married Thomas Snell.

The children of Mary (3) Kingsley, Abigail (Leonard) (2) Kingsley, Mary, who married Ensign Thomas Dean: Thomas (4), Josiah (4), Elijah (4),

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Mary (4), Seth (4), Mercy (4), who married Robert King of Rehoboth, Rebecca (4), who married Daniel King, Keziah (4), who married Edmund Andros, and the descendants of John (3) Stephen (3), Samuel (3), and Elizabeth (3) Dean and her husband.

The children of Experience (3), Leonard, Joseph (2), James (1), who married Samuel Hodges: Lydia (4), who married Thomas Winchell, Silence (4), who married Ephraim Turner, Experience (4), who married Joseph Cook, and Samuel (4) Hodges.

The descendants of Edward (3), William (3), sons of Joseph (2), Leonard, James (1).

The descendants of Jerusha (3), who married Nicholas Smith and of Joseph (3), children of Benjamin (2), James (1) Leonard.

The children of Joseph (3) Leonard, Benjamin (2), James (1): Benjamin (4), who married Bethia Drake, Mary (4), who married Lieut William Thayer, Hannah (4), Levi (4), Sylvester (4), and Peleg (4) Leonard.

The children of Benjamin (4) Leonard, Joseph (3), Benjamin (2), James (1), and his wife Bethia Drake: Benjamin (5), Hannah (5), who married Joseph Boodrey, Wealthy (5), who married Joseph Frazier, Abigail (5), who married Abiathar Macomber, Zilpha (5), who married Abijah Wilbor, Lydia (5), who married Asahel Eddy, Berthia (5), who married Oliver Reed, Mercy (5), who married Timothy Eddy, Abiah (5), who married Richard Williams, Joseph (5), Stephen (5), and Elijah (5) Leonard.

The children of Uriah (3) Leonard, Uriah (2), James (1), and his wife Abigail Stone: Mehitabel (4), who married John Harvey, Abial (4), Elizabeth (4), who married Meshach Wilbur.

STEPHEN BANKS LEONARD.

The children of James (3), Seth (3), Jonathan (3), William (3), and Margaret (3), children of Uriah (2), James (1) Leonard, and the children of Margaret (3), who married Josiah White: Josiah (4), Margaret (4), who married Benjamin Woodcock, Jonathan (4), Abigail (4), who married Joseph Woodcock, Jacob (4), Sarah (4), who married a Morton, Elizabeth (4), who married Thomas Wilson, John (4), and Nathan (4) White.

